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The Middleborough Antiquarian

Published quarterly and devoted to the preservation of local history by
MIDDLEBOROUGH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

THE MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN

#2

picture of the days when the Pioneer, Assawampsett and other steamers were built and carried the enthusiastic townspeople and visitors on these gala occasions. What became of them after 1891? The Shelburne Museum has preserved its grand old Ticonderoga for future generations, but I fear the Pioneer and the Assawampsett have been lost. The least we can do is preserve them in printed and pictorial records.

I have a letter from Harold F. Dunham, and another from Ralph Sampson. I wish we had room to print them both in full. However, as usual, Ronald Thatcher will probably scream

TUB RACE! ROWING MATCH!

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MUSIC BY WILSON'S ORCHESTRA, 5 Pieces, day and evening.

SAILING REGATTA! **FIREWORKS AT LAKESIDE in the evening.**

A more extensive Clam Bake will be provided than on any previous occasion, the Bake will be opened at 12.30 o'clock, and will include Clams, Bluefish, Fish Dressing, Sweet Potatoes, and all the fixings, and will be under the management of David Babbitt, the experienced Assonet caterer. Coffee will be included in the Bake. Those not wishing a clam dinner can be accommodated with other refreshments.

ICE CREAM, LEMONADE, FRUIT and CONFECTIONERY, will be on sale at the Grove.

Liberal prizes will be given for the different races, entries to be made to the managers before July 3d. No expense has been spared by the management to make this a first class time.

ADMISSION FREE TO THE GROVE.

The STEAMER ASSAWAMPSETT will leave wharf foot of Water St., at 7.30 and 10 A. M. Carriages will leave depot on arrival of all trains, and Four Corners at all hours.

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Middleboro Gazette Print.

The Middleborough Antiquarian

Devoted to the preservation of local history by

MIDDLEBOROUGH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

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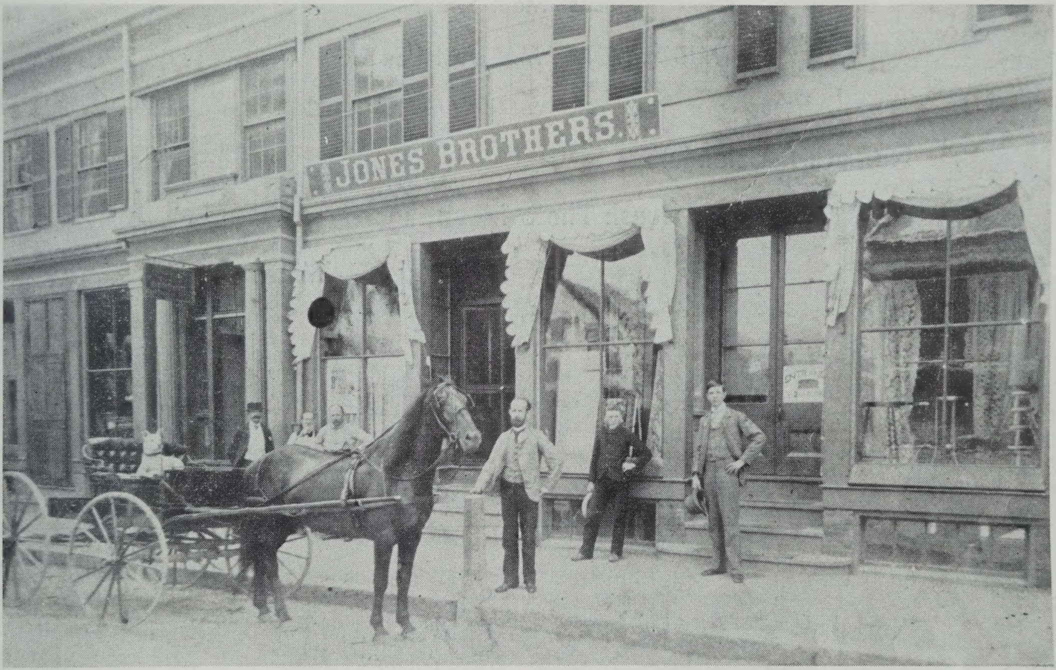
VOLUME IX MARCH 1967 NUMBER 1



THE JONES BLOCK
North Main Street

It would seem the above photograph was taken about 1895. From old Middleboro directories we learned that Dr. W. C. Woodward conducted his dental practice in the Jones block during a period ending in 1897 when he removed his office to the newly completed Bank building on the corner of Centre and South Main streets. The sign in the central doorway is clearly a dentist's sign and probably that of Dr. Woodward since he has been identified as one of those in the picture. The others have been named as follows, left to right: Dr. W. C. Woodward; James F. Dowsing, who had an upholstery shop in the block; Clayton W. Barden, who was employed by Jones Bros.; B. Frank Jones, owner of the block; William J. Taylor, also employed by Jones Bros.; and Herbert S. Sylvester.

The block was erected about 1850 by Dr. William R. Wells, a prominent citizen and medical practioner in Middleboro. For five years, beginning in 1860, the second story of the block was occupied by the shoe factory of Kingman, Leonard and Barrows. C. D. Kingman erected a factory of his own on the corner of Oak and Centre streets and Leonard and Barrows continued to make shoes in the block until moving to their present location on Centre street. Within the memory of most of us, the block has been known as the Jones block. Dr. Wells sold the property to L. B. Murdock who in turn sold it to B. Frank Jones.

The Jones block suffered two serious fires. The first occurred near midnight on December 5, 1905. The stock of carpets and furniture of the Jones Bros., store was completely destroyed and the block gutted. The building was repaired by the Jones heirs who owned it at that time and Jones Bros. furniture store continued to occupy a part of the lower floor, with William J. Taylor and John S. Williams as co-owners and T. A. F. Washburn, undertaker. George F. Bourne conducted a clothng store in a part of the building.

The second conflagration took place on February 7, 1915. At this time. Jones Bros. occupied one-half the street floor and all of the second floor. The Adams Express Company rented a part of the lower floor and the Middleboro Commercial Club mantained quarters on the third floor. All the occupants lost their stock and possessions, and there was nothing left of the building but a shell.

After this second disaster, Jones Bros. closed their business. The building was again rebuilt and the Cushman, Gardner Furniture Store occupied the lower floor until the middle 1920's. For some years past, Thomas N. Panesis has been owner of the block. The tenants have been many and varied, with Cleverly's Market having remained for the longest period, more than twenty years.

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Chester E. Weston J. Herbert Cushing

Two well-remembered Middleboro residents. Both Mr. Weston, playing the violin, and Mr. Cushing, with the old-time lap organ, were active members of Nemasket Grange. The picture was presented to the Middleborough Historical Museum by the Grange.

MIDDLEBORO'S FIRST AIRPLANE

by Lyman Butler

As I was reading the Brockton Enterprise of Wednesday, April 29, 1966, in the "Strange as it Seems" feature, there was a picture of an early airplane which flew at the Panama Pacific exposition at San Francisco in 1915.

This plane was piloted by Lincoln Beachey who a lot of people will remember as the stunt flyer who at about that time put on a stunt flying exhibition at Fall Brook in Middleboro where the Shaw Home and the Giberti home now stand.

A couple of years previous to this as us kids were going to school at Purchade we heard a noise in the sky and looking up we saw our first airplane. It was a funny looking contraption compared to today's planes. As I remember it, there was no cockpit or cabin, just a motor on the back of two big wings and a little frame to the tail. The pilot was right out in the open. There were three landing wheels which is about the only thing that most planes today still use that was standard equipment at that time.

We learned shortly after that the pilot of this machine was Harry Atwood, a nephew of Maria Atwood who lived in the lowlands of Thompson Street. I am told that shortly after this Mr. Atwood joined up with Lincoln Beachey and went around to fairs doing stunt flying.

I was present at Fall Brook Farm that day having hiked all the way from Warrentown. To us kids, that exhibition of flying was as exciting as watching the Blue Angels today.

THE MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN
Middleborough, Mass.

VOLUME IX 1967 Number 1

Lawrence B. Romaine	Editor
Mertie E. Romaine	Associate Editor
Miss Martha J. Howard	Proof Reader

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Adults	.50
Children, 12 and under	.10

Historical Association annual memberships $3.00 single, $5.00 married couples. Memberships include the Middleborough Antiquarian, quarterly, and also the privileges of the museum free.

Subscriptions to The Antiquarian $2.00 annually.

Miss Ruth Gates Corresponding Secretary
71 Thompson Street, R.F.D. #2, Middleboro

Subscriptions may be mailed to Mrs. Harold M. Pratt, Treasurer, Pleasant Street, or to L. B. Romaine, P. O. Box 272, Middleboro.

All gifts to the Historical Association and Museum are tax deductible under Federal Income Tax Law.

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IN MEMORIAM: November 1966. Harland I. Standish of 1089 Centre street, loyal member for many years, and the first to volunteer for work to prepare our Jackson street property to become the Middleborough Historical Museum.

HAVE YOU A STORY TO TELL??

Your editors have been and are grateful for the many contributions to the Antiquarian through our first eight years. We are proud that we were privileged to record in print the recollections of such men as William H. Crapo, Ernest S. Pratt and Theodore N. Wood — memories and recollections that would otherwise have been completely lost to Middleboro History. We are indebted to our little group of local historians who have stuck with us through our first eight volumes.

We feel sure that many of our readers have recollections that would not only be interesting and entertaining, but ought to be preserved in the Antiquarian. Won't some of you put on your thinking caps and jot down one or two? After all, The Middleborough Antiquarian *should be* by the people, for the people, and of the people.

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EDUCATION IN A ONE-ROOM SCHOOL HOUSE

by Susan Brackett

Before the present custom of transporting children by bus one area to another, each community had it's own school building. These were similar in size and appearance and were invariably painted a medium brown over the clapboards. As I recall, there were either three or four windows on each side. These buildings were placed end-wise to the street and in the rear, at a distance of possibly ten or twelve feet, were such outbuildings as were necessary, i.e., separate toilets for the sexes, and on the boys' side a woodshed. A high board fence ran from the back of the school building, extending approximately to the center of the outbuildings in the rear, which were very close to the edge of the school property. Some school "yards" were enclosed on three sides by a similar fence. Others were not, but were set apart from adjacent property by stone walls. Usually there were two outer doors, one on each side of the front and a flagpole was attached to the building exactly in the center front. The raising of the flag was the duty of an older boy, this on pleasant days only. The two outer doors, one for the girls and one for the boys, opened into an entry.

Before my day, the town was divided into numbered "Districts." I am unable to give numbers and locations, but if anyone is sufficiently interested this information can be obtained from old town reports. Later, schools were referred to by their locations, i.e., "Wappanucket," "Rock," France, "Highland," "Neck," (in the area now known as Marion Road) "South Middleboro," "Fall Brook," "The Green," "Muttock," "Purchade," "Thompsonville," and there was one on Cherry street, next to the "Bisbee" Chapel. I know there were others that readers are able to recall.

On occasion we were visited by the Superintendent of Schools who, regardless of the weather. made his rounds pretty much on schedule. He arrived in a buggy drawn by a well-kept horse. If stormy, the man was protected by a "boot" which was a good-sized piece of water-proof material suspended from hooks fastened to the inside of the vehicle in front of the driver with an opening for vision and for the reins to pass through. The horse was equally protected from the elements by also being covered with a blanket of water-proof material.

The Superintendent brought supplies such as books, paper, new slates, pencils, rulers et cetera and made a proper visit. Also, at times, one or more of the School Committee visited us.

The "Rock" school, which I attended from the fall of 1892 through the spring of 1899, was typical of all in the area. It faced Miller street which was much narrower than it is today and stood in the center of the school lot, in front of and toward the right of the present building. This "old" school house is still standing and in excellent condition, presently occupied as the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Vickery.

The interior of all these buildings were practically the same. The teacher stood or sat at her desk on a raised platform between the two entries (each entry served as a place for banishment for unruly pupils). Between the children's seats and the instructor there was a huge square stove with a big door on one end for the firewood. This was oak wood, about two or three feet in length. Slabs of pine were used to get a fire going well before adding the oak wood. A long stovepipe rose from the back of the stove and upward a few feet where it curved toward the back of the room and followed the ceiling until it reached the chimney where it disappeared. At intervals wires attached to the ceiling went beneath this pipe to hold it from falling. Occasionally a wire would mysteriously give way with a resulting fall of soot which was most diverting and interesting. Fuel for this stove was kept in the shed in the rear of the school, which I have previously noted.

The janitor was always an older boy, a pupil, who arrived early to build the fire (if not kept overnight) and do other service, such as sweeping, emptying waste baskets, etc. Once in a while the fire might get low during the school period and I distinctly recall one of the big boys chiding the janitor, whose name was Jeremiah, in this fashion, "Jer-e-miah! How's the fi-ah?"

In the corner of the room was an iron sink containing a hand-basin, soap and a water pail with a dipper. I remember a towel on a nail which must have been put there by the teacher. During the years I attended Rock school in the old building we had no facility on the premises for water and two children were appointed by the teacher to take the pail and go to a neighboring home for drinking water. Water was dipped from the pail to basin for washing hands. Tables were placed in various places in the room for use as necessary.

The desks were "double," i.e., two pupils sat at each desk and chairs with metal bases were screwed to the floor. An inkwell was in the top center of each desk. The day of "benches" was over for the seating of the scholars. There were "half-desks" along the side walls and blackboards were in the rear on each side of the chimney as well as between the windows with one small one in front between the boys' entry and the side wall.

I am not going to divulge names of teachers. In retrospect it seems to me all were pretty good instructors — some young and some not so young, and with one or two exceptions, good disciplinarians. In these days when there is so much "specializing," I think they were most able. There were nine grades, but I doubt if there were ever more than thirty-five children attending Rock School at one time; in the neighborhood of twenty-eight or thirty and according to school pictures, at times less.

The children came from Smith street (the last family living where now the Nunes family dwell) from Rocky Gutter street (the house in which the Roger Chace family live). In that neighborhood there was a boy by the name of Dougherty whose family lived in the area of Routes 28 and 25. A very passable country road led to their home. (One must remember Route 28 was not in existence, much less Route 25). On Wareham street, (now Route 28) the last family were the children of O. Frank Carver. That house burned, but was rebuilt and is now occupied by Boston and Falmouth Express.

Miller street contributed quite a few children, the Tinkhams, and further toward Marion road in a house on the site of Mrs. Blanche Shaw's home, there was a family of colored children. The last family on Highland street to attend Rock School was that of the late Edward S. Westgate. They usually walked down the railroad track which was much nearer for them.

I will mention here that at one time the High School occupied the building here, known as the "old" schoolhouse, about which this tale is written. It was long before my day. In fact, our father was a pupil. But that is another story.

It is to be remembered we all walked to school. Except for those living too far to make it, we all went back and forth for our dinners. Once in a while someone in a family might go for their children if a bad storm developed and incidentally would take others home who might live in that direction. Personally, I can recall but once when my father took me back at noon. I cannot recall how that came about. An aunt lived next to the schoolhouse and once in a while she would invite me to dinner.

I was not a strong girl and did not go to school until the September that I was seven the previous April. I was not able to attend regularly that year. However, I cannot remember when I could not read and write, and as I knew my "letters," and could count, I had no difficulty. I have the book now from which I learned to read and the sets of blocks I used.

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SAVE BY MAIL — POSTAGE PAID BOTH WAYS
GENEROUS DIVIDENDS — COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY

One winter day during my first year I was ill at home when who should appear but the late Dr. James F. Shurtleff. He had come to vaccinate me for small pox. He said, "It must be done." I had no idea what was in store, of course. To make the story short, the deed was done and, to make doubly sure it "took," he scraped two places on my upper left arm and applied the vaccine. Both "took," and to this day I bear two beautiful scars. During two later scares of small pox, I was obliged to be vaccinated, but in less than a week one could not tell where there was any abrasion. I must be immune.

In school, we ranged in ages from four or five to seventeen. A few were man-grown and the girls wore "long dresses," and some of them "did up their hair." There was no vandalism as we have today, except possibly some of the desks might bear the initials of a former occupant.

We had reading, grammar, arithmetic. geography, history, physiology and spelling. I had no particular difficulty with anything except arithmetic. One summer I was around all vacation with an old book under my arm, memorizing the multiplication table. It was not that it was hard — just a nuisance. I had a session with my father about fractions. He got provoked and so did I, and I figured I would mull through rather than go through that again. He did not do them as the teacher did, and I kept telling him so but he did not catch on at all. (Neither did I). I never understood them until years later when I had to use them figuring costs. Then I preferred the decimal system. I had no trouble with geography except that one day I slipped up and did not learn the counties in the state of Maine. I had to remain after school to memorize them.

Spelling was a cinch! I used to glance at the book and if there was a word with which I was not familiar I would give that special attention; then when the teacher started to dictate, I would write down the whole list as fast as I could. By the time she had the second word out, I had my list all down. All went well with this until one day I had to get up, pronounce the word, spell it and then pronounce it again. The word was "fatigue". I had not noticed particularly when she gave it. I said, "fat-i-gue." Of course the school tittered and she called me down for my inattention. That never happened again. I remembered too late she had stood beside me and, of course, knew just what I was doing.

I was always more or less in Dutch with this particular teacher. One day I had turned around in my seat to watch a sum being put on the board for a class ahead of me. One of the girls between me and the blackboard had a terrible cold. She also was turned and needed her handkerchief. Instead of turning to pick it up she reached for it and started to use it before she realized she had her dirty slate cloth instead. I snickered right out loud. That also caused a reprimand, but it was worth it. As I look back, I realize this teacher had no sense of humor and openly remarked she did not like children. Imagine how she must have suffered!

There was an older boy, in fact the same Jeremiah who attended the fi-ah, who was a sketch. To this day, I have no idea what he had done but, as she often did, the teacher sent him to the entry. It was the middle of winter and the boys' entry was trodden down with snow as slippery as glass. Jerry had on knee length stout boots, and as he went through the door he did a double thumbing of his nose and down he went with a resounding thud, at the same time closing the door with a slam. We all roared, but I do not think the poor teacher ever knew what happened.

We played all sorts of games at recess and before school. We had no supervision, as children do these days. We knew what we wanted to do and got busy. We played "Run-a-cross." This was played by running from one point to another without getting caught. One time we were running from the building to the board fence. I hesitated, as I was sure I would get caught. First thing I knew two big boys grabbed me by each hand and my feet never hit the ground until I arrived on the other side of the fence. I stayed there until the bell rang.

There was a "Cross tag," "Duck on the Rock" and "London Bridge is Falling Down," but I think our favorite was baseball which the girls played by themselves. Of course, the boys played on their own side, too. We used hard black rubber balls and chose suitable bats for ourselves. Mine was a choice piece of oakwood from our woodpile. I can see it now. One day my chum was catcher. I made a good hit and ran around the bases. When I got "home," there was no catcher in sight. They told me when I drew my arm back to hit the ball, I had hit her. I remember what I said. "She should not have been so close to me." I was ashamed the minute I had said it and truly felt very badly. She did not attend school the next day and wore a beautiful "shiner" for weeks.

Friday afternoons we had something "special." Sometimes it would be a spelling bee where captains were appointed who then chose their own sides. Many times the younger ones could out spell the older pupils. Sometimes we spoke pieces, and sometimes the teacher would read to us. At that time, each grade had to commit to memory certain poems, such as "Independence Bell," or "Paul Revere's Ride," which might be called for by the teacher. There were special exercises for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Memorial Day (then known as "Decoration Day.")

We had music and drawing added to the curriculum. Also we had "gymnastics," which I doubt we needed. This same teacher, with whom some one of us was always in difficulty, used to keep one poor girl after school day after day and she just simply could not sing. She was tone-deaf, and in later years she told me she could not tell whether the song was "Yankee Doodle," or "Nearer My God to Thee."

We always began the day with some selection from the Bible read by the teacher, or reciting the "Twenty-third Psalm" or some other, and always "The Lord's Prayer." One teacher had us begin with the alphabet, each one reciting a verse every morning until we had gone through to "Z". I found all of mine on a sheet of paper in the family Bible not long ago. A dear friend with whom I attended Rock School spoke to me about these scripture readings and how good she felt it was for us.

Many of those attending this "One Room School House" went out into the world and became very successful in their chosen fields, and when we meet we have fond recollections of the days spent there together.

LEONIDAS DEANE'S SHARPENING SHOP

by Lyman Butler

At the time the old straight razor was going out and the safety razor was taking its place, the blades were quite expensive for the times and there were quite a lot of people who had the blades sharpened instead of throwing them away as they do today. One of the shops that sharpened razor blades was on Oak street, operated by Leonidas Deane, Miss Faye Deane's father.

I remember about every couple of weeks my father would send me up with some blades to get sharpened, generally on a Saturday. I would leave them and go to the movies at Town Hall and pick them up on the way home. Mr. Deane also ground knives, scissors and sharpened skates, etc. He was well known throughout the area as an auctioneer. Mr. Deane died in March, 1919.

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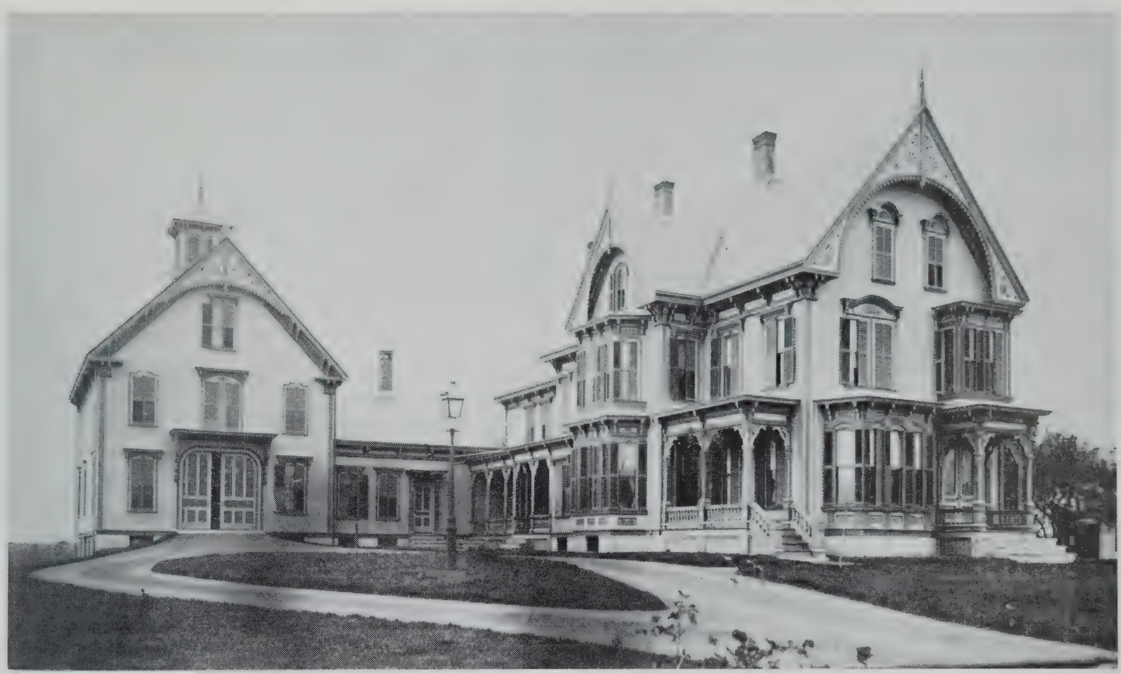
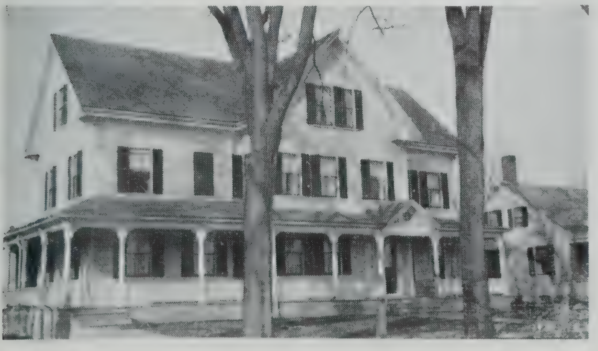


A "GINGERBREAD" HOUSE

The above illustration is an excellent example of the elaborate decoration found on houses built in the middle and late 1800's. The house still stands on East Main street, shorn of much of the gingerbread. It was built in 1884 by Mrs. Abby T. Evans, who was the mother of George F. Bryant's first wife. Mr. Bryant will be remembered as a member of the grain firm, Bryant and Soule. After Mr. and Mrs. Bryant were married, they lived in the small Cape Cod house next to Mrs. Evans. Within a few years of their marriage, Mrs. Bryant died and Mr. Bryant with his two children went to live with his mother-in-law in the gingerbread house. He continued to live there until he married Roxanna Hogan, after which he and Mrs. Bryant moved, about 1892, to a house they purchased on Court End Avenue.

Mr. Abram Bowman, employed at the Bay State Straw Works, owned the house on North Main street second from the corner of Barrows street, approximately opposite Memorial High School. In 1897, Mr. Bowman and Mr. Bryant exchanged houses, Mr. Bryant and his family becoming the owners and occupants of the house then numbered 54 North Main street. At that time, the house appeared as it does in the smaller photograph with broad porches and shaded by two noble elms. Both the porches and the elms have long since disappeared.



Mr. Bryant's family lived in the house until it was sold in 1927 to William and Harriet Thomas. Since then, it has had several owners and has changed entirely in appearance.

The "gingerbread" house on East Main street was sold about 1888 to a Mr. Henry Ford who sold it in 1895 to George H. Place. The house was later owned by Mr. Place's sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Place. in whose family it remained until Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Vasel became the owners in 1947. Dr. and Mrs. Russell A. Esterbrooks purchased the estate from the Vasels in March, 1965.

THE RAILROAD IN MIDDLEBORO

by Clint Clark

When I arrived in Middleboro at the impressionable age of ten, I thought we had come to live in a metropolis.

Getting off the train from Hyannis, I felt engulfed in a whirlwind of activity. Crowds of travelers were bustling about, some arriving and others hurrying to departing trains. To a native of quiet Cape Cod, the railroad station was comparable to Grand Central in New York City.

When we moved here in 1922, Middleboro was one of the New Haven Railroad's major terminals. The passenger station, freight house, roundhouse and the maze of tracks comprised a hub from which radiated several branch lines.

Living within sight and sound of the railroad on Courtland street, we were at first disturbed to find that railroading here was a round-the-clock activity.

Before dawn, we would be awakened by the arrival of the first trains carrying newspapers and mail, followed by the departure of numerous commuter trains to Boston.

Throughout the day there were no lulls. Fast express trains roared through and long strings of freight cars rumbled by endlessly.

Barely had the last commuter train departed when trains began to flow in the opposite direction, bringing crowds of shoppers, students, and commuters home from the city.

Train crews whose runs ended in Middleboro, slept in rooms rented by almost everyone in the neighborhood who had a spare bed.

At the end of a run, the locomotives would be shuttled to the roundhouse to be serviced. Coal and water bunkers were filled and the fires "banked down" for the night. The last passenger train from the city was called "the midnight out of Boston." Yet, even in the "wee small hours", there was no end to the work to be done.

During the early morning hours we would hear the rattle and rumble of freight trains being "made up", which was the job of aligning the loaded cars according to destination.

All of this. at first, kept us awake at night; the smashing crunch of cars being coupled, the drumroll that went down a string of boxcars when the locomotive backed into them, and often the window-rattling thunder of a night freight passing through.

But soon we became accustomed to all the great and unceasing sound of the railroad and lost no more sleep.

We count ourselves fortunate that we were able to observe closely the peak of railroading in Middleboro before it began to decline.

The end did not come suddenly, and there was time to become completely enchanted with the romance of the railroad.

There were rare opportunities to go up into the control tower and gape at the rows of levers which controlled the nerve center of a perplexing pattern of tracks, and it was fascinating to peer in the ticket office window and watch the telegraph operator at work. He spoke a technical language of schedules, of trains late and trains expected to arrive on time. The movement of the trains pulsed over the wires and the telegraph clicked out its reports and messages.

The chant of the station caller was the song of people in motion. going to other places from here, passing through, as transeint as gypsies.

The station caller wore a blue serge uniform with silver buttons and sang out the stations with a musical lilt.

There was drama to be observed as travelers bade stay-at-homes farewell and not infrequently partings were marked by tears and avowals to "keep in touch." There were thousands in transit, who gave Middleboro not a second glance as they changed trains.

Now the people are gone, the tracks lie rusting, the station is a crumbling, boarded up remnant of the past and it is obvious that railroading has had its day here.

While it lasted, railroading in Middleboro was exciting and much a part of community llfe. Its peak and its passing belong in the annals of local history to live on in many memories.

One of the many excavations made at the diggings at Lakeside under the supervision of Dr. Maurice Robbins of the Massachusetts Archaeological Society.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE NEMASKET INDIANS

by William L. Waugh

The earliest history of Indians in Middleboro has been revealed by excavations on the shores of Assawompsett Pond. These excavations have taken place on the Isaac Vaughn and Thomas Lovell farms on Vaughn Street. The findings date back to about 2000 or 2300 B.C. This fact is ascertained by what archaeologists call a "carbon count." Carbon dissolves at a constant rate and can be measured.

On the Lovell farm, which is now owned by the city of New Bedford, and which anyone can visit, the site of a village has been uncovered. The positions of the shelters, or houses, can be seen and places where fireplaces existed are visible. The burial place of a young Indian girl was discovered, as well as numerous arrowheads, grinding tools, axes and bits of other implements of this primitive culture.

At the approximate time the cornerstone of the nation was laid in Plymouth, the Nemasket tribe, a part of the larger Algonquin nations which comprised what is now the northeastern part of the United States, lived in present-day Middleboro. The largest village was Muttock, on the Nemasket river. This site was chosen as a place to build a fish weir. The village was on a steep hill on the side of the river nearest what is now the center of Middleboro.

There was another Indan village in the Titicut section of the town, not far from where the Nemasket empties into the Taunton river. The third site was on land surrounding Assawompsett Pond, which now includes part of the town of Lakeville. All three sites were near water, which shows the dependence of the Indians on fish for food. They could fish through the ice in the winter and from canoes in the summer.

Probably the first mention of the village at Nemasket in recorded history was made by Thomas Dermer, a ship's captain sent by Sir Ferdinand Gorges to look after fishing and fur interests. This was in 1619. He says, "I traveled almost a day's journey westward to a place called Nemasket." At the time, the Indians were hostile to the English and frequently made them prisoners.

In Mort's Relation, which was written at Plymouth in 1621 and sent to England for publication on the ship "Fortune" that year, there is a chapter describing a trip to Nemasket. The trip was friendly as the following quotation will attest: "On the next morning we marched into the midst of the town, and went to the home of Squanto to breakfast. Thither came all whose hearts were upright toward us." The journey was undertaken in the interest of making peace with Massasoit after an Indian revolt under one of his chieftains, Corbitant.

Apparently the Englishmen wanted to assure Massasoit they were not a part of the conspiracy and would avenge the killing of Corbitant.

The effects of the whites in the area can be seen in several ways: In the purchase of land; in the conversion to Christinaity of many of the Indians; and the open warfare represented by the King Philip War. After this war, there was little, if any, resistance to the English who attempted to settle in southern New England.

Until 1853, when it was incorporated as a separate town, Lakeville was a part of Middleboro. The land that includes what is now Middleboro was purchased from the Indians between the years 1660 and 1665. The purchases were made in large tracts and included such names as Purchade Purchase, Sniptuit Purchase, Sixteen Shilling Purchase, the South Purchase, Twelve Men's Purchase and Little Lot Purchase. The various amounts of money paid for these tracts were meagre for the acreage represented; the Twelve Men's Purchase price was seventy pounds and the South Purchase, fifteen pounds. An Indian reservation was allowed in the Poquoy Brook area. The policy of dealing with the Indians laid down at Plymouth by William Bradford and others was to deal fairly, and thus the Indians received what was due them for the land.

Converting the Indians to Christianity was one of the purposes of the early settlers who approached them with evangelical zeal. The Indians, when joining the colony, wished "to suffer their children to learn God's word." Governor Winthrop helped form a society to teach the gospel in New England. The Indians themselves formed churches and became teachers and preachers. At Titicut in 1746, three Indians named James Thomas, John Ahanton and Stephen David conveyed thirty-eight acres of land to the parish which today is the site of the meeting house, the parsonage, the vlllage green and the local cemetery. By 1760, the Indians had disapeared from the raea.

In endeavoring to colonize New England, the story of King Philip's War is very important in New England's, and what has become the nation's, history. If Philip had succeeded in his scheme to drive the white man out of southern New England, it might have been many years before other Englishmen would have ventured to settle in the area, if ever. There perhaps would have been no Concord and Lexington, no Bunker Hill and no British Evacuation of Boston.

The first incident of King Philip's War occurred in the town of Swansea after arguments concerning the grazing of cattle. Several white men were killed with savage brutality. The news spread to Middleboro where residents of the town had a fort. The town prepared for any eventuality. Some Indians appeared one day across the river opposite the fort, one standing upon what is known as Indian Rock. According to legend, this Indian made an insulting gesture and was shot by Isaac Howland with John Thomson's gun. George Danson was shot near Danson's Brook on Thompson street. Samuel Barrows was attacked at his grist mill and escaped with bullet holes in his coat. J. Marks was shot as he walked through an Indian cornfield. The people of the town found refuge in the fort and remained there six weeks, at which time they went to Plymouth, staying there until the war ended. The fort was burned as later were the town's houses.

In attempting to stabilize the colonies, the English government, between the years 1689 and 1765, conducted campaigns against the French and Indians, known as the French and Indian Wars. The campaigns were largely in New York and Quebec. The Indians in this area were friendly toward the whites and in the call for troops by the English crown, served against their blood brothers.

There has been much said about the Indian language. Speculation goes so far as to suggest that they had no language of their own. This does not seem to be true. Recently, a Portuguese scholar has suggested the Indians took their language from the Portuguese as it sounds somewhat the same. On the other hand. sounds of the Indian language are found in every other tongue, which indicates they had a language of their own.

The word "Nemasket" is probably derived from two Indian words, "Nemah," meaning "fish," and "et," meaning "the place of." Thus, we get "the place of fish." The entire surrounding country was called "Nemasket." The word "Assawompsett" means "the lake of white stones" or "white sands." The latter reference may be to what is known as the "white banks."

As to the question, "Where are the Nemaskets today?" it may be that the death of Princess Teeweeleema in Lakeville in 1928, saw the passing of members of the tribe living in this area. She was the daughter of Zerviah and Thomas Mitchell and claimed royal descent from the chieftain, Massasoit. His daughter, Mione, married the Nemasket, Tispaqun. The Mitchell family owned land now known as Indian Shore in Lakeville.

Two Indians who lived among the Nemaskets were Squanto and John Sassamon. Squanto was an Indian who had been taken prisoner by some Englishmen and learned some of the language. He is mentioned in Mort's Relation as having "a house" in Nemasket. His greatest claim to fame came in showing the Pilgrims how to plant corn and thus was a contributor to the first Thanksgiving in 1621.

Plots staked out for individual diggers.

The murder of John Sassamon, in what is now Lakeville, was one of the incidents that started the King Philip War. Sassamon was a Ponkapoag who had learned to read and write English and was known as a "Christian Indian." As Philip's secretary, he had access to Philip's plans to destroy the white man. However, he felt a Christian loyalty to the English. Upon revealing these plans, he was murdered by Philip's agents. His body was put under the ice of Assawompsett Pond at a place not far from the site of the old Sampson Tavern.

Perhaps the best known Nemasket Indian was Tispaquin, the Black Sachem, so called because of his treachery with Philip in the King Philip War. He was second in command to Philip and his savagery in the war further earned him the sobriquet, "black." In many instances whites — men, women and children — were killed when captured. There is the possibility Tispaquin's personal interest in the war was due to his desire to get back the lands he had conveyed by deed to the English.

Beauty was found in the Indian burial rites. According to legend, the body was placed in the grave with some of the dead Indian's worldly goods. A chanting began, and through this ceremony, whether in life the Indian was good or bad, he or she was carried to the happy hunting ground where everything is perfect and the necessities of life are in abundance.

BULLS EYE CROSSING

by Lyman Butler

There is no doubt many people in town do not know where Bulls Eye Crossing is or how it came to get its name. When the railroad was laid out, there were no bridges as there are today. The roundhouse was in operation at this time. Later the present "Y" was built. The Cape track went to the southeast and the Taunton and Fall River tracks to the west. The Taunton track to the right ran nearly parallel to the present West Grove street.

Until the turn of the twentieth century, all these tracks were at grade crossings. In other words, at whatever level the rails were laid the regular roadway would cross at that level. In the vicinity of the railroad station there were several grade crossings. Centre street went straight across Everett Square and continued down where Centre avenue is today and crossed the railroad at a point just behind C. P. Washburn's grain shed. All the houses in the so-called "gut" were originally at grade level with the street. When the bridge was put in, it had to have an approach so the long ramp was built, thus marooning the houses that were on that part of Centre and West streets.

There also was a grade crossing on May street which ran off Station street across the tracks to West street. West Grove street crossed all three railroad tracks at track level. There were several houses along this street, many of which are still there and have had to construct roadways to reach the level of the highway. Before the new highway was put in, trains coming in from Taunton made a turn to come into the Middleboro yard at this point. I am told by my friend Manuel J. Silvia that in the house next to the track. there was a lamp in a hallway with a round reflector, and as the headlight of the engine coming round the curve hit the reflector, it gave the appearance of a bulls eye signal light. Of course the railroad crews came to know what the light was, but the name Bulls Eye Crossing always stuck, and although there was a semaphore signal at the yard entrance, they could not miss the Bulls Eye light.

When the ramp and bridge were put in near C. P. Washburn's Mill, Centre street from Everett Square became Centre avenue and a new road was built which is the present Centre street from John Glass, Jr., Square to the bridge. At West Grove street, the buildings down in the hollow continued to house families although some had to rely on Clark street for an access or exit until connecting roads were built to the height of the highway. In the late 1940's, Route 28 was being widened and the bridges had to be changed accordingly, which meant some buildings had to be vacated and others moved back as the roadway would come nearly to their doorsteps. The garage at West Grove and Elm streets was built up a story to bring it to the level of the new highway.

So you see the second bridge is really Bulls Eye Crossing as that was where the Taunton track came in to the yards. The Fall River line has been torn up. Remember now that if you hear some one mention Bulls Eye Crossing, you will know where it is and how it got its name.

ACQUISITIONS

We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Smith, our new neighbors who have just purchased the Alton Pratt house, for a fine collection of Civil War period cape coats, waists, dresses and a neat little bonnet with faded roses; also a copy of the 1849 sale of pews in the Central Congregational Church. The clothes were undoubtedly worn by members of the Pratt family many years ago.

To Mrs. Louis Perkins of Rock street for two fine Indian artifacts purchased by her Great Uncle Melvin Perkins who moved to Duluth, Minnesota from North Middleboro where he was born. The Peace Pipe is made of Minnesota Red Stone, the design a horse's head, and the skinning knife of fine white quartz also made by Minnesota Indians.

From Norman Quindley the bowl of a copper spoon of early 17th or 18th century design found in the woods along the river at Muttock. (We will have to wait until our associate curator and archaeological expert, Frederick E. Eayrs, Jr. returns from college to identify this piece. It could be Indian, but I lean to European manufacture brought to New England to use or to trade with the natives).

Mrs. Joseph C. Turner, a handmade lace night cap and a black silk scarf.

Mr. Ernest E. Thomas, a blacksmith made chopping-knife of native bog iron with a fine crude hand whittled oak handle.

Miss Natalie Cummings — a neat little patented folding doll's crib of walnut and oak, with bedding and a fine early leather doll in it! A pencil box bearing the emblem "DuPont's —The Live Shoe Store"—a two sided rocking horse with seat for very little ones—five old pewter plates, measuring 8", 11" and one 13½"; only one mark is discernable, made by YATES—two old slates with childhood drawings still readable—two home-made kaleidoscopes still in working order, a collection of dolls' dresses, hats and one tiny hoop skirt—a handsome PUNCH doll, but no JUDY! an early table tennis game, and last, a collection of drugs, remedies and bottles for the Peirce Store.

L. Charles Judge — three-foot ice tongs perhaps for use on the ice, hauling cakes to the elevators, and one of Ernest Pratt's canvass ice-carrying bags; also a fine example of Myer's Patent Lock Lever Harpoon Fork (ca. 1895). One gentleman Charlie showed it to remarked that the durned things never worked!

From Miss Minnie Davis a fine old album loaded with color greeting, birthday and Christmas cards as well as advertising cards and small booklets dating into the last century.

From Mr. and Mrs. Franklin G. Harlow another collection of memorabilia including an almanac measuring exactly 1 and 5/16 inches by 2—ever see one this small?, a brass match holder in the shape of two shoes, a fine old corkscrew with walnut handle, a scarfpin of long ago, and several unidentified daguerreotypes.

Natalie and Lorimer Cummings have called again, and presented the museum with a doll carriage, a Britannia ware castor set with 5 fancy bottles, a glass jam jar in a quadruple plate silver stand, a large box of toys, blocks and childrens' educational ephemera, a chest filled with seven rolls of ancient wall paper that may come in very handy when we restore the Atkins House — AND — a trunk of old clothing of long by gone days.

We are indebted to Miss Shirley Clark for "A Calendar of the Civil War" printed in Boston in 1890, and, a fine jet braided cape with a white silk embroidered shawl.

Courtesy of Mr. Justin Caswell, we have acquired a fine framed photograph of Walter A. Sampson, Principal of the Middleborough High School for thirty-three years, and for whom the Auditorium of our Memorial High School is named.

Mr. Norman E. Gaston of Staples Shore, Lakeville, presented us with two fine labor saving devices of the 19th century —the corn sheller of cast iron clamps on the kitchen table and is adjustable to fit the size of the ears — the fruit chopper or grinder is also cast iron with clamps, was probably used for preserves, mince meats and other mixtures for various culinary purposes.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Helen Wood Ashley we have acquired another postcard of the Count and Countess Magri standing in front of Primo's Pastime. From Miss Florence Gibbs a child's purse made of a shell, and from Miss Felma Pratt of Brookline, Mass., daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pratt of Middleboro, a collection of postcards showing the *Welcome Home Parade* for soldiers returning from World War I.

We are indebted to Mrs. Virginia Bowen Erickson of Bellingham, Washington, for a collection of baby caps, night caps, silk aprons, silk scarves etc. and to Mrs. Guy Brackett of Rock for a small lot of underclothing of the 1890 period.

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MIDDLEBORO'S FIRST BIG CHAIN STORES

by Lyman Butler

The first A & P store in town was located in the little annex built onto the Nemasket House. This was a very small store at the time, but the whole organization was small in those days. Having started out as the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., they were now carrying a line of groceries and food stuffs. This was a one man store and the manager was William (Bill) Jacobs. As Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs belonged to the Grange, and my Mother and Father were regular members, I knew Mr. Jacobs quite well though I was only thirteen years old. I asked for a part time job in the new store. As I was already taking care of the janitor work for the Middleboro Millinery Co. before school each morning, he asked me to come in Saturdays and help stock the shelves.

In those days there were no vegetables and fruit, just canned goods and dry foods. When I said this was a one man proposition I neglected to say that Mrs. Jacobs was in on the deal as she worked in the store. I held this position until the time came when business grew so fast that they had to have a full time stock boy, and I was gently eased out. It was real interesting work, and every time I go into a store and see the clerks stocking shelves I think back to the days when I worked in Middleboro's first A & P. At this time I believe there was a Cloverdale Store opposite in the Pierce Building. Another "Bill" (William Wilder) ran this. He was in groceries about all of his life.

A & P business grew steadily and was soon cramped for space. After a few years in the little annex they moved across the street and set up shop where Cleverly's Market is now located. Everett Haggerty later managed this one.

It was thought at the time that this location would be large enough for years to come, but it wasn't long before they opened another market at Everett Square. There was still another store where the Central Cafe is now located, managed by Louis Tessier. Later the Company built their own building on the spot where years before the old Lucas and Thomas Store stood. I think this new branch was managed by "Tubby" Dewhurst, with Andy Pike in charge of the meat department. It was without question the most modern in town, and big enough for the needs of the Company for a great many years—or so they thought. There were several other chain stores that had merged with the First National. Stop and Shop was operating in the old Sparrow Bro's. building. By this time, A & P was carrying meat, fruits, vegetables, milk and cream. Another branch was built at Rock Village and managed by Aubrey Clarke.

When the new Post Office was built on the spot where Peirce Academy had served the community and a good many students from all over New England for so many years, the A & P had growing pains again and moved their supposedly adequate store to the Peirce Building at the Four Corners. "Tubby" Dewhurst and Andy Pike continued in charge here. Later Jim Mooney was manager. This store continued until the present A & P was built at the old Elk Field, the so-called shopping center. Jim Mooney went along as manager, but even with this new structure they have added a section to the original plan. A far cry from the old days when "the chain" sold groceries only; now you can buy most anything.

FIRST NATIONAL STORES

People today take it for granted that there always was a First National Store, but what they don't know perhaps is how this chain was formed. In the nineteen twenties I would say, there were several small chain stores in town like O'Keefe's in the little building T. W. Pierce and Whitman's. This was managed by our old friend Charles Devlin. There was an O'Connor Store in the building where Shaw's Furniture & Radio Store is now doing business. Middleboro also boasted a Ginter Store, and a Co-Op. Store. At this time the owners of these small chains got together and merged into the First National chain, and later the Cloverdale was taken over.

This made quite a strong outfit and they immediately started to expand. The little store managed by Charles Devlin was the first to take the new name. The store at Everett Square where Marion's Laundromat is now located was O'Connor's, I believe, and also kept going with Steve O'Hara as manager. The times called for more space and different lines of goods, so the old Ryder home on Center street was moved back, and a National Market put in. Alton Kramer's Boston Store now occupies this block. A line of meats and vegetables was carried here with Jock Holt as meat manager. He later went on as district meat supervisor. The store at Everett Square was discontinued though Steve O'Hara continued in business on his own for some time.

As business grew and space became more important, the chain purchased the T. W. Pierce building and the little building next door, tore them down, and put up their own. This was much bigger than the previous market, and was still managed by Charles Devlin. It was thought that this building would be large enough for any immediate needs, but with the coming of the shopping centers, with plenty of parking space, they found they were losing business. The next move was the present store at the corner of South Main and Grove streets where Charlie Devlin continued as manager. How many years will it be before a still bigger store will be needed, or, how many years before some of the newer chains that are springing up all over the country will force the old timers out of business? In these times anything can happen. I want to thank Charlie Devlin for the information he gave to help write these notes, and although we may not have every detail perfect, it is a pretty good description of the growth of the First National Stores. I feel that much of the credit for their success goes to Charles Devlin who was always a courteous and friendly manager over his long association with the Company.

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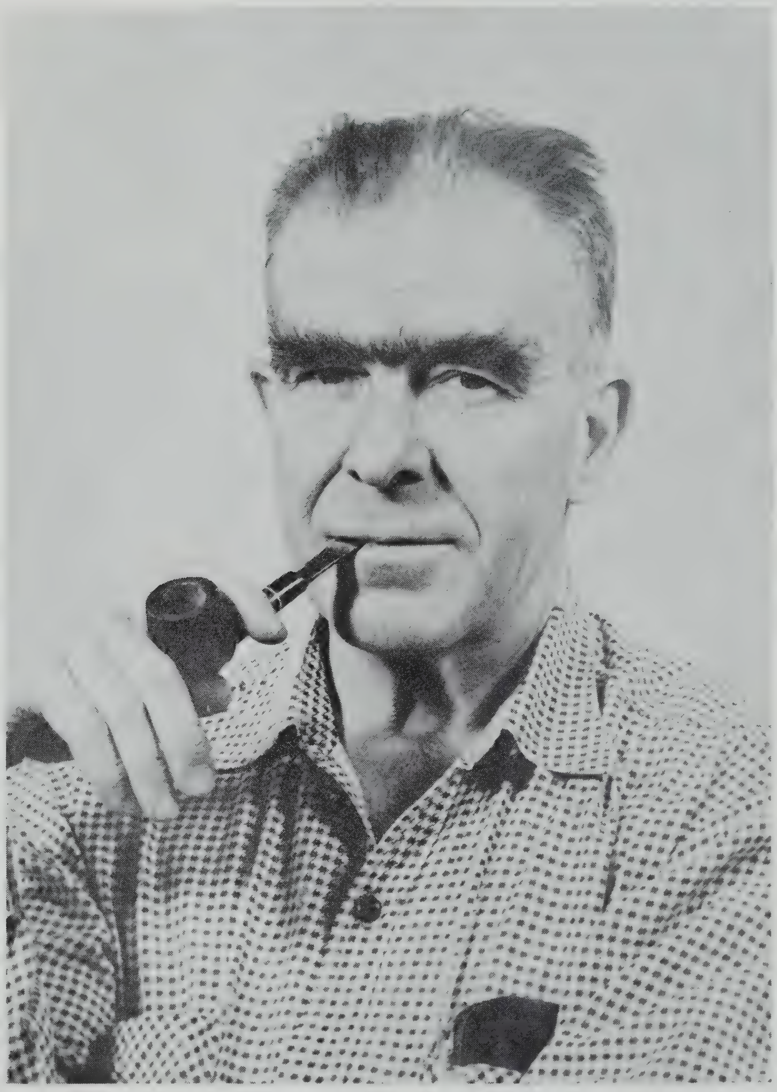

LAWRENCE B. ROMAINE
1900-1967

Forging a dream into fulfillment was a mission Lawrence B. Romaine set for himself more than 30 years ago. Finding a place for a permanent exhibit of Middleboro's history became his personal crusade. By singular devotion to that goal, he achieved victory. No one is forgetting others who labored to found the museum on Jackson Street. But everyone who values this town's historical heritage, is remembering at this time the man of action who pressed the cause with unfaltering energy. In the art of persuasion he lacked finesse. He could be tactless and blunt. But these were tributary characteristics. The mainstream of his fervency ran deep and swiftly, and it was contagious.

Larry Romaine and the cause for preserving local history were wedded when he joined the Middleborough Historical Society in 1936. The courtship was relatively brief, for only four years earlier he had moved to this quiet old New England town from New York City. Always a prober for truth amidst history's fictions and fables, he would not wish to claim for himself the first move to collect and preserve this town's historical artifacts. Actually, the Middleborough Public Library Trustees, as early as 1931, voted to assign a room in the library for this purpose. Around 1940, he became the Society's curator and in 1944 took an inventory of the collection in the "historic room" on the second floor of the library. Meth-

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odically, he filed documents, letters and photographs of historical importance. Although seriously hampered by a lack of space, he displayed numerous items of interest and hung on the walls the paintings of early local artists.

Meanwhile, the need to find larger quarters was spurred by townsfolk who said they had heirlooms to contribute if assured of a suitable place for display and safekeeping.

These years were fruitful as more and more historical mementoes found their way to the small library room. But they also were the years of Larry's discontent. He tried in vain to persuade the Society to accept the Dr. Peter Oliver House (itself an historical treasure) when it was offered as a gift by the Henry Champion Jones family. He was frustrated in his efforts to promote the purchase of the Hannah Howe Jackson House on South Main Street. His quest for a museum building came once again to a standstill when the 1776 Silas Wood House changed ownership in a private purchase.

These disappointments, however, did not in the least abate his zeal for collecting historical memorabilia and somehow he found room for everything in the Library. When the Hotel Martinique was doomed, he retrieved items connected with the Jenks Family and the Peirce Academy, where John Whipple Potter Jenks served as a professor. Before the old Peirce Grocery Store barns behind the courthouse were razed, Larry rescued many old documents, ledgers and waybills, which today provide an informative picture of early commerce. Otherwise, who would know that Middleboro folk once spread their bread with butter transported from Philadelphia in coastwise sailing ships? The trivia of history, perhaps, but of such bits and pieces, rescued from oblivion, is the panorama of the past comprised.

Finally, the prolonged winter of his discontent came to an end. The beginning of the end came in 1960. It was announced in the Middleboro Gazette in June of that year that seven former mill houses on Jackson Street would be sold at public auction on July 15. This was Larry's long-awaited "break." The houses were part of the Peirce Estate. By his calculation, they dated from the 1820's.

The Peirce Trustees for many years had been landlords to numerous tenants, but the buildings, while several were structuarlly sound, were shabby and in need of repairs. The Trustees, in 1960, were prepared to dispose of them. This announcement resulted in a coincidence to which this writer was a party. Separately, Larry and I saw an opportunity to solve the museum problem by acquiring at least one of the buildings. Larry, who possessed a sensitive ear for the slightest murmur relevant to any development in behalf of historical preservation, heard that I intended to ask the Board of Selectmen to spare a building for a museum. He called at once and, with his prominence as a local historian, success was virtually assured. The town fathers, individually, indicated they would be in favor of our request. On the night they were to make a decision, Larry stood up in the meeting room and lent his eloquence to our plea. The request was granted.

Of the seven dwellings inspected, two were selected as sound and most adaptable as museums. It was agreed that the Historical Society, now the Middleborough Historical Association, Inc., would be allowed a year in which to show evidence or intent of occupancy. The other buildings, having no bidders, were razed. The first step taken, but a monumental task lay ahead. The Historical Association issued an appeal to its membership for support of the museum project, physical and financial. The work of renovation began after the Association, in October, 1960, officially voted to establish the museums on Jackson Street. Late in the summer of 1961, the partially restored first building was opened to public inspection. An auction was held on the site to bolster funds. As for a completion date, it never existed for Larry, evidence of this being visible in the form of a new barn, a re-located law office, and plans to move an early dwelling to the site.

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Middleborough, Mass.

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Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine .... Editor

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Of the period between the decision to establish the museums, and their opening, nothing short of book-length is adequate to chronicle the many and varied labors of Larry Romaine. His energy was incredible. During this period, he often became irked when he felt that support of the museum project was not forthcoming, or was half-hearted. Contrariwise, he had a vast reservoir of patience and courtesy. However dubious the historical value of some items in the avalanche of contributions, he was most appreciative of the interest indicated by the donor. Although outwardly, sometimes a curmudgeon, he was essentially a gentleman, and a gentle man. These characteristics were evident in the course of renovating the buildings. He had a way of persuading young folk; of generating in them an interest in local history. They were among his most willing volunteers. Larry recognized within himself a coalition of controversial and conservative traits. For this reason, he never sought the highest office in the Historical Association. His was the role of the motivator. Being the curator was the apogee of his ambition as a member.

In his snug "Weathercock House" on Bedford Street, he was first a dealer in antiques. After 15 years he decided to specialize in the purchase and sale of rare books. Significantly, the most prominent of the four books he wrote was about a specific type of vintage publications. His "Guide to American Trade Catalogs", published in 1960, is a guide to the location of trade catalogs in libraries and museums all over the country. It was compiled at the cost of exhaustive research into every phase of early American manufacturing. Its value to students of this phase of Americana is obvious. His credentials as author of this book, as well as his status as a national figure in his field, were certified in an article which appeared in the August, 1965 issue of "Better Homes and Gardens".

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Prescriptions

In it, John Mebane stated, "Lawrence B. Romaine of Middleboro, Massachusetts, probably knows more about and perhaps has possessed more of this country's Early American trade and merchandise catalogs than any man alive. . ."

He also edited and published two historical books. In "Narrative of James Van Horne", he related a story of the captivity and sufferings of James Van Horne, who was nine months a prisoner of Indians on the Plains of Michigan." based on old manuscript. Published in 1957 was "From Cambridge to Champlain", a manuscript diary of an unknown Revolutionary War soldier, with a forward by Bruce Lancaster.—"The Weathercock Crows" was his book of poems, published in 1955.

In addition to these books, and massive correspondence in connection with his rare book business. Larry found time to write many articles for "The Middleborough Antiquarian" and, with some frequency, his breezy, imaginative "Museum Mouse" column in The Middleboro Gazette. The latter, through "Henry W. Mouse," contained newsy museum tidbits. He also contributed many articles to Antiques Magazine, Hobbies, Spinning Wheel, Manuscripts and Old Time New England.

"The Antiquarian" is another example of the intensity of Larry Romaine's perserverence. At the outset it was felt that a quarterly magazine of historical memoirs, stories and reports, could not pay its way. But Larry solicited local advertising, encouraged people to write articles and was at the same time editor and the author of many feature stories. As a result, "The Antiquarian" today is printed on excellent paper, carries many illustrations and articles, and goes to almost every state in the union. Along with periodic museum brochures, "The Antiquarian" went into most of his outgoing mail, which was of considerable volume. In whatever ways he made contacts with people, by letter or in person, he was tireless in his espousement of history and the importance of its preservation. Yet he was not so single-purposed that he was unaware of the present community and his contemporaries. In North Middleboro he was for many years active in publicizing the annual Fourth of July parades. Moreover, he was often a colorful participant, appearing many times in many guises. Appropriately, in his last parade, he was a character in a mobile tableau, sponsored by the Middleborough Historical Museum, depicting the historical Judge Olivor Iron Works. He had a gift of showmanship and this he lent to the promotion of history.

Although the occupation of curator, book dealer and historian are cloistered, indoor endeavors, Larry had the vitality and appearance of an outdoorsman. Sartorially, comfort and informality were his preference. He is remembered here for his pipe and prodigiously bristling eyebrows. When he came into town, he bustled about on a multitude of errands. Wherever he happend to be, he was overdue somewhere else. No one ever saw Larry Romaine saunter.

He settled in rural Middleboro, but he was by no means a provincial figure. He supplied much of the early hardware for Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, the Williamsburg Restoraton in Virginia, and Winterthur, the Dupont Museum in Delaware. He was considered their consultant for as long as he lived.

Born Lawrence Bond Romaine in Morristown, N.J. in 1900, he was the son of William and Rose (Bond) Romaine. He received his education at Morristown Boys' School, Ridgefield School, Ridgefield, Connecticut, and graduated from Williams College in 1923. In addition to his local activities, he held membership in many historical societies throughout the area as well as literary organizations. In a fulsome career, he always, as Robert Frost wrote, had "miles to go before he slept." Even as a fatal illness spun out the last fragile filaments of his life, he edited the spring issue of "The Antiquarian."

Finally, on a blustery spring day, he came into town to see the printer about posters advertising a musical performance —for the benefit of the Historical Association. It was a raw, cold day and, for the first time in all the years I had known him, he was wearing a hat. That was the last time I saw Larry Romaine — on an errand in the cause of history.

by Clinton E. Clark

EARLY HISTORY OF THE PRECINCT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

by Richard S. Tripp

When the site of King Phillip's Tavern across from Lakeville's old town house becomes the new home of the Lakeville United Church of Christ, hopefully within the next two years, the present building, commonly known as the Precinct Church, is fated probably to be razed. Because this and the other two preceding meetinghouses have had such a long history dating back to early Middleborough days, it might be interesting to record it before the building is demolished.

On June 16, 1719, the Great and General Court of the Province of Massachusetts gave a hearing on the petition of the inhabitants of the south part of Taunton and westerly part of Middleborough and voted that "the tract of land, being part of Middleborough and Taunton, and surveyed and plotted by Capt. Tomson, be and hereby is erected into and granted to be a Precinct, with all the powers and privileges by law belonging to a Precinct." On August 26 of the same year the people of this precinct met together and chose Edward Richmond as an agent to go to Boston to discourse with those gentlemen that have the trust of that money for which they have to dispose of towards the upholding of the worship of God among the Indians, and to see if they will give us any of it towards the building of a meeting house for them and us, and also towards the maintaining of a minister among them and us."

The second recorded meeting was held on October 6 when it was voted that the meeting house would be erected upon Thomas Joslen's land twenty rods easterly from the corner of his fence that stood upon the road that leads to Rhode Island. It was decided that the meetinghouse would be twenty-eight feet broad and thirty feet long; churches of that time, of course, resembled dwellings, having their main entrance on the side of the building rather than on one end. It was voted also that ten pounds in money would be collected toward the building of the meetinghouse to be gathered by the last day of the following March.

In addition to contributing financially every man in the precinct was expected to work three days on the building. At a meeting on April 5, 1720, it was voted that the building would stand eighteen rods westerly from Thomas Joslen's fence that stands by "the Eiland Road." There is no record of another meeting until March 28 ,1723, at which time Thomas Nelson was recorded as being the moderator. At a meeting held in the home of Ebenezer Williams on November 22, 1723. Ebenezer Williams, Nathaniel Southworth, and Henry Hoskins were chosen overseers to "take care and raise the meeting-house forthwith upon the place fixed by the General Court's committee, and that the said overseers get Mr. John White, Jr., of Taunton, surveyor, to come with his compass to find the place determined by said committee, for the standing of the meeting-house."

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GENEROUS DIVIDENDS — COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY

Edward Richmond and Nathaniel Southworth were a committee to hire a minister for a quarter of a year to begin in March of 1724. It was voted to give the first minister twelve pounds and his board for a quarter of a year's preaching, unless the committee could agree for less. It is not recorded whether they were successful in hiring anyone at this time, but at a meeting of June 15, 1724, it was voted to offer Rev. Jacob Elliot fifty-five pounds a year; he had to pay forty pounds yearly if the precinct supplied his board. In September of the same year, however, Benjamin Ruggles became minister at seventy pounds yearly, one half to be paid in money and the other half in other pay.

At a precinct meetng on January 14, 1725, it was put to vote whether the precinct would allow pews to be built in the meetinghouse, but it was not accepted. However, at a meeting on April 19 it was voted that Elkanah Leonard have the liberty to build a pew on the right hand side of the front door and that Ebenezer Williams have the privilege to build a pew on the left hand side of the same door leaving room for the stairs into the gallery and an alley between the pews and hind seats.

The early records are full of interesting entries. In July of 1727 eight men, residents of the Squobety section of Taunton were admitted to precinct membership because of difficulty in attending worship in their own town caused, probably, by distance. They were admitted on the condition that they conform to the rules and orders of the precinct and by agreeing to sing psalms in "the old way." On March 15, 1728, Benjamin Durfey was chosen to take care of and sweep the meetinghouse and open the doors for a salary of fifteen shillings. It was also voted then that Captain Ichabod Southworth have the liberty to build himself a pew upon the left hand side of the door provided he do it within a year.

A committee was chosen in March of 1729 to deal with the Quakers and Baptists of the area who refused to pay the rates required for the maintenance of the church. In November of the same year it was decided that Isaac Perss, a Quaker, be freed from paying any rates to the minister as long as he remained of the same religious belief. John Hunt was also released. On May 27 of the following year Thomas Nelson and Benjamin Booth, claiming themselves to be Anabaptists, asked to be excused from paying for the support of the church, but they were turned down. At a later meeting, however, Thomas Nelson produced a certificate from the Elder of a church in Swansey saying that he was a member of that church in full communion and the Precinct then voted to dismiss him from paying rates.

At a meeting in November of 1727 it was voted to raise fifteen shillings to be paid to Benjamin Durfey for taking care of the pulpit cushion for one year and to see that it was brought and put up every day of public worship and after the worship was over it was to be safely secured until the next day of public worship. The following year Mr. Durfey's salary was cut to twelve shillings for the same service, and at a later meeting the precinct voted that the committee procure a box to put the pulpit cushion in.

In November, 1746, it was voted that the windows should be mended with wood. This vote was reconsidered and a vote passed that the lower tiers of windows should be glazed and the upper tiers mended with wood.

In November of 1750 it was voted to give Rev. Ruggles forty pounds in grinding corn at two shlilings and eight pence per bushel or the money equivalent thereto: the corn to be delivered to the precinct treasurer and all to be paid on the first of June. In 1753 Rev. Ruggles put in a request that the precinct would settle and state a salary upon him during his ministry. They finally voted to give him fifty pounds a year, which he was not satisfied with and his ministry seems to have ended, for at a meeting in March of 1754 Deacon Edward Richmond was chosen to provide a minister for a quarter of a year.

In 1754 it was decided to build a new meetinghouse, the place being a hill to the left side of Mr. Ruggles' barn. It was the highest ground and commanded a good view. The new church was to be fifty feet in length and forty feet in breadth with twenty-two feet posts. The church was not erected until 1759. In this new meetinghouse pew ground was sold, the prices ranging from ten to thirty-five shillings.

From 1760 to 1780 the affairs of the church seem to have run smoothly and without events of great significance. On April 3, 1795, notation is interesting, however. It was voted to buy the pew in the women's gallery over the stairs for the use of the black women, the pew in the men's gallery over the stairs was purchased for the use of the black men.

In 1797 Mordecai Morton and James Sproat of Middleborough were to repair the church in a fashionable, faithful, and workmanlike manner. It was afterwards voted to paint the body of the house white, the roof, doors, and wasteboards a chocolate color.

During the ministry of Rev. Thomas Crafts between 1801-1819, the precinct proposed a condition of settlement which gave the precinct the power to dismiss any minister without the advice and assistance of a council providing two thirds of the votes at such a meeting would be in favor of such a dismissal. It was decided that a one year trial would precede such a meeting. After that year if the minister were allowed to remain he would have the liberty of leaving them after giving them one year's notice. Upon the death of Rev. Crafts, Rev. John Shaw was called to preach as candidate with a salary of three hundred dollars and the use of the parsonage farm.

One entry tells that Phebe Cain was allowed two dollars and a half for keeping the key of the meetinghouse while Ephraim Leach, treasurer, receive only two dollars for his services.

In December of 1834 it was voted to build a new meetinghouse by selling sixty shares at fifty dollars each and then to sell pews at auction and the proceeds to be divided among the shareholders. This was the third church building; it is the one now standing. The old building was to be sold at auction on the last day of April, 1835, and the new one placed in the same spot.

The church records show from this time on a succession of ministers, some staying for forty years, some for only one or two. Numbers of new members, marriages, baptisms, and funerals are recorded. Perhaps the most interesting of more recent events concerning the church was the toppling of the steeple during hurricane Carol in 1954. The falling steeple damaged the roof of the building and ruined a recently renovated interior. The steeple was replaced in 1960.

In March of 1965 the Precinct Congregational Church joined with Grove Chapel to form the Lakeville United Church of Christ. Rev. Frederick Lyon, the present minister, is now living in the new parsonage on Precinct Street and projects that the new church may be completed in eighteen months. While the members are looking forward to their new building, many townspeople feel badly about the almost certain fate of the present church: that it will have to be razed.

(Our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Maranville of Lakeville for sharing with us the church records and the illustration.)

A SINCERE THANK YOU

To those who accepted the invitation to submit material to be used in the Antiquarian we extend a sincere thank you. The response was just what the editors hope for — new names, new contributions. There are doubtless many others who have knowledge of historical incidents or places connected with Middleboro, and the editors hope these people will be encouraged to contribute articles for publication in future issues of the Antiquarian.

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SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MIDDLEBORO

by Lillian (Greaves) Hokinson

Unlike the ten year old boy who moved from Hyannis when he was ten years old and felt he had arrived at a big city, I left a city (Pawtucket, R.I.) at nine years old to live in Middleboro. My family was one of the many who moved from Rhode Island when the mill in Central Falls was closed. My sister and I were left with relatives until our folks got the house in Middleboro in order. Thanksgiving Eve we were met at the railroad station by our parents; it was 1906, snow on the ground, cold and dark, and we thought we'd never reach our new home. I was sure no one in the world knew where Middleboro was but the ones who lived there. However, we finally got to the mill where my father stopped to light a lantern he had left there so we could see our way over the bridge and up the hill to the lone duplex beyond the old herring run.

Crossing a bridge and hearing the water going over the dam was exciting and when we went into the house it was even more so; a pump in the kitchen, kerosene lamps, a shed outside with outhouse, a rain barrel and a pump outside as the one in the house didn't always work. The bedrooms were all up-stairs. It took courage to open the door and run up to bed in the bitter cold rooms, but my mother had warmed bricks in the oven and wrapped them in flannel or towels so that when you got into bed it was warm. My sister (Celia Begley) and I loved the house as we'd never seen anything like it. I don't think my mother was as keen about it, though, as we had left a house with bathroom, gas lights and gas stove with all the rooms on one floor so the house was always warm in winter. However, my mother never complained and she and my father enjoyed the big gardens they were able to have, also chickens, and my father built a large summer house where we ate many a meal on hot days. We had all the fields, a big yard, Indian Hill, the pine groves beyond and the pond to bath in. It seemed to all belong to us and we felt very lucky to be living in the country.

Winter.

We arrived in winter when the trees were laden with snow, the girls (the Maddigans) took us for a walk through the woods our first morning there; it was a winter wonderland. They showed us Carpenter's bog where we could skate; we learned how very quickly and it was a favorite past-time. Later we coasted down Indian Hill. Crowds used to enjoy it. They came from all parts of the town. On our way to school in the winter, we would often ride the runners on the pungs that were going to town and if Colin Morrison was on his way to the depot, he would let us all ride on his "low-gear," which was long and low and a lot of us could get on. Winter was a happy, busy time for us in the early 1900's.

Spring.

It isn't what it used to be. You could smell Spring in the air, fresh and warm, and it was a joy going to the swamp to look for cowslips, Jack in the Pulpit, lady's slippers and later picking violets up on Indian Hill. When the herring started to run we would make snares by putting one end of a needle through the eye and winding the long end around a slim pole or branch. It was easy to catch the fish, but generally we would put them back as we never got to like herring with all their bones. Spring was so welcome after a long winter.

Summer.

Summer was the time for walking, and what walks! All the way to Camp Joe Hooker or over Barden Hill and through the woods, through the fields off North Street, over to the Nemasket Cemetery and up the road to the Green church. Many times I walked to Warrentown to stay week-ends with the Jacques family who owned the Tom Thumb house, a beautiful home and coach house. It made me sad when I saw the hen houses that are where the lovely coach house had been. I enjoyed many a Saturday at Primo's Past-time, and remember the Count and Countess as they would do a dance for the folks here, she in one of her beautiful gowns. I can't forget the open cars to Lakeside Park, the rides to Onset and to Crescent Park in Rhode Island, which was quite a long ride in those days.

Fall.

The busy summer over, our thoughts turned to school and the coming winter, but any time is the right time to read and I think in my seven years of taking library books I read about every one suitable for my age. I still enjoy reading and still like to walk, and above all, I thoroughly enjoy every word in my "Middleborough Antiquarian," and long may it prosper.

PLYMOUTH COUNTY'S BUSY CENTER OF SHOE MANUFACTORIES

By Mrs. Ernest S. Pratt

Middleboro was so named because the town had many shoe shops. Many families worked on shoes in their homes. Shoes were "pegged," "stitched," and "lasted." Buttons were sewed on ladies "high shoes" at the "makers' conveniences." Many factories "let out" this "home work."

Let us start with shops in North Middleboro. Elijah E. Perkins and his son J. S. Perkins made shoes under the firm name of E. E. Perkins & Son. Charles H. Alden, as a boy, worked for the Perkins company. With the family horse and carriage, he delivered parts of shoes to the various "home shoe makers" in different sections of town. After the "making operations" were accomplished, Alden collected them and brought them back to the factory, "where it remained merely to finish the bottom, heel edges and uppers, and the shoes were complete."

Stetson, Hammond and Holmes, succeeded E. E. Perkins & Son a few years and were succeeded by Alden, Leonard & Hammond. This factory was on the north side of Plymouth Street about four houses from Bedford Street. The shop was later cut in half. One half was made into a house on that same location; the other half was moved to Bedford Street and made into a house. Some remember this firm as Hammond and Richmond.

Charles H. Alden, who worked for the Perkins Company, went into business with Enoch Pratt under the firm name, Alden and Pratt. They made boys' shoes. They paid their employees in gold and were called the "Klondike Shop." The factory was on Plymouth Street, in North Middleboro, on the side of the Plymouth Street School House. After a few years, Mr. Pratt withdrew from the business. Mr. Alden took the work to Abington, where he manufactured shoes many years under the name C. H. Alden Co. The factory on Plymouth Street was empty for a time and was destroyed by fire of incendiary origin on October 19, 1900.

Andrew Alden, Cornelius Leonard, and George Hammond were the men who owned the Alden, Leonard and Hammond Company. Mr. Alden went to Middleboro and started a business on Cambridge Street. He sold out to Hathaway, Soule and Harrington and was Superintendent of the shop. This company was in business many years and had many employees. Mr. Andrew Alden's sons, Arthur and Fred, formed a business with Mr. Walker, a salesman, and Mr. Wilde, a bookkeeper, Alden Walker and Wilde made shoes in the "Old Needle Shop" on Clifford Street, near the shop now occupied by Lloyd Perkins & Son - Plumbers - This factory burned, and the firm moved to Weymouth, Mass. where they continued business.

Mr. Nahum William Keith and Mr. Augustus Pratt formed a shoe company and manufactured shoes in their shop on Pleasant Street, North Middleboro, with the firm name, Keith and Pratt. Mr. Keith was always known as the inventor of a jack for holding shoes. Mr. Keith started making shoes in 1869. After the death of Augustus Pratt his son, Mr. Herbert Pratt, was admitted to the firm in 1879, with the name remaining the same, Keith and Pratt. In 1905 Mr. Keith retired and was succeeded by Mr. Pratt's son, Alton G. Pratt. In

Keith and Pratt Shoe Factory
North Middleboro
Destroyed by fire February 28, 1928

1907 they moved to Middleboro and manufactured shoes in the Hathaway Soule and Harrington Building on Cambridge Street. They stayed eleven years and returned to their own factory on Pleasant Street, North Middleboro, in 1918. Alton Pratt had charge of the sales, and many shoes were sold in Cuba. Alton's brother, Harold Pratt, managed the production in the factory. This firm sold to Field and Flint, of Brockton, in 1925. The factory burned on February 28, 1928, "from unknown causes."

Joseph and Lyman Osborne owned a shop on Center Street, North Middleboro, near the junction of Purchase Street. In March, 1967, Center Street was widened, and this shop was taken down.

Mr. John Aldrich operated a shop in North Lakeville. The building was later used by the North Lakeville Ladies' Society for their meetings and suppers.

Aldrich & Haskins conducted a business on Taunton Street, North Lakeville, near the corner of Cross Street. The owners were William Aldrich and Herbert Haskins. The factory was two stories high, about 40 feet by 60 feet. A one-story addition was built on, where the "lasting" was done. The shoes were shipped by train from Abington, or Brockton, and carted by horse and wagon from the Lakeville Station to the shop. Sometimes the shoes were brought by wagon over the road. After the shoes were "lasted," or "stitched," they were returned to Abington or Brockton to be finished. A dozen or more people worked in this shop. They were all "near neighbors." After the firm discontinued business, the factory was used a few weeks for evening prayer meetings. The minister of the Precinct Church came to conduct the services. The story is told that mosquitoes troubled the worshippers. Some of the boys counted the mosquitoes they killed to see who had the greatest number.

Mr. Arad Richmond Dunham worked on shoes in a little shop on his farm, in North Middleboro. The shop was moved and became a dwelling on Pleasant Street.

William Penniman and his brother operated a shoe shop on School Street, Middleboro, near North Street. They sold to Elmer Phinney in 1912.

Morris Shoe Co. operated a shop on Jackson Street. Afterward it was known as Dean Morris Shoe Co. When Mr. Morris withdrew and moved to the Cape, Mr. Dean carried on the business. The shop is empty in 1967.

Alberts Shoe Company conducted a business in the Hathaway Soule and Harrington Building on Cambridge Street from about 1930 to 1966.

Mr. Cornelius Leonard and Mr. Samuel Shaw formed a company and started to make shoes in the building now occupied by Lloyd Perkins & Son, Corner Wareham and Clifford Streets. Their business increased, so they decided to build a factory on Peirce Street. Mr. Henry Dean came from Wellesley and joined the firm, known as Leonard, Shaw and Dean. Mr. Dean was called the "slipper man," because at this time, they began to make "low shoes." Mr. Chester Shaw was Assistant Treasurer of this concern. Many "custom made" shoes were turned out for individuals, made on their own "lasts." William Tillson, son-in-law of Mr. Leonard, was salesman for New England. Grant Leonard, nephew of Mr. Leonard, was the salesman for New York City, and New York State. Mr. Dean's territory was in the South. As business increased, a large addition was built on the Rice Street side of the factory. Dalton Shoe Company was connected with this firm, for a time. Holmes Dalton worked with his father; Swartz and Ruggles also made shoes in the factory. Ralph Hasty worked for them. In 1932, this company sold out to John Lucey & Co. In 1937 Winthrop Atkins bought the factory.

GEORGE E. KEITH COMPANY

"There are a few business houses of today that can trace their origin back to pre-Revolutionary Days, but very few who can picture a continuous background of experience in their field of labor, as can the George E. Keith Company. In 1758, Levi Keith was making shoes and tanning leather. His grandson, of the fourth generation, George Eldon Keith, at the age of ten, began making shoes with his father, in their own home. When George E. Keith was twenty-four years old, he had saved $1,000, with which he established a business of his own, employing ten people. From this humble beginning, grew the immense business which manufactured 'Walk Over Shoes,' 'Brother Hogan' and 'Builtwell Shoes.' These shoes were sold in every state in the Union and 104 foreign countries. At one time there were 84 Walk Over Shoe Stores, and more than 5,000 retail dealers in all the world who handled and sold the company's shoes." On January 9, their #4 factory was dedicated, on Summer Avenue, Middleboro, with an elaborate program which follows.

Dedication of George E. Keith Factory #4
Reception to the Company Officials was followed by

Prayer	Rev. Samuel Cathcart
Remarks	George W. Stetson, Esq.
Address	Granville E. Tillson
Address	George E. Keith
Music	"Walk Over" Brass Band
Address	Rev. D. C. Reardon
Address	J. C. Sullivan, Esq.
Address	Joseph E. Beals
Giving of the key	George E. Doane

Dancing 9 to 12 o'clock

Committee of Arrangements
Fred W. Whitman Eldon B. Keith
Augustus M. Bearse George W. Stetson
D. D. Sullivan

The first Superintendent was Myron Thomas, followed by Mr. Carr, James Kennedy, and you remember others. The salesmen from Middleboro were Orrin Smith, two traveled in the south; Charles Shaw, Theodore Mendall, Ralph Mendall, and Carl Kendall. Fifty successful years later, 1956, the factory was sold to Plymouth Shoe Co. At present, 1967, they use the factory for storage.

LEONARD & BARROWS

"More than one hundred years ago, in 1853, to be exact, a firm was organized by Noah C. Perkins, Charles E. Leonard and Horatio Barrows. They began business on Center Street, where Benny's Store is now located. This building was soon too small for their increasing business, and it was decided to remove to the Wells Building, on North Main Street, where Cleverly's Market is now. This was 1860. At this time Calvin D. Kingman, who had been conducting a business in Lakeville, was taken into the firm. Mr. Perkins withdrew and continued to manufacture shoes for himself in the old factory. Five years later, Mr. Kingman withdrew from the firm and started one of his own on Center Street, near Oak Street, where Central Cafe is located today. The firm Leonard and Barrows stayed in the Wells Building until 1874, when they built a factory on Center Street, corner of Pearl Street. This factory was 100 feet long and 35 feet wide with a small ell. It burned in 1886.

The thrift of the concern was shown by the fact that operations were suspended only long enough to adjust the insurance, after which the company manufactured shoes in the Parlor Grate Works Building, on Cambridge Street, until the new factory could be built. The new building was 135 feet long on Center Street and 260 feet on Pearl Street, with an east wing 105 feet long. It had four floors, with a total of 100,000 square feet of working space. This new factory had every modern equipment, fine light, perfect system of heating, well ventilated, safety devices, elevators, stairways, fire escapes, and automatic sprinklers. A good restaurant was maintained for the benefit of the employees. About 500 people worked here and made 1800 pairs of shoes per day. The yearly output, if placed heel to toe, would reach from Middleboro to Concord, N.H., a distance of more than one hundred miles.

Leonard and Barrows manufactured many different styles and grades of shoes. Their advertised brands were "Overland" shoes for men, and "Crown Prince" and "Messenger" shoes for boys. The boys' shoes were manufactured in their factory in Belfast, Maine, started by the firm in 1902. They maintained an efficient corp of assistants and employees. Salesmen sold to retailers. The "jobbing" was done through the Boston office under the direction of Charles M. Leonard. The factory ranked among the largest in New England, with a capacity of 4,000 pairs of "Goodyear" shoes daily, made by one thousand employees.

Mr. Horatio Barrows died in 1883. For twenty years the business was carried on by Charles E. Leonard and his sons, Charles M. and Arthur H. Leonard. Much of the success of the business was due to the keen ability of Charles E. Leonard to choose good leather at a good price, which he bought in quantity, and stored until it was needed. In 1903 Fletcher Barrows, son of the original proprietor was admitted to the concern. Mr. Charles E. Leonard passed away in 1904, and the business was left in the hands of the younger generation". (From Middleboro News - 1905). Mr. Arthur H. Leonard withdrew from the business in 1919. Charles M. Leonard's son, Julian T. Leonard, joined the firm in 1926 and carried on for ten years. In 1936, the firm Leonard & Barrows sold to John Lucey and Robert Goldstein, the latter having a large list of customers who bought shoes. These men conducted a successful business, under the firm's name Plymouth Shoe Co. Robert Goldstein passed away—his son Allen joined the firm, and it continues to make and finish shoes in the Leonard & Barrows Shop on the corner of Center and Pearl Street.

COMBINED REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR AND CURATOR MIDDLEBOROUGH HISTORICAL MUSEUM

There seemed no better way to inform our friends and subscribers as to what has been going on in the way of progress the past year than to print this report of the Director and Curator:

Visitors to our Museum who have visited other such institutions all across the country often tell us that the Middleborough Historical Museum is the finest small museum they have seen. We who have the responsibility of operating the Museum are proud of it and attempt each year to add new features to make it even more outstanding. Special exhibits always attract new visitors and the exhibition of original Currier and Ives pictures shown at the Museum from June 10-19, 1966, made possible by Travelers Insurance Company and Clyde S. Thomas, Inc., was viewed by many people.

The appearance of two rooms in the "first house" has been greatly enhanced by the gift of beautiful Oriental rugs and several articles of antique furniture given in memory of the late Mrs. Horace K. Atkins by her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winthrop.

Mr. Cyril Marshall of Duxbury, who made the life-like figures seen in many buildings of the Plymouth Plantation, was commissioned by the Historical Museum Committee to make figures representing General and Mrs. Tom Thumb. These are in the process of being completed and outfitted with clothing, and will be on display later this season.

Our money-raising projects have been the Country Store at the Raynham Fair and the Myron Floren concert, both very successful. At least $1,200 will be realized from the concert because of the splendid response of the sponsors and the cooperation of the general public.

Our assistant curator, Frederck E. Eayrs, Jr., accomplished many things while employed at the Museum last summer among them the redecoration of two rooms and setting up displays in them, in one an exhibit of hardware and locks from the early wooden ones to those of modern times; in the other, a variety of displays including the Bay State Straw Works exhibit, baskets and basket molds, a collection of miniature iron utensils, early books dating from the 16th century and examples of the very first radios used.

The death of our curator caused a very serious loss to the Museum. Mr. Romaine founded the Museum and ever since it has been his prime interest. We often hear that no one is indispensable, but it seems as if Lawrence B. Romaine filled many niches as only he could fill them. The Museum he founded and fostered is too vital an institution not to be continued and all of us left to carry on his work will do so to the very best of our ability.

Through his vision and enthusiasm, a replica of the carriage shed that was a part of the original P. H. Peirce grocery store has been constructed on the Museum grounds and through his drive and persistence, money was raised to pay for the building and the painting of it. We are just about ready to move into the building a wonderful old carriage, a Rock-a-way, or station wagon, given to the Museum years ago from the Weld Estate by Elizabeth Weld Bennett and her husband, Edwin Bennett. The carriage has been stored in the barn of Mrs. Peter Oliver who has kindly sheltered it these many years. There are tentative plans to move the existing blacksmith shop from the basement of one of the buildings to the carriage shed, as well as some large ice and farm equipment now stored outside.

Also through Mr. Romaine's efforts, the Judge Wood law office was moved to the Museum grounds from the property of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Sullivan, Jr., who presented the building to the Museum. A letter was sent to Joseph C. Fernandes of the Fernandes Markets, explaining the situation of no available funds to move the building and Mr. Fernandes responded by magnanimously contributing $1,000 to pay the cost. This summer, the law office will be settled on a foundation and the interior restored.

There are plans underway to establish an appropriate and permanent memorial to our late curator. Tentative plans are being laid for a Lawrence B. Romaine Memorial Library to be established at the Museum. Larry had long wished for a library there but never found the time to organize it. The fact that the Memorial Fund has reached a sum exceeding $1,000 is a wonderful tribute to him and an indication that his friends appreciate and value the vast amount of time and effort he expended on the museum he cherished so dearly.

Mertie E. Romaine, *Director*

THE MYRON FLOREN CONCERT

One of the finest entertainments to be given in town for many years took place on April 12th for the benefit of the Middleborough Historical Museum. Myron Floren, nationally known accordionist with the Lawrence Welk Orchestra, and Miss Doris Tirrell, organist and Walter Lendh, pianist, both of Brockton, and two associates who appear with Mr. Floren in his New England appearances, presented a concert before a warm and appreciative audience. The benefits to the Museum were beyond the highest hopes of the committee; some $1,200 were netted from the concert. This success was due to the cooperation received from the sponsors, the advertisers, the business establishments that served as headquarters for tickets, individuals who sold large numbers of tickets and to the fine response of the general public. The committee wishes to thank each one for this splendid support that so materially aided the Museum. The committee has engaged Mr. Floren for a return engagement next Spring.

A NEW ENGLAND CLAMBAKE

by William L. Waugh

The simplest answer to the question, "Who originated the clambake?," is to say the Indians. There may be some truth in this idea as some of the ingredients of a clambake are made up of food found and grown in the immediate area. It is known that the Indians cooked outside on the ground and their cooking habits included baking food. Indian corn, scientifically called Zea mays, has been used as food for both live stock and humans. The clambake may have originated when the corn was cooked together with clams and lobsters.

Just when the clambake was put on in Middleboro, is a date lost in the historic past but posters advertising clambakes in the 1880's and 1890's exist. George E. Wood and John B. Lebaron were the sponsors, and the scene of the bakes was Nelson's Grove on Assawompsett Pond in Lakeville.

The earliest clambakes were put on in pine groves which provided shelters from the bright sun. Everyone prayed for good weather and after a bake was called off because of rain, it was usually given a week later.

Thirty-five or fifty years ago clambakes were scheduled in the summer in Middleboro principally by the Middleboro Fish and Game Club, and by Frank Gibbs. The Fish and Game each year held a field trial at the corner of Vaughn and Wood Streets. The whole event lasted two and sometimes three days, and the bake which was their greatest achievement, was served at noon on Sunday. Such Middleboro men as Carl Oakes, Win Perkins and Harold S. Wood were in charge of the bakes. For a day the men took over in the kitchen. The kitchen was transported into the open air.

Frank Gibbs owned a grove and covered pavilion on the shore of Lake Tispaquin, known as Gibb's Grove and professionally as a bakemaster catered to the general public in Plymouth County with his rain proof pavilion. His bakes were usually on Sunday.

Other bake entrepreneurs of this period included Albino Faetti and Jules Gamache, both of Middleboro. Mr. Faetti's and Mr. Gamache's bakes were open to the public. Mr. Faetti's were held at Rose Point in Wareham and Mr. Gamache's in a grove in Middleboro.

A look at the present day clambakes will show a slow evolution from the more primitive bakes of fifty or seventy-five years ago. Many refinements have been made to obtain the present Middleboro bakes.

Mr. William C. Waugh, of Lakeside, for several years put on a "barrel bake" for such groups as National Fireworks, the Massachusetts Retail Grocers Association and the Waldorf Corporation. He had the bake served under a large tent in order to solve the weather problem. The barrel bakes are useful for serving up to fifty people. In this type of bake the rocks are first heated and then put in the bottom of barrels which are sunk in the earth. Wet seaweed is placed on top of the rocks, the food on top of the sea weed. After the food is put in the barrels, pieces of heavy canvas are thrown over the tops of the barrels. The food is allowed to bake with the steam and heat permeating the interior of the barrel. The cooking process takes about an hour.

The Middleboro Elks, the Middleboro Hare and Rabbit Club and the South Middleboro Fire District sponsor clambakes every year. Refinements seen in the bakes are result of the many years that local people have been giving the bakes. These bakes are called "open bakes" in which the food is cooked on top of rocks in the open. These rocks have been heated for several hours and placed on a concrete base. Canvas is thrown over the food and the interior allowed to bake for an hour or an hour and a half as in the barrel bake. The South Middleboro bake is an annual affair. The weather problem is solved by the bake being given inside the Fire Station. The bake put on by the Elks on their grounds on High Street is still given in the open without the benefit of cover and is postponed a week if it rains.

Scene at a Modern Clambake

The bakes given by the Middleboro Hare and Rabbit Club show all the modern concepts of just how to put on a bake in the year 1967. All that has been learned about clam bakes is incorporated into the event, and to the Yankee from Cape Cod and Plymouth County these are an event of which he is quite proud when everything runs smoothly. Bakemaster Henry Vaughn can tell you about the unknowns that must be solved. Dutchy Krause and Hank Bryant in historic perspective have been associated with clam bakes for thirty-five or forty years and assist Mr. Vaughn.

Several years ago, the Hare and Rabbit Club bakes were held in the open air under pine trees and in case of rain had to be postponed making a problem of what to do with the food. This was usually given to a charity. Three years ago a pavilion was built on the Hare and Rabbit Club grounds on Tispaquin Street so that the bakes will go on, rain or shine. The newest concept for preparing a bake is having the cooking done under a wooden canopy. Such a canopy is now found here.

A deluxe clambake includes a lobster for everyone. Bakes of this type are more expensive and are not seen too often. Traditionally, women prepare the food and set the tables. The tables are covered with white paper. Either paper or china plates are used. Men do the heavier work such as gather the stones, put the bake together on these, cover the bake with canvas and open it when it is cooked and ready to serve. Both men and women do the serving.

Mr. William C. Waugh, who strongly emphasizes that he is not a professional bakemaster, but rather puts on clambakes out of a love for them, says the secret in making a successful bake is the selection and heating of the rocks. Metamorphic and sedimentary rocks are apt to split when heated. Usually a man when selecting rocks will choose round ones of what is commonly known as granite and scientifically called igneous. The day of the clambake and three, four or even five hours before the bake is put together, a huge fire is built of hardwood slabs four feet long. The rocks are thrown on top of these. Mr. Waugh claims that if the rocks are really hot, that ninety percent of the bakemaster's worries are over. The rocks are pulled out of the ashes of the fire with a potatoe rake and then shoveled into the area where the actual baking process will take place.

The ingredients of a bake remain the same as they were fifty or seventy-five years ago. In preparing the food, which is either done the day before or on the morning of the bake while the rocks are heating, the ends of the white and sweet potatoes are cut off, the fish is cut into individual servings and put into small paper bags. The onions are peeled. The tripe, which is the linings of cow bellies, is cut into small servings. The brown bread is sliced. The watermelon is cut at the time of serving.

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The placing of food on the rocks follows a prescribed course. All the food, including the clams, is put in flat wire trays which are placed on top of each other on the seaweed covered rocks. The seaweed is wet, permeated with salt water, and steams through the food giving an ocean inspired taste to everything. The clams go on the rocks first and the lobsters last.

The complete bake will find clams, lobsters, fish, tripe, sweet potatoes, white potatoes, sausages, frankforts, brown bread, coffee, watermelon, corn, onions and dressing. All go into the bake except the watermelon, coffee, brown bread and melted butter which are prepared outside.

Baking can take from an hour to an hour and a half. A bakemaster will usually give the bake a little more than an hour. When he has decided the bake has cooked long enough, men line up at one end of the canvas and pull it off the food. The bake itself may be in an area ten by fifteen feet, more or less, depending upon what is deemed necessary to accommodate the amount of food needed by the number of people expected at the bake.

When the bake is opened, the clams are usually put in individual containers and served to each person. Then follow the other components of the bake until everyone has his or her food.

The clambake is a feast in every sense of the word. Many people bring a towel with them to use as a napkin, the ordinary napkin not being large enough to accommodate the melted butter and small pieces of food that somehow drip or fall into ones lap. Some wear an apron. Usually a little more food is cooked than is actually consumed so that the clambake never lets anyone go home without enough to eat. It is the patron's fault if he has not eaten to capacity.

EBEN ELLIS HOMESTEAD

by Lyman Butler

In a recent letter to the editor of our local paper Harriet Newcomb mentioned that Ma and Pa (Ernest and Edith) Newcomb lived in a real old house on River Street and called attention of same to the Historical Society. According to the 1855 map this house was at that time the Eben Ellis house. It interested me very much to hear of this old place as when I lived at Thompsonville my brothers and I spent many Saturdays playing in and around this place when the Everett Bakers lived there. As far as I can remember nothing was ever said then about it being a fortress against the Indians. I did know that it was an old house even in those days but to me at that time it was just another home and as all the places I had lived were very old homes I never gave it a thought. Now that I am interested in the historical background of the town I decided to try and get a little more data on this old house so I paid a visit to Mrs. Everett Baker in Halifax and got all the information she could give me.

I found out by the 1855 map that this place at that time was the Eben Ellis place, after this a family named Mellen lived here and the Bakers purchased the place from a family named Jackson. How old it really is no one knows but by the structure it would seem to be in the 1700's or early 1800's. A big square chimney supplied the draft and carried the smoke from three fire places on the first floor. One in the kitchen also had a brick oven and where Mrs. Baker said she kept her flat irons, as they put up a tin shield over the opening of the fire place and used an old iron stove. In one of the upstairs rooms there was also a fireplace. Undoubtedly this place was one of many in different sections which was used as a fortress in the Indian attacks and those closets Mrs. Newcomb tells about were no doubt used for purpose of hiding the children and to shoot from. While living there Mr. Baker decided to take out a partition between two rooms upstairs and after removing some plaster and laths he discovered that the timbers were so large (by Mrs. Bakers description about nine inches square) he gave up the idea and plastered the wall up again.

Whether the walls were filled with stones and any other heavy substance to protect against the Indian attacks Mrs. Baker could not say but she thought it quite likely. There were other houses said to be so fortified. One is the old Andrew Freeman place on Thompson Street which is still standing, Aymar Gates and daughter Ruth occupy it now; then there was the old Barrows place which stood where Grange hall is now, and no doubt many others throughout the country side. The house on River Street could be a historical one and it would be too bad to have it destroyed by fire. In case any of you readers do not know where this house is, it sets back from the road on the South side of River Street opposite Auburn Street near the new brick factory.

GIFTS TO THE MUSEUM

The listing of gifts made to the Museum is a fascinating business because of the great variety and unusual character of these old-time possessions. Miss Louise Pratt has presented a pair of saddlebags that belonged to her great grandmother. This stalwart woman of the middle 1700's rode to Taunton on horseback with the saddlebags filled with butter and eggs from her farm which she traded for other commodities. Mrs. Ernest S. Pratt has given us some very old wooden butter paddles, a flail used to flail grain. Through the courtesy of Mrs. Pratt we have received an ingenious arrangement of tiny and very lovely bowls, one fitting inside the other. These belonged to Mrs. George Tweedy. From Mrs. Edson Bemis came some books of an early date and an interesting Camp Fire Girls' uniform of 1910. Many of us have fond memories of the old Jenks homestead on North Main Street that later became the Martinique, another lost landmark. Mrs. Charles G. Campbell, who with her husband purchased the Martinique in 1944, has presented to the Museum some of the handsome gold medallions used in the corner of the interior door frames, one of the elegant and distinguished features of the house; also some gas jets from the homestead and clothing of the 1890 period.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Thomas have given a fine example of the sculpture of John Rogers, a Rogers group entitled, "The Checker Players." Mrs. Leon Townsend has presented some pictures and postcards of North Middleboro of former days. The Museum has not many articles of the Revolutionary War period, therefore gratefully accepted from Arnold Shaw was the gift of a wooden canteen carried in the War of Rebellion. The canteen was carried in the War by the father of Lysander Richmond who manufactured shoes in North Middleboro in the middle 1800's. Lysander Richmond presented the canteen to E. W. Pierce Post 8, Grand Army of the Republic. As an antique dealer, Mr. Shaw came into possession of the piece and generously donated it to the Museum. A marker for timbers was given by Mr. Archie Orrall of North Lakeville. This is an old-time tool used by carpenters of years ago to number timbers when building houses. The instrument looks like a tiny ice pick or nut pick, and with this tool, scratches were made on the timber so it could be matched to a timber with an equal number of scratches. Timbers marked in this way are still to be found in attics of old houses.

The heirs of the Frederick Weston Estate have very generously offered to the Historical Museum many valuable and interesting articles now stored in the Weston barn. A detailed list of these gifts will be given in the next issue of the Antiquarian.

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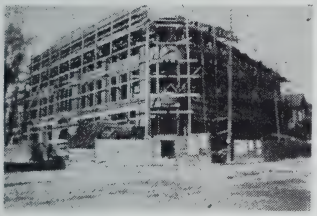

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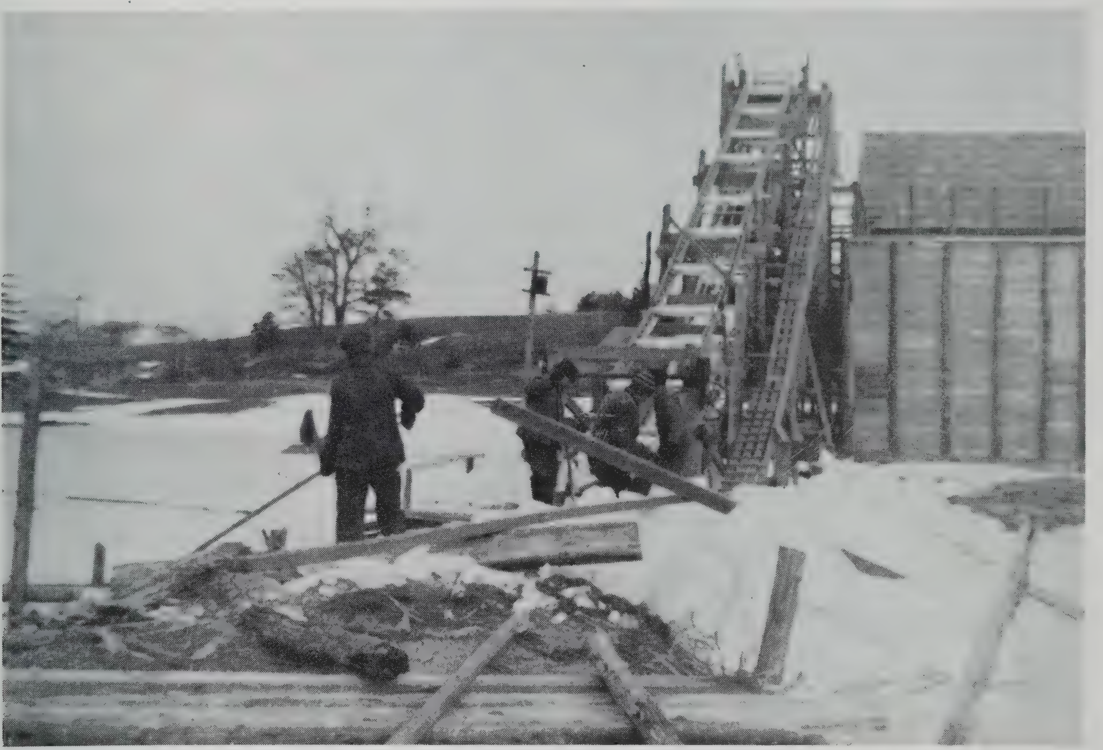

THE VANISHING ICE INDUSTRY

by Mrs. Ernest S. Pratt

This business had great variety; it depended entirely on New England weather. You know what a variety of weather we have. Beginning the first of every year, the iceman hoped for clear, cold nights when days were short and nights were long. This condition would freeze clear, thick ice. If snow or sleet came, it would be scraped off by huge wooden blades drawn by horses since snow acted as a blanket to prevent ice from freezing. One year, when ice was still thin, a horse was plunged into the pond four times. Each time he was pulled ashore, dried off, and harnessed again. He was a plucky animal called "Teddy." After four efforts the iceman decided the ice would have to be thicker before it could be worked on.

If ice was almost thick enough to harvest, holes would be drilled to let the water come to the surface and absorb the snow. This would be considered "snow ice." It was just as cold but did not look so clear. Harvesting began as soon as ice was ready, and men were available.

There was a variety of ways to harvest ice as the years unfolded. At first, horses were used to pull the "marker" and plows on the pond; also, to pull the cakes of ice up the runway by "pulley." Later years, motors did the marking and pulling.

Always needed was a variety of men with different talents. There were real trades in this business. Some men preferred to work on the pond where they sawed the cakes of ice and pushed them with long handled pikes to the channel at the foot of the "run." One man "fed" the cakes on to the "run." There were the house crews, who knew just how to place the cakes, in the ice houses. If the ice was the same thickness, it was quite easy to slide the cakes around and leave a little space between each one.

When ice was just right in thickness and weather was suitable, two or three houses might be filled at the same time. This required a "switch man," at each doorway to send the cakes where they could be quickly placed. Ice on the move is easier to guide than when it is stopped on its way.

As soon as the buildings were filled, the iceman boarded the doors. Sawdust was hauled from sawmills to fill the side walls and doorways to insulate the "crop." A layer of hay was placed on top of the ice. This could be more easily cleaned off the ice in hot weather. After the houses were "sealed," the tools and machinery were stored until another season.

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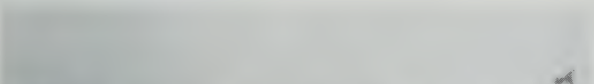
There was a great variety of children on every street, who waited for the ice cart every day. These youngsters wanted chips or chunks of ice to "suck." Some wound cloth around the ice, so their fingers would not freeze. A four-year old boy once pestered an ice driver so much, and the driver was so afraid the boy would be injured by ice sliding around in the cart, the driver hung the boy by his belt on the ice scales and let him dangle there, all sprawled out like a turtle, in the air, while the horse moved on to the next house. He wanted to scare the children a little, so they would do less climbing into the ice cart while the driver was in the house. It was a vivid lesson indeed, and it worked!

There was a wide variety of receptacles to store food and ice. One of the earliest was a "low-down chest" with four slate shelves and two covers on top. When the iceman arrived, the food and shelves were removed, the ice dropped into the bottom, and the shelves and food were replaced. It was a great time-saver when the upright refrigerator was made. The food did not need to be moved. The ice went into the top. Very soon, however, customers began to put the bottles of drinks in the top with the ice.

The variety of customers was always a consideration. Thoughtful housewives would remove the shelves and have the chest ready for ice at the time it was delivered. There were those who let the iceman remove the shelves and food and replace them. Wives did not work out in those days, as much as they do today. Thrifty souls thought they must wrap the ice in paper to preserve it and save money. The iceman knew that the important thing was to melt the ice fast so the chill would preserve the food. Many customers wanted a small piece of ice that would not need to be "chipped," to fit the box. Others would demand a large piece. If it was too big, the chips would melt first, cool off the chest, and the large piece would last longer. There were many opinions on all sides of the natural ice business.



When warm days arrived, the sale of ice depended on the degree of heat. The weather controlled the freezing and selling. In the early days, horses were used in a varied assortment of wagons. As years went on, a varied line of trucks made the deliveries. The iceman was very careful in the selection of his horses. They must be patient, although ready to move at the sound of the driver's voice to save time. They learned the route, and stops, and knew when it was lunch time; and their feed bags would hang around their neck so they could eat. The horse had to stand still while the driver was in the house and not wander away. Horses have varied dispositions, as people do. It was fine when the driver and horse understood each other. One summer troops practiced "mock battles" in the streets of our town. The noise from the rifles was so intense, one horse became deaf. He had to be traded for one that could hear.

Of course there was a slight puddle of water on the floor, if the iceman had to wait before he could put the ice in the box. He always needed ice tongs to hold the ice steady as it slipped into place. A canvas bag was made to carry the ice in. This could be emptied on the ground after the ice was put in the chest.

During hot summer days it was hard to find time to have horses shod at the blacksmith shop. Their shoes did wear out on the paved streets. In later years, it was just as hard to have trucks overhauled and tires replaced. They wore out fast, too. Harnesses, wagons, and trucks, all needed to be cleaned and polished regularly.

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Prescriptions

The iceman was always at work early in the morning. At 4 a.m. he began to dig the cakes of ice from the ice house, wash off the sawdust and hay, and put the cakes on the platform ready for the drivers to load on the wagons. The drivers fed the horses before they harnessed them. At night, large quantities of hay were put in the mangers, because there was no chance to feed them hay in the daytime. During the hottest weather, ice deliveries were made four times a week. Mondays and Saturdays were long, busy, days for the drivers. The wholesale trade to market was made on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Each day had its busy routine; and every day the weather was really hot, the telephone rang repeatedly. The drivers made many friends on their routes year after year.

"How would you like to be the Iceman?"

MONEY MAKING PROJECTS

The Middleborough Historical Museum conducted the annual Country Store at the Raynham Fair, beginning June 15th and continuing for five days. The Fair this year was somewhat of a disaster because of rainy weather, day after day, and all concerned suffered. Our profits were slightly over two hundred dollars, the least we have ever realized from this venture.

At the Antique Show and Sale, October 6th and 7th, sponsored by the Middleboro Cabot Club, the Museum had a booth, offering for sale antiques donated by members of the Middleborough Historical Association. Again we realized over two hundred dollars. We were fortunate in receiving generous donations of antiques from a few members who were contacted casually. If we engage in this enterprise another year, we will no doubt make a systematic canvass of the members, so please save anything in the nature of an antique for the Museum booth.

There are tentative plans to hold next summer on the lovely green at the Museum buildings a "Flea Market." At a sale of this kind, ANTHING goes, so please keep this in mind and save any surplus household articles for the "Flea Market."

IN MEMORIAM

ELMER ALLEN
MALCOLM C. DRAKE
HAROLD KILLIGREW
MRS. WALTER S. LITTLE
MRS. VERA PICARD

CHANGING SCENES IN MIDDLEBORO

by Lyman Butler

Anyone who left town fifty or sixty years ago would see a considerable difference in the town today if they were to return. Most of the changes have been in the name of progress. I know that the world must progress but I wish it would slow down a bit. Although I enjoy many of the modern things which go along with progress I can't help but feel a twinge of regret when one of the old land marks of my childhood is torn down in the name of progress and many of the big farms and pastures of long ago become housing projects. Recently while driving around in my 1959 Chevy, (surely a product of progress over my first Model T Ford) I traveled over many of the roads that I used in my younger days as well as through the business district and looking back, there have been many drastic changes over the years.

Country houses were always susceptible to fire as there was no protection in the outskirts, and I can remember well when the old D. Tinkham house on Thompson Street burned down. My brother Phil was born there. Also the George Thompson house where we lived a few years. (We did not live there at the time of the fire). In later years Barclay Kinsman's house and the old Flanders place went up in smoke. None of these have ever been replaced. Of course quite recently the new Kelsey Ferguson Brick Company took over the old Prime farm on River Street and Maria Atwood's on Thompson Street. These were both torn down. These latter ones can be charged to progress for the brick company should prove to be a big help in the economy of the town.

Let's look at the side from Warrentown towards the center. I recall when the old Warren house burned. A new house was built on this spot; Henry Dutra lives there now. The old Lane place on Snow's hill, Rodman Robinson's next to Captain Bryant's and Muttock School all burned long ago and in recent years the Old Store and the Gabrey house were destroyed for new Route 44. The old Sparrow house at the Green as well as A. B. Griffiths were destroyed for the same road. These were all familiar places in my younger days.

For new Route 25 there were a couple of houses razed by the bridge. Where L. H. Chace & Sons Chevrolet, Inc., is today the old Cleveland house was destroyed, and the latest one in this vicinity to go is the old Judge Wood house where John V. Sullivan, Jr., lived. Luckily the purchaser of this lot, (Fernandes Markets) donated the old law office to the local museum.

An other building in the outside area which burned long ago is Ben Shaw's saw mill on Rocky Meadow Street; also Nathaniel Shurtleff's at Bull Jump, and later the Rock Mill. Lyman Osborne's saw mill on Poquoy Brook was destroyed and a house built on the site. An old Pierce barn on North Street opposite the ball field was burned one Fourth of July and now a housing development is going in that field.

The Town House parking lot was the scene of the old Band Concerts and when the parking lot was built the band stand was moved to the play grounds. Bates School stood here till 1954 when it was burned along with many other places by a suspected fire bug.

Changes I can recall in the Center area are, as taken by streets: Wareham Street, the old Lincoln Blacksmith Shop and the old Cushing house next to Maxim Motor Co., and on Benton Street, McDonald's Smithy Shop. The old Lincoln house where Maxim's Service shop is, used to be the garage section of John Howes' Garage, while across the Street, Benson Harness Shop and Deane Woodworking as well as two dwellings were taken over by Cannon Motors. The dwellings were moved and are still used as homes. Next to the Gazette office where now is the Tri S gas station was Tim Scanlon's Bowling Alleys and Ladbury's Bicycle Shop.

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GENEROUS DIVIDENDS — COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY

On North Main Street the Nemasket House was a busy place at that time but in later years was taken down for the Shell gas Station. The beautiful lawn that belonged to the Jenks' house was made into a string of small stores. Later, the Norris building where Winthrop Atkins was and the stores were torn down for the Grant Store and a parking lot. Of course the old Jenks' house, later known as the Martinique, was wrecked for still another gas station. Quite recently the old Robinson house was torn down. Then there was the old Garrison (Barrows) House which stood where Grange Hall is now.

South Main Street has changed but little and though nearly all the stores have modern fronts the only building which has been replaced is the Old Co-operative Bank building and this, the original chapel building of the Congregational Church, is being used by the Church for meetings etc.

Going up Center Street there are many changes: first the building where was "Pete" Ramsey's Barber Shop. This was torn out and a new brick building put in. Where the Five and Ten is now, was a restaurant, Oneto's Fruit Market and another small store. The old Ryder House was moved back to make room for the old Grant store, now The Boston Store. This building was razed later when the parking place was put in, as was the old fire station and Doctor Holmes' Bee Hive House. Lucas and Thomas was torn down for an A & P Store now Cumberland. The old Peirce Academy was replaced by the new Post Office and recently the old Baptist Church has been replaced with a modern structure.

On the corner of School and Center the old T. W. Pierce Store and the small grocery next door were replaced by what is now Benny's Auto Store. Next to the Glidden Building was C. A. Sherman's and The Barney Fish Market; also the home of the first Star Theatre, now a used car lot. Where Smith's Sunoco Station is was a store and the old Bon Mode Millinery Store and a house which was moved away. On the corner of Center and Pearl Street, the old Blake house and the block of small stores, a laundry, Bargain Store, etc., were razed for the Jenny Gas Staton. Not too long ago the Bassett house on the corner of Oak and Center was purchased by Sacred Heart Church and razed to make way for the new Catholic Education building. On the other corner, the Kingman house and the old Home Bakery were taken for St. Luke's Hospital. Where the Catholic Church is, was Nicholl's Store when I was a youngster and of course recently the old Oak Street Fire House was torn down along with a couple of houses on High Street to make room for the parking lot for the Catholic Church. At Everett Square (now John Glass Square) was the Kelly Grocery building, later Trites Restaurant which was made into a Gas Station. Now a newer one has been put up by Gairad Young. The old Grocery, which was later the Polish American Club, was where the entrance to the A & P now is. The old Blacksmith Shop at Depot Grove was located about where The All-Wright Diner is now, and of course most of the railroad buildings were taken down when the transfer was taken from town.

I remember the night Alger Box Factory burned, I could see the flames from the winder where I lived on Arch Street. The Travasso farm at White's Hill is another place that has been torn down to make way for the new Chemical Plant. Lately the bank bought Tripp's and the Poor Farm has been sold to the Ocean Spray Cranberry Company.

There have been many changes in this old town in the last fifty-five or six years that I can remember and no doubt I have missed some, but as you can tell by what I have recorded, the old town is quite a bit different now. Many spots that were pasture land at that time are little villages now, such as Olivers field now built up into dwelling sites; the old Pratt field on East Main Street now called William's Village; the old Circus grounds now Mitchell Street and the housing project called Archer Court; North Street and Oak, the flat-iron piece now built up with dwellings; Bloomfield Avenue and Howland Court which was John Cushman's pasture at one time. Where Mayflower and Burkland Schools are was one of the skating spots in the winter. I could go on and on telling of spots where new housing has gone up, but these are some which I recall most.

MIDDLEBOROUGH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION ENTERTAINS THE BAY STATE HISTORICAL LEAGUE

The Bay State Historical League accepted the invitation extended by the Middleborough Historical Association to hold its October meeting in Middleboro. Registration was held Saturday, October 21st, beginning at ten o'clock in the morning at the Middleborough Historical Museum. The Museum was attractive with fall flowers and brightly burning fireplaces and was ably staffed by members of the Historical Association: Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Burkland, Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine, Mrs. Harold M. Pratt, Mrs. Ernest E. Maynard, Mrs. Irving R. Hardy, Mrs. Clifford L. Keith, Miss Mildred A. Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Woodward and Ernest Judge. Distribution of tickets for the luncheon was in charge of Miss Ruth Gates and Henry Burkland and Miss Pauline Blanchard was in charge of registration. The visitors spent the morning touring the Museum and many favorable comments were heard on the excellence and variety of the displays in all five buildings of the Museum. At 12:30 o'clock a luncheon was served to 120 members at Eugene's Restaurant.

At 2:30 o'clock the group re-convened at the First Congregational Church at the Green where welcoming remarks were given by Dr. Douglas Adams, vice-president of the League and Mr. Lyman Butler, president of the Middleborough Historical Association. A brief business meeting was conducted by Mrs. Thomas Cassidy, acting president of the League. A roll call took place with about two hundred responding, representing historical societies from all parts of Massachusetts, with forty-two responding from Middleboro.

The newly elected president of the Bay State League, Mrs. Thomas Cassidy, presented Mr. Henry Burkland, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Middleborough Historical Association who in turn introduced Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine, Curator of the Museum. Mrs. Romaine gave an entertaining and informative talk on "Middleboro's Famous Little People—General and Mrs. Tom Thumb." To add interest to the program, Mrs. Elizabeth Donaghue brought from the Wenham Historical Museum a doll given by Mrs. Tom Thumb to a doll collection in Wenham, and dressed in a costume made from a gown worn by Mrs. Tom Thumb in her circus days. Mrs. Edna Bell of Rochester, New York, a member of the Middleborough Historical Association, made considerable effort to attend the meeting from such a distance, and brought with her many items of interest to display, including two little figures representing General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, a tiny locket containing pictures of the little couple and many clippings and pamphlets about the famous little folk. The meeting adjourned at 3:45 P.M.

Pauline Blanchard,
Secretary,
Middleborough Historical Association

MEMORIAL FUNDS

We are most grateful to the family of the late Winifred Perkins for suggesting that in lieu of flowers, money be sent in Mr. Perkins' memory to St. Luke's Hospital or the Middleborough Historical Museum. Mr. Perkins was deeply interested in the Museum and gave generously of his help when physically able. We wish to extend our deep gratitude to his friends who sent contributions to the Museum in Mr. Perkins' memory.

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The Lawrence B. Romaine Memorial Fund has reached the sum of approximately $1,500 and preparations for the Memorial Library are in progress. Plans include a glass-enclosed cabinet to house Mr. Romaine's extensive reference book collection, the books of which he was the author, and his rare glass collection. The desk used by him in his business is unique in that the top, measuring some seventy-two inches long and twenty-one inches wide, is made of one piece of wood. It has been much admired and coveted by antique collectors. This will be used for a reading table. An antique book-binder's sign, from which he took the design for the cover of his book, "The Weathercock Crows", and his photograph will be displayed on the walls. It is hoped the library will be ready for use when the Museum opens in June, 1968.

A RECORD OF SOME FIRES IN NORTH MIDDLEBORO

From Notes kept by my father, George Delmar Dorr

by Mrs. Leon Townsend

The first one I remember was in December, 1891, when the barn on Plymouth Street owned by Frank Davis was burned with its contents. The horse and cow were led out by Mr. George Taylor.

The next year seemed to be free of trouble; but on March 15, 1893, lightning struck the North Congregational Church and it was burned to the ground at ine o'clock in the morning. A building on the same site was burned February 28, 1852, on a Sunday morning.

Saturday evening, November 25, 1893, the house and barn on the corner of Pleasant and Centre Streets, owned and occupied by Charles Dunham, was destroyed by fire. The house built on the same site is now owned by Mr. Lawrence Cole and family.

A home on Plymouth Street owned by Miss Lucy Robinson was destroyed by fire at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The Keith & Pratt shoe workers saved the barn with buckets of water. Everything was under control when the fire department arrived.

A small house on Pleasant Street owned by Mrs. Brown was burned at 2:30 A.M. on April 13, 1895. This house stood in front of the home now occupied by Mrs. Otto Jacobson.

Fires seemed to abound in North Middleboro the next two years. Mr. Henry Cushman's barn and shop on his old farm on Vernon Street burned May 18, 1895 at 5 P.M. On August 31, 1896, Mr. Isaac Macomber's barn was accidentally set on fire at 5:30 in the morning.

North Middleboro covers quite an area so now we go to White's Hill where the home owned and occupied by Frank Brooks and family was burned early on January 8, 1899. The Cyrus Eaton Estate situated far back from the road on Plymouth Street about where the home of Mr. William Kane now stands just east of Sturtevant's Bridge, was burned May 27, 1899. The house was being renovated inside and it was thought oily clothes left by workmen were responsible for the fire.

It was a warm evening on August 21, 1899, when suddenly a kerosene lamp fell from the ceiling in the building owned by Nathan Pratt and the whole building was engulfed in flames. The Post Office and a grocery store on the first floor were totally destroyed as were most of Mr. Pratt's belongings. The house next to the store, owned by Mr. Percy Keith and occupied by Arad Dunham and family, caught fire several times but was saved by the use of buckets of water.

1900. The new century began with the burning of one of George Eaton's tenement houses on Plymouth Street opposite the Plymouth Street school house. This was burned on January 26, 1900. On a Monday afternoon, September 17, 1900, fire was discovered in the small store owned by John Dickerman. This store was beside the home of George Eaton. No town water was available in North Middleboro and the house and barn as well as the store were reduced to ashes.

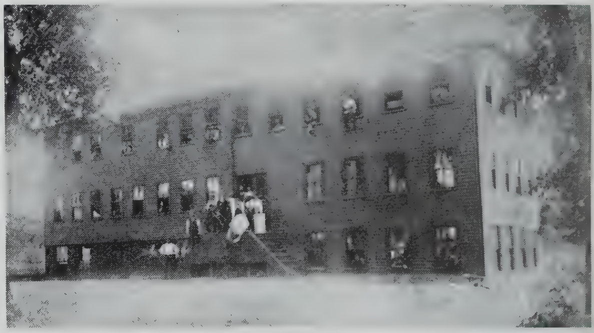
The Alden Brothers shoe factory, unoccupied for more than a year, was discovered to be ablaze at twelve o'clock noon on Wednesday, October 17, 1900. This factory stood beside the Plymouth Street school house and opposite the George Eaton houses which also caught fire as the blaze crossed the road. This made four houses owned by Mr. George Eaton destroyed by fire during the year 1900.

The home of William Conway, Pleasant Street, caught fire from a defective chimney and was destroyed January 21, 1901. It was rebuilt and is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robinson.

They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place but fire often does. Mrs. Brown, who lost her home on Pleasant Street in 1895, built on the same spot and was burned out again August 14, 1902 at three o'clock in the morning, and lost nearly everything.

A new barn built and owned by Mr. Harris Green on Bedford Street was burned with its contents. The large buildings of Leona Farm are now on the same site, owned by the late Abraham Green. A fire destroyed the old Jared Alden place on Purchade Street on November 18, 1905.

All these fires occurred within fourteen years and there have been many more since.



ALDEN'S SHOE SHOP

Located next to school house, Plymouth St., North Middleboro.

Burned October 19, 1900

THE SAMUEL SHAW HOUSE

by Lyman Butler

Having received favorable comments on my brief description of the old Eber Ellis home in the last issue I will try and have a different old place and maybe a picture in each future issue. The house I will tell about this time is what is shown on the 1855 map to be the Samuel Shaw house. It is located at the junction of Rocky Meadow and Wall Streets in the section known as Rocky Meadow, and has many of the original features, although an ell has been added and it is covered with asphalt instead of cedar shingles.

The place was built nearly three hundred years ago and has been in the Shaw family for many generations. The Walter Reimels family live there now and Mr. Reimels is a direct descendant of Samuel Shaw's on his mother's side. His grandfather, Elisha, who occupied this house was cousin to Benjamin Shaw who operated the steam mill across the street. Ben sold the mill to Daniel Jones in the early 1900's, and a few years later it burned. Many remember that Ben's two sisters, Sarah and Dorothy, married the Howes brothers, John and Harry.

Since starting this article, Mr. Reimels' sister in Lowell has come up with a little more family information taken from the "Illustrated History of Lowell, Massachusetts and Vicinity." This book states that Hon. Elisha Shaw of Chelmsford is descended from John Shaw who came to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1627. His great grandfather, Thomas Shaw born in 1738, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. His grandfather, Samuel Shaw, was born in Middleboro, Massachusetts, in

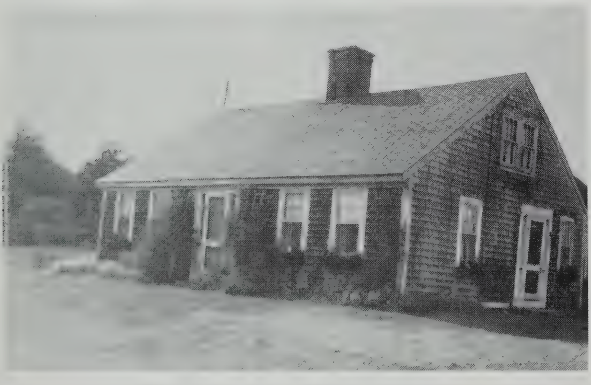
1771, served in the War of 1812 and died in Middleboro in 1864. This evidently is the Samuel Shaw who owned this house, and the Hon. Elisha was the first of several Elisha Herman Shaws of which we can remember at least two.

The front of the house is facing south as in the old days with only fireplace for heat. The living rooms got the warming sun in the winter and this often resulted, as in this case, that the front door was not on the street side of the house. This house is said to be the oldest in this section, though there are some that belonged to other Shaws that are very old. After crawling through cubby holes and trap doors, I agree that it is old and unusual. Entering a cubby hole under the stairway, you come to a three-way chimney that furnished draft for the big fireplace in what was originally the kitchen, and the smaller living and bedroom fireplaces. These three chimneys are like legs and join together into one big chimney in the center of the house. There is a dutch oven in the main fireplace between two of the legs and the top is made in the shape of a dome which is plastered over on the outside. Easily discernible, scratched in the old mortar which is cracking with age and the gradual settling of the building, is the date 1683, which no doubt is the date when it was made.

Originally there were two big pantries or butteries that have been made into smaller rooms but the same old original pine panelling and planked walls are still there, and a very thin skim coat of plaster on some sections made it possible to use wallpaper on parts of the wall. The beams and all heavy timbers are of the mortise and tennon style, and the outside walls are boarded up vertically. Partitions which were thick enough, and over the ceilings, were insulated with corn cobs, but I guess the rats and mice probably ate most of this over the years, but in a partition which was torn out a few years ago there were still the remains of corn cobs. In one of the rooms downstairs, the ceiling is panelled, which is very unusual. In the attic is a small charred spot on a couple of the boards where it is said a burning arrow of an Indian went into the roof and started a small fire which was quickly put out and did not burn enough to require replacing the wood. As this charred spot is some distance from the chimney, it is possible that was what happened and the charring was not caused by a spark from the chimney.

Many of the doors are the original ones and have hinges of a design I have never seen before, being put on with fancy swaged rivets definitely hand-made, as no two are alike. I wish I could describe them a bit better, but the butt end is like a butterfly and a long strap very similar to one that is in the Lawrence B. Romaine collection at our Museum and is known as a butterfly strap hinge, all made by hand. The latches and handles are the original hand-made ones also. The inside doors are very thin, about one inch thick and panelled.

This is a nice old house and retains many original features.



THE SAMUEL SHAW HOUSE
Rocky Meadow
Built 1683

ADDITIONS TO OUR COLLECTIONS

A life-time collection of buttons has been presented to the Museum by Mrs. Herman Delano of South Middleboro. Mrs. Delano has enjoyed this interesting hobby for many years and the collection now numbers some two thousand buttons, many of them rare and impossible to find, including the prized calico buttons. The collection is remarkably complete, is meticulously cataloged and each button is mounted on cardboard in a bound volume and there are many of these volumes. This is a magnificent gift, and we hope soon to exhibit the buttons in the window of the Middleborough Trust Company and have a special display of them at the Museum.

Mrs. Ernest S. Pratt has been a generous donor to our collections ever since the Museum was established and during the past months has made several contributions including several items for the Children's Room, old maps of the vicinity, ration tokens of World War II, a picture of the LeBaron Foundry and the workers there, taken sometime in the 1890's, corn poppers and a fabulous oil can standing some two feet high. Included was a most interesting booklet, "Tourist's Guide to Boston, the Athens of America" in the years when the United States Hotel was "unequalled by any hotel in Boston. Room and Board, $2.00, $3.00 and $3.50 per day, connecting by horse-cars every five minutes with every possible facility or rapid and economical transfer." Hotel Nantasket at Nantasket Beach was offering de luxe accommodations with a band concert every afternoon and evening by the celebrated American Band, and the Mechanics Building was one of the finest in the country for exhibitions and conventions. The list of Boston retail stores, now long gone but fondly remembered, brings a pang of nostalgia.

Miss Louise B. Pratt has donated for the Children's Room paper dolls and a child's purse made from scallop shells, an illustrated booklet of the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, a 1903 map of Massachusetts, a book of the First Church of Christ of Middleboro, 1852 and calendars bearing pictures of old Middleboro. Some of the most beautiful paisley shawls we have ever seen have been presented by Mrs. Harry Henderson, a collection of five shawls; also a hand woven coverlet. Mrs. Roger W. Tillson has given a hand-woven blanket. A beautiful red silk shawl has been received from the Warren Wood family and two small silver spoons, recovered when a cellar was excavated at the Nelson homestead in Lakeville, all through the courtesy of Miss Droothy Fessenden. Everett Buckman is ever alert for articles for our Museum and through his efforts we have received many interesting items, including a black iron kettle, wooden chopping bowl, hand-woven basket, long-handled skimmer, an iron whiffle-tree from Lawrence Wilbur and a large tin milk can from Mrs. Eva Eldredge.

Miss Elin Rosén has also had the interest of the Museum at heart and during the summer months has presented articles for the 1890 kitchen, soap stone floor warmers, hand-knit wrister, a wooden paddle used in the old days in doing laundry, a button hook for high button shoes, an article that many of the young generation have never seen; also a paper weight advertising the old Murdock Parlor Grate Company and a unique brass plaque made by that company, a metal stand holding two very handsome chrystal ink wells, two silver match boxes, a brass candlestick and for the Children's Room, a folding desk and blackboard and a fetching doll carriage of the Victorian period complete with parasol. Miss Margaret Ryder has given for the Costume Room three long white aprons each trimmed with beautiful hand-crocheted lace, an old-fashioned night gown and long white petticoat, both embellished with fine hand work. Mrs. Theodore F. Mendall of Lakeville presented a bound volume of Godey's Lady's Book, 1853, with its beautfiul colored plates of fashions in the 1890's, and children's books published about 1875.

For the carriage house, an early wooden meadow rake from Walter Eayrs; for the Judge Wood law office, a set of law books of early date from Attorney Richard E. Knowles and several law books and other appropriate articles from the law office of the late Judge B. J. Allen and his son, the late Elmer Allen, courtesy of Mrs. Elmer Allen. In the clothing department, there are two beautifully woven straw bonnets and a night cap with hand-made rick rack insertion from Mrs. Fanny Tripp of Lakeville; a large collection of dresses, hats et cetera from Mrs. James Bolland of Lynn, all worn by her mother; from Mrs. Harold M. Pratt a black fur muff in the interesting round box in which it was purchased that has the name of the Boston furrier on the cover; black lace mitts. a lace scarf and beaded bag from Mrs. Addie Bass; a beautifully made and very elaborate black beaded mantle to be worn on dressy occasions, made by a Miss Perry and donated to the Museum by Mrs. Robert Lynde. A much appreciated gift for the Children's Room included two sets of paper dolls and doll furniture made out of paper, given by I. Bradford Thomas in memory of his late wife, Lucretia Thomas, who in her youth owned and played with these toys.

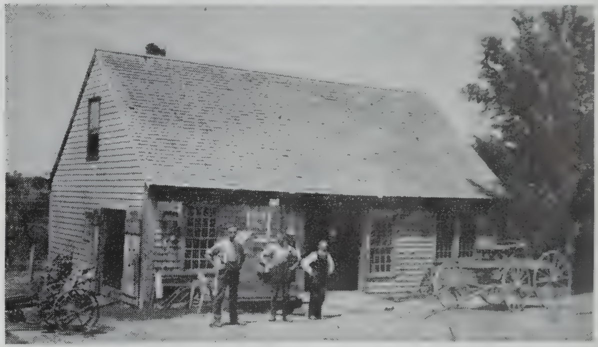
To add to our book collection, several old music books were received from Mrs. Nahum B. Morse, courtesy of her daughter, Eugenia Mullen; a street and poll tax list, Middleboro, 1907, a copy of the 12th official census of the U.S., 1890, and a catalog of early musical instruments from Mrs. David Goodick. To indicate the variety of gifts received, there has been a string-winder, Mrs. Mary Baker; a highway bill made out to Darius Smith, surveyor of Middleboro, May 20, 1859, Mrs. David Blanchard; a Star safety razor, awarded highest Paris Award in 1900, Norman Given; a small copper plate, Nancy A. Oliver; a fibre wash-tub, one of the last sold at the P. H. Peirce Co., grocery store, Russell Porter; a check drawn March 7, 1893 on the Middleborough National Bank, predecessor of the Middleborough Trust Company, and a poll tax bill, 1897, Merrill P. Shurtleff.

To the family of the late Mrs. Chester M. Smith of South Middleboro we are indebted for a heavy metal mortar used in the 1800's by Mrs. Smith's father, Dr. James F. Shurtleff; an unusual wooden pitch pipe, tuning forks, an interesting bullet mold and rosters of the G.A.R. Encampment. From Harland Matthews of Osterville came a piece of lace given to Mrs. Tom Thumb, reputedly by Italian royalty, two children's books, a reward of merit given Eleazer Caswell "certifying his diligence and good behavior, meriting the approbation of his friends and instructors" and several documents of historical interest in Middleboro.

In addition to the lace belonging to Mrs. Tom Thumb, we have several gifts for the Tom Thumb Room. We have been given by Mrs. Annie (Quindley) Heinonen of Halifax a tiny pair of roller skates said to have been used by Mrs. Tom Thumb in her stage appearances. It must have been an entrancing sight to see that small, rotund figure wheeling about the stage on roller skates! Also for this Collection were some tiny kid gloves worn by Mrs. Tom Thumb, gift of Mrs. Charles Howland (Ruth Dempsey) of Plymouth and her brother, Donald Dempsey of Spring Lake Heights, New Jersey. In the newspaper accounts of the Fairy Wedding of the Tom Thumbs, the statement is made that the forefinger of the bride's gloves measured one and one-half inches. That is the exact measurement of these little gloves. There was included in the gift a small cotton stocking, and having nothing to do with the Tom Thumbs, two very amusing Currier and Ives pictures, "The Darktown Fire Brigade."

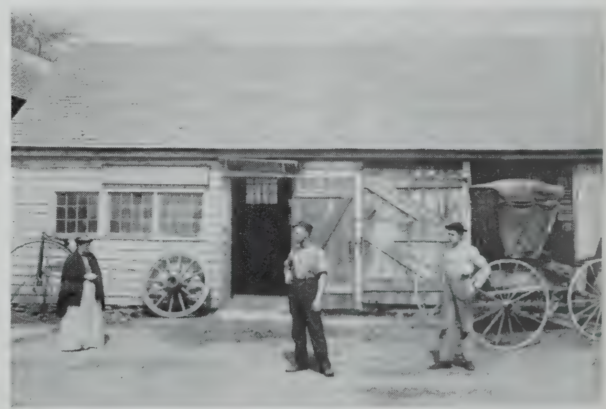
Of considerable historical interest is a chair presented to the Museum by Roger Wood, formerly of Middleboro now of Rochester, Massachusetts. This chair was given by Daniel Webster to a Mrs. Tisdale who lived at the Squirrel Inn in Wareham, who in turn gave it to Lawyer Sproat of Middleboro. Lawyer Sproat's wife was a sister to Nathan Barrows, husband of Mrs. Helen Barrows, an aunt of Mr Wood; thus the chair came into the possession of Mr. Wood.

Several fine pictures and portraits have been received since the last issue of the Antiquarian. From Mrs. Leslie Bryant and her son, Chrystal, came two very interesting photographs of the carriage house on River Street that originally housed Cephas Thompson's studio. Cephas Thompson became a celebrated portrait painter and a large collection of his works is to be found in the Middleborough Historical Museum. The old building on River Street was moved back from the road, placed on a foundation and is now the home of Mrs. Bryant and her son. This past summer, when the the Pratt Free School at North Middleboro was remodeled to accommodate more pupils, several portraits of members of the Pratt family which hung in the assembly hall, had to be removed and the trustees of the school very generously donated them to the Museum. Two very handsome portraits of Major Elisha Tucker and his wife have been received from Roger Jenks, formerly of Middleboro, now of Newtonville. This gift is of unusual interest because previously Mr. Jenks presented the Museum with two large portraits attributed to Cephas Thompson of Major and Mrs. Tucker in their younger days. The name of Elisha Tucker was carried on for two generations of the Jenks family: Elisha Tucker Jenks, son of Professor John Whipple Potter Jenks, and Elisha Tucker Percy Jenks, father of Roger P. Jenks. Very recently, Mr. Jenks has presented the Museum with a chip of Plymouth Rock from the collection of Elisha Tucker Jenks, and a miniature lustre pitcher. This pitcher was Mr. Jenks' first purchase for his extensive lustre collection, a purchase he made many years ago of Lawrence B. Romaine.



AN EARLY BLACKSMITH SHOP

At the turn of the century there were fourteen blacksmiths in Middleboro, including the one below.



THE FESSENDEN BLACKSMITH SHOP

East Middleboro

Mrs. E. W. Fessenden, Mr. Fessenden, Harvey S. LaPorte

Courtesy Miss Dorothy Fessenden

TRIPP'S GOES OUT OF BUSINESS

by William L. Waugh

One of Middleboro's oldest commercial establishments went out of business recently when Tripp's Candy and Ice Cream Shop permanently closed its doors on Center Street in December 1966. The history of this candy and ice cream shop has been closely linked with the progress of the town ever since its beginning in 1863, when Benjamin F. Tripp started the business under the name of B. F. Tripp and Company.

The business was first located on the site of the present bank building at the four corners, later on Wareham Street and still later in a building where Hinckley's Jewelry Store is now located. The present location dates from about 1880.

In the doorway of the store, in front of the threshold, are the words, Tripp's Waiting Room. This feature of the store dates to the days of the trolley cars when people in Middleboro could get transportation on rails to New Bedford and Taunton; these trolley lines went down Center Street. Transportation to Wareham and Onset was available at the four corners on a line that followed Wareham Street. The store was very popular as benches were supplied on which to wait inside in bad weather. The era of these lines ended about 1920. Some of the last remnants of this trolley line disappeared several years ago when the rails imbedded in South Main Street, gave way to a modern resurfacing job on the street.

The company was distinctly local in character as Tripp's made its own ice cream and its own candies. The ice cream was made in a room in the rear of the present building on ground level. The upper part of the building contained a kitchen for making chocolates and other popular pieces of candy. The company made two grades of chocolates, Victory Chocolates and the more expensive, Nemasket Chocolates. However, Tripp's grew famous for Tripp's Special Mixture which contained other original candy creations made with cocoanut, marshmallow and butterscotch. Mr. Tripp always said he had the best ice cream soda in town.

Many of the present generation will remember Arthur H. Tripp, the last of the Tripp family to own the business. He was very well liked and a respected member of the Middleboro community for a great many years. He was known for his generosity and gave money to many charities in the town. He told many stories of his early life in Middleboro: he worked for his father when he was young for what he would emphasize was five cents an hour. This always seemed quite a contrast to him with the modern age where the minimum wage is much more. He said for ten cents he had a job cleaning the drug store that was later bought by Jesse Morse. He did this before going to school each morning. His generosity extended into the depression of the 1930's which slowed his business. Mr. Tripp's business was affected by this economic disaster, and he was forced to curtail his activities but not until he supplied jobs for several people at a time when his business did not require them.

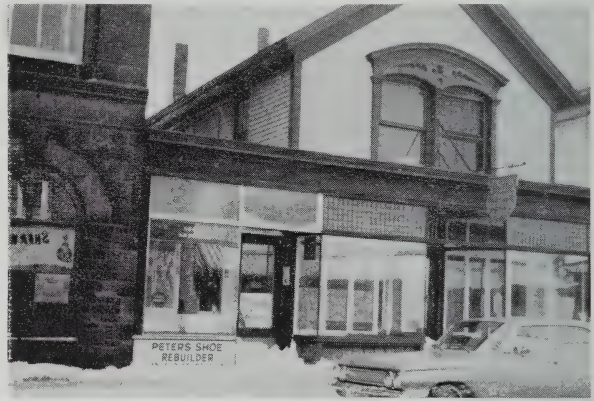
Arthur H. Tripp, although a graduate of the Massachusetts School of Pharmacy, bought the business from his father, Timothy Tripp and his partner, John Walsh. Until this occurred he operated a drug store in Peabody Square, Ashmont. After selling the ice cream and candy business to Mr. McQuade, he worked until his death as a pharmacist in various drug stores in Falmouth, Taunton and Brockton.

Many people will remember the friendly astmosphere in the store with such people as Bernice DeMaranville, Charlie McCarthy, Ivan Shaw and Jim McQuade, ready to wait on customers.

Arthur Tripp, in 1947, sold the business to his candy maker James B. McQuade, and the McQuades conducted the business from that date until its recent closing. The name "Tripp's Candy and Ice Cream," has engendered much goodwill over the years.

The business suffered when the new Route 28 was put through from Bridgewater in the 1930's. The store enjoyed a large summer business, and many of its best customers were people who used the main route to the Cape when it ran through the center of Middleboro. In trying to cope with the dwindling summer trade, Mr. Arthur H. Tripp opened a store on the new Route 28, at Fall Brook; this lasted only a season and was not successful.

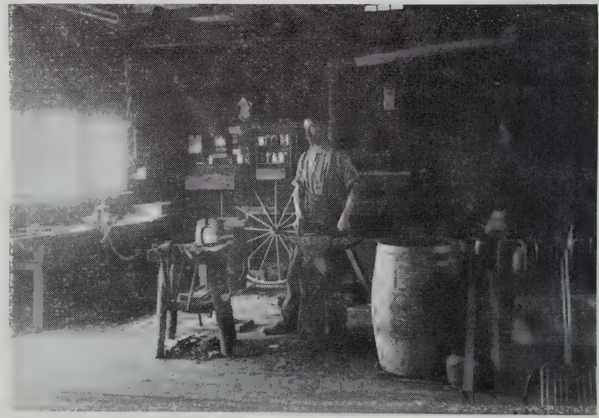
At one time, the business had an annex at the corner of Thatcher's Row where candy, ice cream and sandwiches were sold to patrons of the Middleboro Theater.



TRIPP'S CANDY STORE
Centre Street
1863-1966

OUR MUSEUM IN A BOOK

A year or two ago, the late Mr. Romaine received a request from John Mebane of Dunwoody, Georgia, for information about our Museum to be included in a forthcoming book on museums and antiques to be written by Mr. Mebane and entitled, "New Horizons in Collecting Cinderella Antiques." The book has recently been published and pages 257-260 are devoted to the Middleborough Historical Museum. Mr. Romaine sent photographs of General and Mrs. Tom Thumb and of the model of Judge Peter Oliver's shovel works, the model created by Frederick Eayrs, Jr., and these are included in the book as a part of the information about the Museum. We are most appreciative of the wide publicity the Museum will receive through the distribution of this book.



Interior view of Fessenden Blacksmith Shop
E. W. Fessenden at anvil
Courtesy Miss Dorothy Fessenden

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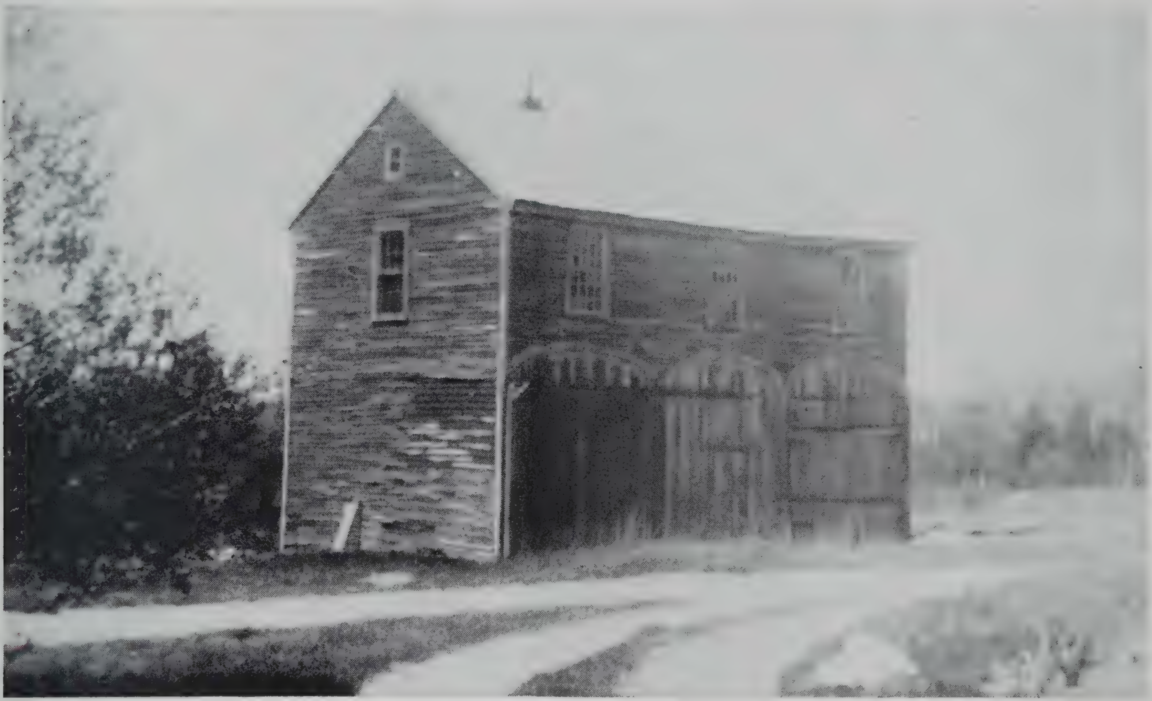

STUDIO OF CEPHAS THOMPSON
River Street, Middleboro

Cephas Thompson, a noted portrait painter, did much of his painting in the upper section of this building. A few years ago, the building was moved back from the road, placed on a foundation and converted into a dwelling for Mrs. Leslie Bryant and her son, Chrystal, to whom we are indebted for this photograph.

TWO FAMOUS ARTISTS:

CEPHAS THOMPSON CEPHAS GIOVANNI THOMPSON

NATIVE SONS OF MIDDLEBORO

It is not a widely known fact that here in this small town were born and raised two very famous portrait painters: Cephas Thompson and his son, Cephas Giovanni Thompson. The elder Cephas Thompson (1775-1856) was a self-taught artist who was chosen to paint the portraits of Chief Justice John Marshall, Stephen Decatur and other prominent political figures. He became a celebrity in the South and counted among his friends such men of prominence as Parke Custis, Thomas Jefferson and Chief Justice Marshall. The family home on River Street was built of solid oak boards and timber and was probably the last of the block houses built after King Philip's War when the town was destroyed by fire. It was a beautiful home, containing many objects of art and one of the bedrooms was hung with ancient tapestry made by nuns at a convent in Paris. The house was destroyed by fire about 1860, but the carriage house, pictured here which was on the opposite side of the road and contained Cephas Thompson's studio, escaped the fire.

Cephas Giovanni Thompson was born on August 3, 1809. His mother was Olive (Leonard) Thompson and his father, Cephas, was a descendant of John Tomson, a Pilgrim who came to Plymouth in the good ship Ann and came with other Pilgrims to Middleboro. The father thought one artist offspring was enough, and although there were two other children, he concentrated his art instruction on Cephas Giovanni.

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When he was eighteen years old, the younger Cephas set up a studio in Plymouth and also made portraits in Boston and Providence. Ten years later, he took a studio in New York and became a popular figure among the literary and artistic groups of the city. He married Mary Gouverneur Ogden, daughter of a prominent New York merchant and of this marriage there were two sons and a daughter. In 1852, Cephas Giovanni and his family went to Rome where he painted portraits, met and became a close friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Returning to New York in 1859, he painted portraits, many of which are of historic importance as portraits of celebrities, several of which were purchased by the New York Historical Society. His later years were spent in a rather menial position for one who had enjoyed wide fame and attention. He was appointed United States inspector of life preservers at New York, a post he faithfully filled until his death on January 5, 1888.

Jerome, brother of Cephas Giovanni, was born in Middleboro January 30, 1814. He perhaps had as much talent as his father and brother, but the father did not encourage his artistic efforts, in fact, did everything possible to discourage them. Encouraged by his sister Marietta, Jerome hid away in the attic and painted secretly. When his father discovered the portrait of a cousin Jerome had painted, he vented his wrath by smashing the canvas and the easle. After this unpleasant incident, Jerome left home, accompanied by his sister, and went to Barnstable on Cape Cod where he earned his living painting signs. He did some portraits, including that of Daniel Webster at the Webster home in Marshfield, Massachusetts. Having accumulated a little money, Jerome and Marietta went to New York where they both achieved a measure of success, Marietta as a painter of miniatures and Jerome as a painter of country scenes, most of which included a human figure. Jerome was married twice, first to Maria Louisa Colden and second to Marie May Tupper, an artist. In 1852, he went to England where he painted portraits of several members of the nobility. Returning to New York, he took residence in Mineola, Long Island, journeying frequently to New England to make sketches of the Berkshires and the Vermont mountains. Copies of many of his paintings were used for lithographs and "chromos", having such sentimental subjects as "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Scenes of my Childhood," and "Home, Sweet Home." He died on May 1, 1886, at his country place, "Mount Jerome," in Glen Gardner, New Jersey

The third child of Cephas Thompson, Sr., Marietta Tintoretta Thompson, learned early to paint miniatures and gained considerable note in this field of art. In the Middleborough Historical Museum hangs a beautifully executed portrait of a lovely young girl, Alice Maria King, who was born in 1847 and died in 1854, daughter of William A. King and Lucy Ann Thompson King. The picture is not signed, but it could be attributed to Marietta since it is the type of painting she did so well. Also on a Museum wall hangs another portrait attributed to the brush of Marietta, that of twin brothers, Grover and Mortimer Bennett. The picture was painted when the boys were very young and it is said that Mortimer died at that age and his portrait painted after his death, the portrait of the living twin being added later to the picture.

In most of the well-to-do homes in Middleboro in the middle 1800's could be found portraits painted by Cephas or his son, Cephas Giovanni. Descendants of the families have generously donated or loaned some of these portraits to the Middleborough Historical Museum and they are counted among the Museum's most treasured possessions. It is difficult to determine which portraits were painted by Cephas Sr., and which by his son, since none of the portraits are signed. Because of dates, it is safe to assume the portraits of Major Elisha Tucker and his wife, Sarah (Peirce) Tucker were done by the elder Thompson. They were painted in 1812 and 1820, respectively, when the Major and his wife were young. The Museum has recently been presented portraits of the same subjects in their later years. Major Tucker was father-in-law to Professor John Whipple Potter Jenks. Also by Cephas, Sr., is a portrait of his mother, Deborah (Sturtevant) Thompson, a beautiful lady in white ruffled cap and fichu; Major Levi Peirce, a leading merchant of the day, chief founder of the Central Baptist Church in Middleboro and of Peirce Academy, named for him, and of his wife, Sarah (Bourne) Peirce. Attributed to Cephas Giovanni are portraits of his father's brother, Dr. Arad Thompson, one of the town's early physicians, and his wife, Mercy (Bourne) Thompson. There is a portrait of a lovely elderly lady known only as Grandmother Sproat, and of Deborah P. (Clarke) Thompson, a relative of the artist.

MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN
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Mertie E. Romaine Editor
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All gifts to the Historical Association and Museum are tax deductible under Federal Income Tax Law.

The Middleborough Historical Museum deems itself most fortunate to have the privilege of displaying these beautiful portraits and is deeply grateful to the families who have made it possible to acquaint Museum visitors with the work of these noted artists, native sons of Middleboro.

DID YOU KNOW: The petrified forest authorities of Arizona state: there is only one other place in the United States where petrified wood can be found — Middleboro, Massachusetts.
JLG

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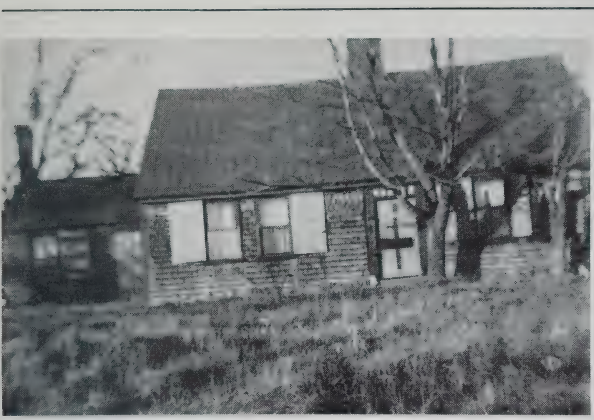

A PETER H. PEIRCE HOUSE

by LYMAN BUTLER

Well over one hundred years ago Col. Peter H. Peirce owned much real estate, the best known example being the big house next to the Public Library that was the Peirce family home. As you probably know, our two museum houses were also Peirce houses, occupied by Peirce mill-workers in by-gone days. All the houses on Jackson Street were destroyed when the skating rink was put in and, in fact, all the buildings on Jackson Street toward the playground, were Peirce buildings. There were others about town, one being on North Street across from the Cosseboom blacksmith shop. The large area of fields behind this house and the barns that stood there was also Pierce property. I am told the Little Walker House at Star Mills was a Peirce building at one time. The one I am going to describe is several miles from this vicinity, on Tispaquin Street across from the Hare and Rabbit Club, next to the old Harvey Thomas house on one side and the Myles T. Standish house on the other. Located several hundred feet back from the road, this house was built in 1702, and there is a big boulder so marked on the premises. In the early 1800's, a family by the name of Cobb lived there and gravestones have been found to verify this fact, one marked with the name and date of death, 1813. The late Harvey Thomas told the present occupants that this area was part of the original Myles Standish land of the Plymouth Colony. The house faces south, as did so many of the old ones, and, according to Mr. Thomas, the original road went around the south side of the house, so that what originally was the back door, is now used as the front.

This place was owned for a long time by the Minkle family and it first came to my attention when I worked for the highway department. The present owners bought it in 1946 from Warren Minkle, one of the sons. Like so many old houses, there is only a small root-cellar under the house, and the attic is open except for one room that is finished off on one side. This room is unusual in that it is not finished on the outside, but plastered on both walls and ceiling. Instead of laths, there are boards split from each end and opened up like an accordion, giving a good chance for the plaster to squeeze through the crack and harden. There are no studs, but rough boards standing upright on the outside to which the lath-effect is nailed. From the outside it looks like a big, rough box with a door in it, but the inside is really quite nice. The house is, of course, built with mortise and tenon construction and pegs are in sight, protruding through the heavy timbers. In what used to be the kitchen, now the living room, is a beautiful old fireplace with a dutch oven and wood paneling around it all the way to the ceiling. Some of the rooms are still paneled, but some have been done over. Exposed beams add to the beauty of the house, though some of these have been covered over, but over the years, have again been exposed by the present owners. The old doors have most of their original latches, some worn pretty thin. Fireplaces in what used to be the parlor and bedrooms are still in working order and used on occasion.

I have been asked what a dutch oven is. It is an oven beside, or built into, the wall or fireplace. Coals are taken from the fire and placed in the dutch oven and when the oven is warmed, pushed aside. Whatever is to be baked, is put in the oven, leaving the coals for continued heat. The oven in this house is like the one in the old Shaw place described in the last issue of the Antiquarian, having the same kind of dome-like top. Where the walls of the house are not paneled, they are made of one inch split boards set vertically, as in the attic room. Plastered over, they make very thin walls. A very steep and narrow staircase right next to the fireplace, leads to the attic. Many houses in the sixteen and seventeen hundreds were built along similar lines.

RANDOM OBSERVATIONS

by WILLIAM ARCHIVES

One interesting acquistion of the Museum is an American flag that was flown over Laborica, Sudetenland, near the Czechoslovakian border, following the end of World War II. The flag was given by William L. Waugh, who was public relations non-com for "C" Company for the 16th Tank Battalion, and who sent to the United States for the flag at the request of members of "C" Company. The Company Commander, First Lieutenat Louis C. Drapeau of San Francisco, approved of the idea and detailed two prisoners of war to dig the hole for the flag pole. When "C" Company moved from Sudetenland and was broken up late in 1945, the question arose as to whom the flag belonged. Lieutenant Drapeau said it belonged to Sergeant Waugh as he had sent for it. Mr. Waugh said, "People should be able to look at a symbol of the victorious United States Army of World War II, therefore the flag belongs in an historical collection." With this thought in mind, he presented the flag to the Middleborough Historical Museum.

Among the contributors to the Tom Thumb Collection are Mrs. William C. Waugh and Mrs. Marion C. Moore, both of Newton, who were present at the second Tom Thumb auction. The auction of General and Mrs. Tom Thumb's possessions was held on a sunny Saturday on the lawn outside the Bump house on the corner of Plymouth and Summer Streets in Warrentown. The home of Lavinia's parents, where the Little Folk lived, is hardly recognizable now; it has been cut in half, one half moved up Summer Street and the remainder made into a modern dwelling. Mrs. Waugh, for fifty cents, bought a small dagger and sheath, numerous pin cushions, and a small English decanter decorated with stars.

Mrs. Moore bought a silver bouquet holder and a cradle; she does not know whether or not Mrs. Tom Thumb was rocked in the cradle when an infant. Mrs. Waugh and Mrs. Moore have, with the exception of the cradle, given these objects to the Museum.

These are only a few of the hundreds of articles with a history that have been given to the Middleborough Historical Museum. If anyone knows of interesting stories concerning these objects, please let the Antiquarian editor know that William Archives may write about them in this column for the interst of the present generation as well as posterity.

DID YOU KNOW: The famous Eastham windmill on Cape Cod received its millstones from Middleboro? JLG

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A POSTAGE STAMP TO COMMEMORATE PROFESSOR JOHN WHIPPLE POTTER JENKS

Mr. Donald Randall of Halifax has initiated a movement to sponsor a postage stamp to honor Professor John Whipple Potter Jenks, noted scientist, college professor and principal of Peirce Academy of Middleboro. It is Mr. Randall's thought that such a stamp would be a most appropriate observance of Middleboro's tercentenary year in 1969, which would also be the sesquicentennial year of Professor Jenk's birth.

While Professor Jenks was born in West Boylston, Massachusetts, he spent the greater part of his life in Middleboro. He first came at the age of thirteen to become a student at Peirce Academy. The next year at the age of fourteen, he matriculated at Brown University, the youngest member of his class. After graduating from Brown, he taught for a little more than three years in Georgia. While teaching, he studied to become a Baptist minister, and when not twenty-one years of age was called to succeed the eminent Georgia preacher, Dr. Jesse Mercer. He declined the call and taught in a girls seminary the remainder of his stay in the South.

In 1842, Professor Jenks was called to the principalship of Peirce Academy in Middleboro. Beginning with only eleven students, he built up the enrollment so that just prior to the Civil War, there were over four hundred students attending the Academy. Shortly after his appointment, he began the study of taxidermy, collecting, mounting and cataloging specimens until his collection became the most famous in any undergraduate school. When Peirce Academy was closed in 1878, the collection was given to the South Jersey Institute, Bridgton, New Jersey where it is still known as the Peirce Collection.

Professor Jenks returned to Brown University in 1872, where he was made a professor of Agricultural Zoology and curator of the Museum of Natural History. At this time, there was little that the Museum possessed in the way of a collection. Professor Jenks again demonstrated his remarkable dedication and ability by building up another fine collection which eventually numbered over fifty thousand specimens. He traveled extensively collecting birds, mammals and plants. He had entrée to many fine museum collections because of a letter of introduction from the famed Professor Louis Agassiz that he carried with him. In the 1880's, Brown University named its Museum of Zoology, the Jenks Museum.

Professor Jenks gained considerable fame after the Atlantic Monthly published in 1910 an article by Dallas Lore Sharp entitled, "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz." This essay has been published in several anthologies, including "Atlantic Classics," which may be found in most public libraries. While Professor Jenks was teaching at Peirce Academy, he was confronted one day by Professor Agassiz who requested him to obtain some turtle eggs for an experiment the professor was conducting at Harvard University. The eggs must reach Cambridge before they were three hours old. The article relates the almost superhuman effort made by Professor Jenks to meet the challenge, and how it was just barely successful. The tale is filled with excitement and suspense as Professor Jenks follows on his hands and knees a female turtle in order to garner her eggs.

The Jenks family was long identified with the life of Middleboro. Founded by John Whipple Potter Jenks, three generations of the Jenks family were born and brought up in Middleboro. After gaining and financing a college education by his own exertions, Professor Jenks was named, to become principal of the Academy where he remained for thirty years Professor Jenks married the daughter of Major Elisha Tucker and went to live in the Tucker mansion on North Main Street, known to more modern generations as the Jenks homestead. Elisha Tucker Jenks, son of Professor Jenks and his wife, made a name for himself as an inventor of a type of lock for museum cases, a product that had world wide distribution. In his machine shop on the corner of Wareham and Clifford Streets, he manufactured many unusual and ingenius types of hardware. Interested in steamboats and all things nautical, probably no one in this section had a more extensive knowledge of these subjects. Elisha Jenks and his wife, Adelaide (Thomas) Jenks, had one son, Elisha Tucker Peirce Jenks, who with his family continued to occupy the Jenks home, although he was employed in Boston for more than fifty years with M. Steinert & Son. Mr. Jenks married Miss Edith Roberts and of this marriage there were two children, Roger P., and Barbara (Jenks) Barstow. The beautiful Jenks home, with its sunken garden in the centre of which was placed the replica of an observatory that previously topped Peirce Academy, became the "Martinique" and was razed in 1957 to make way for a filling station.

Professor John Whipple Jenks was indeed one of Middleboro's most illustrous and respected citizens. A commemorative stamp would give him some measure of the recognition he deserves and be a most appropriate observance of the town's tercentenary and also of the sesquicentennial year of Professor Jenks' birth. Many people of prominence are sponsoring the project: John Kieran, naturalist; Dr. William G. Saltonstall, former head of Exeter Academy; Senator Edward Brooke in Washington, and Senator William Weeks of Massachusetts.

To indicate our support, it is suggested we write to:

Ira Kapenstein, Special Assistant
to the Postmaster General,
Washington, D.C. 20260

Senator William Weeks,
State House, Boston.

WARRENTOWN BUSINESSES OF LONG AGO

by LYMAN BUTLER

In Weston's History of Middleboro, there are some brief descriptions of different shops and mills in the Warrentown section of town, but I would like to tell a bit more about some of these ventures. Probably I have mentioned some of these spots in earlier articles, but I will try not to repeat.

Some of the buildings were around when I was younger and a few are still standing. There was a carpenter shop on the little triangular-shaped lot next to where Nahum Tribou's stable was and in later years there were some hot old times in this building when the Warrentown A. C. met there. Before this, it was used as an ice cream parlor by Alphonse Wilcox who ran the ice cream cart around town. Across the street was the blacksmith shop of Eber Beals where Maurice Braga now lives. The building that was Primo's Pastime when I was young, was originally a shovel shop, and the hammer shop where the metal part was hammered into shape was located at the curve of the road across from Snow's bog. This was operated by Benjamin Warren. The sluice way is still there and in very good shape. The dam, or flume, is used now to hold back water for the cranberry bog. I would assume that the area which is now bog was originally the reservoir for the water wheel of the shovel works. On the hill in the yard of Henry Snow was the building that was a wheel-wright shop operated years ago by Mr. Snow's grandfather. This building was being used as a screen house for the bog when I was young. It has been gone now for some time. The building which was at one time a blacksmith shop run by Benjamin Lane has been remodeled and is still being used by Myron Turnbull as a repair shop for his buses.

Down at Murdock Street bridge, there are still some walls standing in good shape where there was some sort of a mill way back. As it tells in the history that there were three mills at this site, I often wonder which mill sat on this foundation. The workmen at the time they were built must have been very good at their business as some of these walls, as well as many others in town, are in excellent condition.

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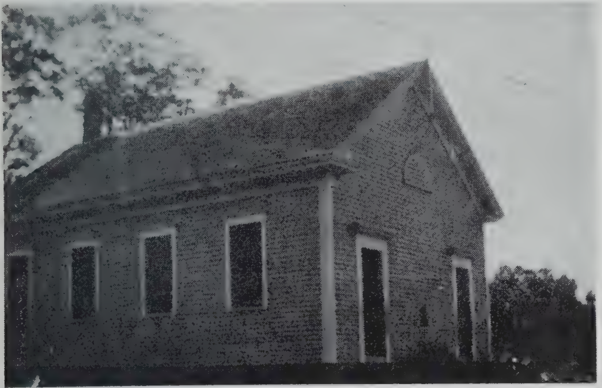
SOUTH MIDDLEBOROUGH SCHOOL

by Henry B. Burkland

In the year 1921 the Highland School and France Street School were closed and the pupils sent to South Middleboro rural one room building, which filled the School to capacity. Since Rock Village and Pratt Free had also enlarged, Supt. Charles H. Bates, the School Committee, and Pratt Free Trustees, decided to try three men to "manage" these three schools. Mr. Noble went to Pratt Free, Mr. Carlon Birney - later Principal of the Pepperell Junior High School was assigned to Rock Village, and your humble servant to South Middleboro. When some of us hear about ungraded classes being "new", and many combined activities being "very modern", we smile and do not upset the delusion!



South Middleboro School
as it looked in 1921.
According to old school reports,
built about 1882

The first School at South Middleboro had been built at the other end of the village at "Houdlett's Corner", and when the present school was built, it was used as part of a dwelling. The exact date of the first room of the present building seems a bit foggy, but the master carpenter was my wife's grandfather, Dura T. Weston, shortly after the Civil War, and it was a well built structure. When the second room was added in 1955, the builders remarked on the excellent condition of the original Building.

I had taught two years previously — one year in a settlement house in the heart of Boston, and the second in Westminster, Mass., in a rural school, which, by the way, was in far superior condition than South Middleboro! However, working at Boston University on a study on rural and suburban education, led to four years of happy work at South Middleboro. In all four years we had all nine grades, as the eight grade system did not hit Middleboro until June, 1926. My generation of fellow-teachers are amazed at the present emphasis on "bargaining" and rigid contracts: some of the items have long needed attention, but with perspective, other items are silly and will be discarded.

By combining grades in Art and Music, and giving Spelling words in four grades at a time, the recitation periods were reduced to 52 a day, and the texts were packed on the teacher's desk upside down, but in consecutive order to flip over for the next morning.

Under the leadership of the School Nurse, Miss Loretta Maguire, (later Mrs. O'Toole) a very fine and most helpful Parent-Teacher Association was formed and a "hot-dish" for lunch was established. A piano, a good one, was purchased and electric lights were installed. While the privy system was still in use, it was a strange thing in my experience that I never had "toilet problems" until I became principal of the new Junior High School building, with the latest of modern conveniences.

A chart was painted on the front chalkboard, and all grades from four to nine knew exactly what to start when one subject was completed until the teacher could get to any given grade. THEY COULD READ, TOO! One of the advantages of the system was the ability to review with a pupil any subject matter needing help. (One pupil did four grades of Arithmetic daily, and another "move in" read all required Literature that had been missed in a city that even then was heralded for its superior education.) A School Show annually in the Grange Hall, and Closing Day exercises in the Church drew the families together. A Community Christmas celebration was enjoyed by the School, Church, and Grange uniting. The pupils were an unusually bright group of girls and boys and won many of the academic and sports contests in town. When a ninth grade girl won the Town baseball throw, the ten rural school teachers cheered loudly. From the group came two selectmen, an outstanding teacher of primary reading, a well known civil engineer, an outstanding supervisor of nurses, the secretary to a college president, and any number of fine Mothers and Fathers, no apology was ever needed for the "product" of rural education! Since every minute was busy from 8:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. there was no time "to sin", except the present day so called sin of "regimentation", which was necessary for mental and physical health of both pupils and teacher! In this day of racing through the Flag Salute one of the dearest memories remains the dignity and beauty of the Opening exercises so well planned by the seventh, eighth, and ninth graders. Every Tuesday afternoon during the Spring Term, the older girls enjoyed Home Economics with Mrs. Donovan, a retired Boston teacher, at her home.

The hourly electric cars were a great help in the matter of books and supplies, not only from the Town Hall, but between Rock Village, Fall Brook, and South Middleboro. On Thursday afternoons the cars were just right for Mr. Birney from Rock School to do Science at South Middleboro, and "yours truly" to teach Music at Rock Village. We waved to one another as the cars passed, and always found both schools at recess under the direction of our ninth graders — with never an unhappy incident. In rural education you could either teach or you couldn't, because there was no other room to go for help.

The visits of the Supervisors were "red letter" days for both pupils and teacher. Supt. Bates, Music Supervisor Phillips, Penmanship Supervisor Sears, Physical Education Supervisor Crosier, and Art Supervisor Wells, plus the School Nurse, Miss McGuire — added zest and interest to all grades.

In those days every member of the School Committee was assigned a school to visit, and to said member the Teacher made requests and aired "gripes" as well as to the Supt. of Schools. The charming Mrs. Adelia Richards was always interested in the Art and Music development and the businesslike George W. Stetson, Sr., impressed the pupils by both his size and jovial nature. One day he arrived for a visit while "yours truly" was teaching algebra to the four ninth graders when suddenly a first grader ran up the aisle, threw both arms and legs around me and screeched, "My God, a giant!" Mr. Stetson and I enjoyed that incident for many years.

The South Middleboro School is still going strong with two rooms and two grades, third and fourth, with Mrs. Margaret Sullivan Mitchell and Miss Margaret Higgins. The School is now a part of the South District with Mr. Edward Sawicki as Supervising Principal. I am always delighted to visit the School with Superintendent Kruszyna, and am thrilled to attend the annual Operetta, given each year in the Fire Station building where under Mrs. Mitchell's direction, I can watch my professional "grand-children" in action.

Henry B. Burkland, Teacher
South Middleboro School,
Sept., 1921-June, 1925

P.S.—My immediate successor was the late Mrs. Veretta Shaw Thomas, followed by Mrs. Madeline Owens, present head Librarian in Carver, Mrs. Elsie LeBlanc and Miss Elsie A. Cahoon, a member at present of the Mayflower School Faculty

THE MILLION DOLLAR CRANBERRY

by William L. Waugh

Somewhere in the past someone has thought of the cranberry as "the lowly cranberry." This does not seem to be the truth, however, that the cranberry is a "lowly" specimen of nature's or God's creation. When an entire industry that gives food, clothing and shelter to thousands of thankful people by providing employment, the cranberry takes on a different aspect. Indeed, the cranberry, or vaccinium macrocarpon, is nothing obscure nor "lowly" in any sense of the term. In fact, a trip through Middleboro will show many acres of cranberries under cultivation as well as the nation's most modern cranberry processing plant located at the junction of Wood and Bridge Streets; the cranberry would be inconspicuous if it were really "lowly."

Of general interest are some of the facts concerning the origins of the present-day cranberry industry. The cranberry was found growing wild by the Pilgrims and other white men who followed them to the New World as colonists. There is a chance that cranberries were served at the First Thanksiving in Plymouth in 1621, as their usage was known to the Indians, they called them Sassamanesh, who shared their food with the Pilgrims that day. These wild cranberries grew in swamps which is the origin of the name "cranberry swamp;" a number of such swamps are found in Middleboro. Frank Woodward showed me such a swamp along the shores of Assawompsett Pond when I was a little boy which yields several bushels every year without any attempt to cultivate them.

The first serious attempt at cultivation is credited to Henry Hall of Dennis, Massachusetts about 1816. He had noticed that the vines flourished extremely well when sand was mixed with the dirt in the swamp.

Cranberries first were recognized by historians in a treatise written in 1855, by the Reverend Benjamin Eastwood; this was entitled "The Cranberry and its Culture." He said, "appears that their hitherto barren wastes will yet, on Cape Cod, be made a sourse of wealth to those who know how to take advantage of their adaptation to produce the cranberry." Some of the first profits were realized by Joseph M. Newcomb of Bristol County, who had "been accustomed to flow" his meadow and to "spread upon it two coats of sand each in the proportion of one load to the rod." Despite an unfavorable season and only one-third of a crop, he sold nine barrels of cranberries at $11.68 a barrel, for a total of $105.12. His total expense was only $11.03 including .14 cents each for the barrels and taxes and interest on the land of $3.37.

Famed Professor Louis Agassiz, of Harvard, noted in a report in 1863, that cranberies should be grown on an "alluvial formation" rather than on "drift formation"; in other words, success in cultivation was greater, according to this observation, in a man-made bog.

"Screening Cranberries"
The old fashioned way.

Other highlights in the industry's development came in 1866, with the formation of the Cape Cod Cranberry Growers Association. Actually, Plymouth County, particularly the towns of Plymouth, Carver and Middleboro, assumed the lead in the acreage of bogs under cultivation; this county in 1900, had 6240 such acres.

The canning of cranberries is mentioned in a report of the American Cranberry Growers' Association in 1889; the report mentions "cranberry sauce in glass jars." R. C. Randall of Wareham built what was probably the first processing plant of any significance; both cranberry syrup and cranberry jam were marketed under the name "Ruby Phosphate." Large-scale processing made its first start in 1912, by the United Cape Cod Cranberry Company, headed by Marcus L. Urann of Hanson. This company, now the Ocean Spray Company, dominates the industry today with its cranberry products.

"Scooping Cranberries"

Only on the smallest bogs is "scooping" still done by this method. This work, with most other cranberry operations, has been mechanized.

Public relations and good will towards the "not so lowly" cranberry have been fostered by the late Ellis D. Atwood, of South Carver, in his building of Edaville and the narrow guage railroad which will take visitors through 210 acres of cultivated bog land in South Carver. Mr. Atwood will always be remembered in relation to the industry because of this tourist attraction which was opened on August 31, 1947 and still operates.

The opening of the above mentioned Ocean Spray Cranberries Inc., receiving and fresh fruit processing plant means that Middleboro became of age in the industry and today is one of the more important towns in Plymouth County in the production of cranberry products. Here the berries are graded and in some cases packaged whole for sale as fresh fruit. These will be canned or made into juice. Many berries are sent to freezer plants in Onset, Hanson, Chatham, Boston and Providence, R. I. The plant handles both varieties of Eastern United States cranberries, Early Blacks, named after Black Pond in Dennis, on Cape Cod and Howes. Up to 500 people are employed at the Wood Street location and operations continue until Christmas. Some berries are exported, principally to England and Belgium; attempts to market the cranberry abroad have not always been successful as European countries have been able to sell continent grown berries at a lower price than is necessary to charge for the American berry.

A typical cranberry bog, with acres of low vines, well weeded and irrigated.
John Howes' Cranberry Bog
Thomas St., Middleboro

Life in Middleboro has been affected by the cranberry in other ways. As early spring frosts threaten the blossoms and early freezing weather in September and October may freeze the berries while unharvested, flooding the bogs to prevent such occurrences becomes the topic of conversation as many of the town's people have both a financial interest in the annual crop and depend on cranberry employment partly for their liveli-hood.

Middleboro is important in the industry because approximately 1000 acres of the town's land is under cultivation of the red berry with the bounce, as the cranberry is now advertised. With the new Ocean Spray plant a reality, the future of the town will still more be oriented towards the cranberry as the Annual Town Report boasts "Middleboro, the Center of the Cranberry Industry." The town has painted its street signs in cranberry red.

For many years cranberries were shipped F.O.B. Middleboro when the New England Cranberry Sales Co. had its headquarters in the town. The "Cranberry Sales" chief and manager was genial Arthur Benson, very well known in Middleboro and in the industry.

One of the early growers in Middleboro was John Howes, who is also a member of the Middleboro Historical Association. He does business under the name of Wood's Pond Cranberry Co.

Not only have the native settled people of the town prospered with the cranberry's growth in importance as a food, but people who have imigrated to this country have found in the cranberry the promise of America, sometimes called the land of opportunity. Walter Heleen who came to this country when he was thirteen has made a comfortable living raising cranberries. He worked for A. D. Makepeace, one of the big names in cranberries, for a number of years and learned all phases of the business. His son, Richard A. Heleen, a Middleboro resident, is on the junior Board of Directors of the Ocean Spray Company.

Where sheer pleasure is concerned, there are few natural frozen ice areas in the winter that offer better ice-skating than flooded cranberry bogs. When I was growing up in Middleboro in the 1930's and 1940's, we spent many happy hours skating and playing hockey on Paul Silva's bog off East Main Street. We kids were always welcome by Mr. Silva to all the fun we could find.

Along with the inception and growth of the cranberry industry have come a number of inventions and original discoveries that are indigenous to the industry. The names "screen house", "cranberry scoop" and "cranberry box" represent totally new objects to this world because of the industry and were probably first made in Plymouth County, perhaps in Middleboro.

THE INDIANS OF MIDDLEBOROUGH AND VICINITY

by Janet L. Griffith

During colonial times, of the fifteen to twenty thousand or so Indians that lived within a forty mile radius of Plymouth County, most of them lived in Middleboro. Even though Middleboro is halfway between Plymouth and Taunton, the white man did not settle here until other towns around had been incorporated. In 1669 Middleboro was made a town of forty-one members, most of whom lived among the Indians (Rochester incorporated 1679). There were three Indian Villages: Titicut, Nemasket (Muttock) and at Assawompsett.

Our white forebearers were intent on teaching the Indians to become Christians, to read and write. Many did, becoming what is known as "praying Indians". The great Massasoit was not one of these, putting up a section of land for sale in Swansea, with the provision that religious teachings would not be taught his people.

At Middleboro, there were three Indian churches at each of the aforementioned villages. John Sassamon was the first Indian preacher and teacher. He went to Nemasket to teach and often to Assawompsett. At this time he was approximately 40 years of age. He was born a Massachusetts Indian of the Ponkapoag tribe. Sassamon became an early associate of Eliot's, who translated the Indian Bible. He was one of the first Indians to be educated at Harvard where Eliot had sent him to study. Sassamon was baptized by Eliot and taught the praying Indians at Natick before coming to Middleboro. In 1664, Philip desired instruction in English, whereupon Eliot sent his son, but later Sassamon, who settled there becoming Philip's secretary and interpreter. [1] In John Easton's "Narrative" he states: "Sassamon was reportedly a bad man, in writing a will for Philip, he made himself a bill of sale to himself of a large tract of land". It would seem to me, Sassamon played both ends against the middle, but for good or evil, I can't decide.

There was extreme jealousy among the Indians and Sassamon, because of his trusted relationships with Philip and the English, was led ultimately to his death. He was murdered on the edge of Lake Assawompsett in Sampson's Cove and pushed under the ice so as to appear an accident. The Indians involved laid all blame to Philip, although he was never directly questioned. John Sassamon was buried at Assawampsett in 1675 near Cranberry Pond just before the outbreak of the King Philips War. Preacher Richard Bourne of Sandwich often visited Middleborough. In 1674 he wrote of his experiences at Betty's Neck.

The Indian Minister Thomas Sissetome left the Vineyard in 1683 to preach on the mainland at Nemasohket or the Indian Church at Assawompsett. He was a disciple of Thomas Mayhew, the noted preacher and friend of the Indians. Mayhew kept an excellent history of the Indians of Martha's Vineyard.

Sissetome died in 1694 and is buried in the cemetery at Quitticus Pond. Each church contained about thirty members. Assawompsett is said to have had thirty-five.

In 1746 James Thomas, John Ahanton and Steven David gave lands for the church at Titicut. When Rev. Isaac Backus came to Titicut as preacher, Nehemial, Abiel, Thomas Felix and John Simons were pastors there. "John Simons was Minister of the Indian Church and continued for nearly ten years, at the end of which, most of the Indians had disappeared and their remaining land was sold in 1760."[2] In the Church of the Green records, we find Joanna Brand died 1851, Else Antony died 1790, and Thomas Felix, Jr., all Indians of the northern parish.

James Thomas' name is engraved on a stone at Betty's Neck dated 1749. Other stones are there with a "pecked out" footprint and a hand print. Legend has it as Betty's own, also two abrading stones for sharpening purposes.

The Elder Thomas Jeffers of the Baptist Church came from Plymouth and spent his "middle" life at Betty's Neck. He married Sarah Sepit August 25, 1782. Their son Amos Jeffers was born in Middleboro in the year 1785. A historical publication of Gayhead states that Thomas Jeffers was married to a Mashpee Indian by the name of Sarah Mun. However, he may have married her later.[3]

The first known owner of the lands about the ponds was Pamantaquash, the Pond Sachem, he being weak upon his bed, bequeathed his lands to Tuspaquin, the Black Sachem. Tuspaquin was a noted Indian warrior, brother-in-law of Philip. He led many attacks against the English in the King Philip War. In 1673 Tuspaquin and his son William gifted to John Sassamon twenty-seven acres of Assawompsett Neck and deeded fifty-eight and one-half acres to Felix, son-in-law of John Sassamon.

Indian Felix and Sassamon fought for the English in the war waged with the Pequots of Connecticut in 1637. Before the Pilgrims arrived, the Pequots and Mohegans formed one tribe. Uncus took some under the name of Mohegans. This left three thousand Pequots. They committed outrages against the settlers, killing about forty. On May 26, 1637, the English attacked the chief fort by the Mystic River. Roger Williams and Uncus had secured the neutrality of the other tribes. The English, ninety in number, under Capt. John Mason, fired the fort and only losing two men, shot or burned about six hundred Pequots, including women and children. Persons caught trying to escape the pyre were shot. The surviving Pequots attempted to leave the region. The largest tribal party under their Chief Sassacus sought the Mohawks, but most were killed. The Mohawks beheaded Sassacus; the remaining captives were sold as slaves to the Mohegans or the West Indies. In 1655 they gathered the remaining members and put them in two villages; within twenty years there were fifteen hundred inhabitants.

"Capt. Israel Stoughton wrote to the Governor of Massachusetts: By this pinnace you shall receive 48 or 50 women and children unless there stay any here to be helpful. Concerning which there is one, I formerly mentioned, that is the fairest and largest that I saw amongst them, to whom I have given a coat to cloathe her. It is my desire to have her as a servant if it stand with your good liking — else not. There is a little and largest that I saw amongst them, to whom I have given a coat. Lieut. Davenport also desireth one, to wit, a small one and c. Sasoman the Indian desireth a young little squaw, which I know not.

In the Tuspaquin family it is handed down traditionally that the Indian Sasomon, who aided the English in the Pequot War, was identical with John Sassamon, the educated and praying Indian and that the "young little squaw" he desired and was permitted from among the female captives was the daughter of the Pequot Chief Sassacus, which daughter, Sassamon made his wife; she thus became the mother of Assawetough, who by the English was called Betty."[4]

William Tuspaquin was never heard of after the spring of 1675 and is believed to have lost his life in the King Philip War. After Massasoit's death in 1660, a reign of peace ended. Stories of Indians preparing for war was common place. Finally King Alexander was taken in Halifax while on a hunting trip. Capt. Mason and his men surrounded his hut and came at gunpoint to his side demanding that he go with them to Gov. Winthrop. Alexander took ill with a fever and pleaded to be allowed to go home. He died before ever reaching his destination. The Indians insisted he was poisoned by the English, the growing restlessness continued. John Sassamon went to Plymouth with the news of the growing trouble with the Indians, which he felt was his moral and Christian duty. He was murdered by a blow to the head and shoved under the ice of Lake Assawompsett to secure a grave. So it would appear, all things considered, the King Philip War was an inevitability. The war was waged mostly from Swansea to Bridgewater, destroying all the houses in Middleboro.

"There exists no evidence of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of all the tribes. The commencement of the war was accidental. Many of the Indians were in a maze, not knowing what to do and disposed to stand for the English, sure proof of no ripened conspiracy".[5]

After the death of Philip, Capt. Church went looking for Tuspaquin in Rochester. He was told that he went to the Southward, so he took Tuspaquin's wife and children and returned with them to Plymouth, leaving two squaws to tell him what became of his family. Church told them he would spare all their lives if he would come and bring the two others that traveled with him. "Church informs us that he was acting upon a commission from Plymouth which authorized him to receive to mercy, give quarter or not, excepting some particular and noted merderers, viz: Philip and all that were at the destroying of Mr. Clarke's garrison and some few others". Tuspaquin could not have been included in this, since Church promised to spare his life. Tuspaquin came into Plymouth with the two others, the authorities, taking advantage of Church's absence in Boston, executed both Tuspaquin and Annawon, to whom Church had given his word, that he would intercede in their behalf. Tuspaquin had hopes of being made a captain under Church, but when the authorities at Plymouth decided upon his execution in Church's absence, they claimed that "the promise of a captain's place depended upon his being impenetrable by bullets, a claim the Indians had made for him." So they placed him before a firing squad, where he fell at the first shot and thereby received the "just reward for his wickedness."[6]

Tuspaquin's son Benjamin is written to have served the English under Capt. James Church, during which time he had part of his jaw shot away. We are left in doubt as to what part he did play in the war. He may have joined Church after the war, but how he and his family escaped slavery or worse is beyond my knowledge. The fact that his son Benjamin married the granddaughter of John Sassamon and was regarded as a traitor by his three sisters, would allow one to believe that Benjamin Tuspaquin was loyal to his people.

Of the Indians captured during the war, some were sold to the West Indies and Bermuda as slaves, one being the twelve-year-old son of Philip. Others, including women and children, were made indentured servants, that is, bound by law within the colony.

"In 1676 it was ordered that all private persons holding adult male Indian captives should dispose of them out of the colony, on pain of forfeiting them to the use of the colony." It was further ordered that all Indians who had come into Plymouth "accepting the mercy of the colony should take up their abode from the westernmost side of Sipican River and sow easterwards to Dartmouth bounds; and not go off the aforesaid limits but by order of some mageestrate."[7] Three Indians, Numpus, Isaake and Ben Sachem (alias Petenuniut) were to have inspection and control of these Indians. Petenuniut was second husband of Queen Weetamoe, who had been wife of King Philip's brother. Numpus was afterward the Captain of the remainder of Awashonk's tribe which for many years had a settlement, including a church and congregation at Little Compton. Awashonks is the Indian woman who, at the start of King Philip's War, pressed her tribesmen into Capt. Church's services.

"In 1746 the General Court of Massachusetts appointed a committee to provide a place for the reception of the Pigwacket Indians, now at Fort William (in Boston Harbor)."[8] Assonomock Neck (Mattapoisett Neck) in Rochester was designated for the "Pigwacket Indians". There is no telling which tribe this really was; time has slurred the original dignity of the name, but it would seem to be the Pequots, prisoners one hundred years.

CREEDON FLOWER SHOP
&
GREENHOUSES
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Middleborough, Massachusetts
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Established 1919 Tel. 947-3206

MIDDLEBORO CLOTHING COMPANY
38 Center Street
MIDDLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS
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Carver offered a bounty for Indian scalps in 1698: 50 pounds for an adult and 10 pounds for children under ten years of age. Five years later this gave way to the selling of slaves. Plymouth 1702-3 voted a grant of land to Samuel Sonnett and his wife Dorothy. This formed the basis of Indian lands in Carver, located on the south side of Sampson's Pond. Indians by the name of Seipet appeared and married into the Sonnett family

Many Indians lived on the ancestoral ground at Betty's Neck, the land left to Betty by her father John Sassamon. Assawetough (Betty) died in 1696 and willed her lands to her daughter Mercy Felix.

Benjamin, renamed Benjamin Squinaway by the English, married Weeceem, of which nothing is known. They had four children: Esther, Hannah, Mary and Benjamin. Benjamin, who married Mercy Felix, granddaughter of John Sassamon, was regarded as a traitor by his three sisters and they took lands in South Freetown. Esther married Tobias Sampson, a praying Indian who preached in his home, therefore acquiring the name of Indian College. They lived on the Freetown reserve, now East Fall River, the state allowing four of the twenty-five lots of the Indian Plantation to Tuspaquin. At the first survey in 1707, the Indian Sampson received number nineteen as his share; they had no children. Hannah married Quam and taught school in East Fall River. She also taught the remaining children of the tribe at Betty's Neck. They had two children Hope and John who never married. Mary and her husband Isaac Sisel had three children: Arabella, Mary and Mercy, two of which died in infancy—as the tradition goes.

In 1764 on the second survey of the Plantation, we find Mercy and Mary Sissel in possession of Lot No. 20. It would seem more probable to say that they had three children living, two having died in infancy. The only one lost is Arabella; and she, like Mary and Marcy, may have lived to womanhood, married and borne children, but due to severed family relationships may have passed along in the world unnoticed — traditionally forgotten.

Benjamin Tuspaquin and his wife Mercy Felix had one child Lydia, who was born at Betty's Neck. Both her parents died when she was young and she spent her childhood in Petersham, Mass. with Joanna (Hunt) Moore. She was well educated and quite a good scholar. She married the Indian Wamsly from Middleboro, where she spent her married life. Their children were Zerviah, born 176-, who married James Johnson November 27, 1791. They had one child Arabella who died at three months. Paul Squin married Phebe Jeffery. They had first Mary, secondly Jane, who married her cousin John Rosier of Middleboro. He drowned in Lake Assawompsett in February, 1851 at the age of 57 years, 4 months. The third child Wealthy Squin married Thomas Smith, a negro, March 2, 1832. Then there was Lydia, unaccounted for; Ephraim, who never married; Bathsheba who married a Munroe; and a seventh child whose name is not remembered. This information leaves a lot to be desired. It is interesting to note that Wamsley, the first known of that name came from Middleboro, yet because of his early death or some other instance, all his children went by the name of Squin. Yet on Martha's Vineyard, the name Wamsley can still be seen. Still another case is the family of Ernest Ansley, whose grandfather moved to Rhode Island from Middleboro; they dropped the "W" in his line of the family but claimed descent from King Philip's sister.

The earliest record of Wamsleys on Gayhead is in Moses Howwasswees' 1792 census of that place and lists Leah Wamsley, Salsbury Wamsley of Rochester and wife Jane Robbins, a Mashpee Indian from Middleboro. Also sighted, the Rev. George B. Fitts of Middleboro, who did much to keep the Indian Church alive.

At the time of the second survey of the Squim lots in 1764, the 19th lot was in possession of Esther Sampson and Sarah Squin who were grandchildren of Benjamin Squinnaway. This leaves a puzzle as to who Sarah Squin was, tradition being, Esther Sampson died childless. "If this tradition is well founded, that Sarah Squin and Esther Sampson be granddaughters to Tuspaquin, to all appearances they are pure whites",[9] writes *Alvin G. Weeks.* For some reason he feels this is not the same Esther Sampson. It is possible, however, and entirely probable that Sarah Squin could be any number of nieces and still be granddaughter to Tuspaquin. Where no ages are mentioned, it is pure speculation as to who she really was.

[9]. Massasoit.

Other children listed in the records of Wamsley and Lydia Tuspaquin were Jane Squeen, who died April 13, 1794, at the age of 23 years; Benjamin, who died at sea April 22, 1799 at the age of 26. Lydia herself claimed the great art of healing and while collecting herbs from the banks of Lake Assawompsett, fell to her death.

Phebe Wamsley married Silas Rosier November 20, 1791. They had one son who died a month after his birth. John, who married his cousin Jane Jamsley, was a sailor on board the U. S. Frigate "Macedonia". They had a son John who was also a sailor and never married. Silas Rosier served in the Revolutionary War as a private until its close, he died at sea. Then Phebe married Brister Gould. He was also in the Revolutionary War and served as teamster to the patriot army for a time. They had Betsey, Lydia, Jane, Ruby, Malinda, Benjamin and Xerviah, who married Thomas C. Mitchell on October 17, 1824. She was the mother of Charlotte and Malinda. One does not have to be very old to remember the two Indian princesses of Betty's Neck. Zerviah Robinson and her two sisters Charlotte and Malinda "received quarterly installments of $100 each" from the treasury of the Commonwealth in 1916.

On a survey map dated 1878, the families of Smith and Romeo lived on Betty's Neck. I would suspect the Smith to be Thomas Smith and wife Wealthy Squin or relative thereof. There are many names on record at the Town Hall in Middleboro, but judging from the names, some came from Rochester and Bridgewater, taking up no permanent residence at Betty's Neck.

In 1793 there were approximately eight families living on Betty's Neck. This accounts for thirty or forty people, according to the History of Middleboro. The Mitchells summered here before they took up residence, Thomas having drowned in Elder's Pond 1859. It is known they kept a boarding house in the summer for the "City Folk". I met a woman a couple of years ago who spent her summers as a child at Betty's Neck. She helped collect herbs with Charlotte. She is of Indian heritage and now lives in Boston.

About the turn of the century, people will remember the names of Melix, Paul and Attaquin. Clarence Wixon of Middleboro wrote "The History of the Cape Cod Indians". Today the name of Haynes is prominent when we think of Indians in Middleboro, but unfortunately they are not of our owh Nemasket tribe.

Of the twenty odd thousand Indians who hunted and fished these parts, no more can be seen. It would seem appropriate here, judging from the Middleboro records, to quote from *Alvin G. Weeks' book "Massasoit"*: "So it may well be that the blood of Massasoit and other noted warriors and chiefs of the early days flows in the veins of men who are themselves ignorant of the fact".[10]

NOTES

1—Mayhew - Indian Converts
2—Weston - History of Middleboro
3—Old South Road of Gayhead
4—White - History of Mattapoisett and Old Rochester
5—Bancroft - History of the U.S.
6—White - History of Mattapoisett and Old Rochester
7—Same
8—Same
9—Weeks - Massasoit
10—Same

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Vigers - History of Lakeville
Griffith - History of Carver
Old South Road of Gayhead
Middleboro Records
Records of Plymouth, Barnstable and Bristol Counties
American Peoples Encyclopedia

A special thanks to Russell H. Gardner,
Historian of the Wampanoag Tribe.

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VOLUME X — MAY 1968 — NUMBER 1

Camp Joe Hooker — Recruiting Day — May 10, 1863

* * *

THE CAMP GAZETTE

and OLD COLONY ADVERTISER

S. B. Pratt, Editor - CAMP HOOKER - LAKEVILLE, MASS., - SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1862 - Terms $1.50 Per Annum

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Thus appeared the masthead of "The Camp Gazette," published every Saturday morning during the Civil War while Massachusetts regiments were quartered at Camp Joe Hooker, three miles south of Middleboro, in the town of Lakeville. There are probably few copies of this publication in existence, but very recently three copies were advertised in a booklist issued by a dealer in Americana.

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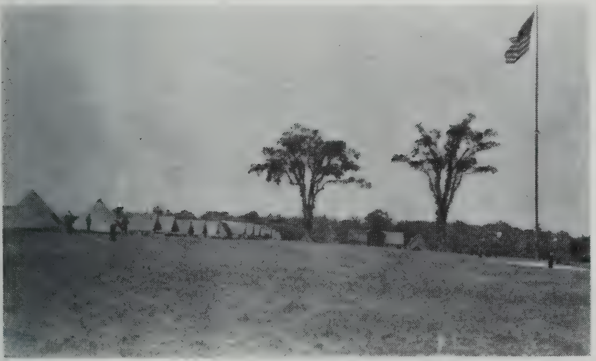
The last Middleboro survivor of the Grand Army of the Republic has long since passed away, but those of us here today clearly recall the exciting days of the "war games" held at Camp Joe Hooker in 1909, 1913 and 1914. The manoevres of 1909 were called the biggest undertaking in the field of war manoevres ever attempted outside actual warfare. Battles between the Red Army and the Blues began at sunrise and continued until 1 P.M., at which time umpires decided the winner of each day's engagement. Major General Leonard Wood was chief umpire. General Wood obtained his early education at Peirce Academy, and when he came to Middleboro a month before the manoevres began to survey the town and make preliminary plans, as he rode down Centre Street, he asked the chauffeur to stop, and stepping out of the car, he spent some time looking over the scenes of his schooldays.

After each day's manoevres, adjusters went through the areas where the engagements had taken place and made restitution to land owners for any damage done by the troops. This included gardens raided and chickens stolen. The first actual fighting occurred when contingents of the Reds and Blues engaged in battle in the eastern part of the town. The second day, action moved into Plympton and Halifax. Many residents drove their horses and wagons to the sections where action was to take place that day. The writer and her family were among these and I, then a teen-ager, can testify it was a chilling sight to see soldiers' heads peering over every stone wall, guns at the ready, or running crouched low, over the fields and dodging whenever they could behind a tree.

There was activity at Camp Joe Hooker in the summer of 1914, but in that year there were no extended manoevres since the encampment was only a school of instruction for the infantry. However, in August, 1914, war games were held that were very similar to those of 1909. The Red Army was the invader, the Blues the defenders. The major part of the action took place in the center of the town, much of it in the west end. Here many gardens were ruined, by the feet of tramping troops, but the state paid for all damages. The weather during the entire period was vile, the troops drenched by rain day after day. Three thousand cavalry were camped at Tispaquin Pond with members of the 8th Regiment located nearby. Camp Joe Hooker was also filled with tents and soldiers. Middleboro was considered one of the best places in the United States for such manoevres, with its excellent rail facilities.



Camp Joe Hooker in 1909

Showing the two venerable elm trees said to have been planted in 1780 by a farmer, Nathaniel Smith and named Aunt Betsey and Uncle William by Peter Vaughn for his sister and her husband. The trees have long since disappeared.

MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN
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In compiling the second volume of the History of Middleboro, the picture postcards of old Middleboro given to the Middleboro Historical Museum have been invaluable. If you have any of these postcards of early Middleboro, they would be a valuable addition to the Museum's collection and to the second volume of the Middleboro History.

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Prescriptions

The town reaped many benefits from the presence of troops and the hundreds of visitors from far and near who came to view the excitement. Horses and carriages were in great demand and livery stables rented every horse and vehicle they owned. Eating houses were filled to capacity all day long. Local bakeries supplied thousands of loaves of bread. Stocks of souvenir postcards were exhausted long before a week had passed, and grocery shelves were depleted of canned goods and everything edible. Rural residents did a thriving business in selling milk, produce and fowl to the hungry troopers. While the atmosphere about town during the war games was very much like war, there were lighter moments, as was depicted in a cartoon that appeared in one of the Boston papers, showing two of the generals riding in the rear seat of an automobile, very much at ease as they enjoyed their long, fragrant Havana cigars, and one general addressing the other with General Sherman's well-known remark, "War is Hell!"

MER

Note: When Allan R. Lindsay graduated from Bridgewater State Teachers College in 1960, he wrote as his thesis, "A Miniature Portrait of the Town of Middleborough in the War of the Rebellion." Mr. Lindsay has generously consented to allow his thesis to be printed in the Antiquarian. The first installment will appear in the next issue, with much more about Camp Joe Hooker.

Cavalary arriving at Middleboro depot for war manoevres, August, 1913

RANDOM OBSERVATIONS

by

William Archives

After reading somewhere that there was a permanent exhibit of some of the belongings of Deborah Sampson in the Sharon Public Library, I made a special trip to Sharon to see the exhibit. I found a permanent exhibit of things of an Historical nature that belonged to various people in the past in Sharon but was disappointed that the collection contained only a diary that was written by Deborah in 1802. Incidently, after Miss Sampson was discharged from the Continental Army on October 23, 1783, she moved to Sharon and married one Benjamin Gannett of that town. The only weakness that can be found in the story of Deborah Sampson, is the fact she served after the Battle of Yorktown, in October 1781, and Lord Cornwallis' surrender; this event was the popular end of the Revolution, although there was bloodshed after that date in a number of skirmishes. The Treaty of Paris in 1783, really brought hostilities to an end, and the British withdrew their troops from New York on November 25, 1783.

NO SUMMER IN 1816

by Georgianna M. Townsend

No one now living can recollect the year 1816, but European and American records represent it as having been phenomenal in almost every particular. In New England, the year went by the name of "Eighteen hundred and starve to death!" The summer months of that year are known in history as the "Cold Summer of 1816," so remarkable was the temperature. The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat and all nature was clad in a sable hue. Men and women became frightened and imagined that the fire in the sun was being rapidly extinguished and that the world would soon come to an end. Ministers took the phenomena for their texts and many new religious organizations were formed by fanatics.

The winter of 1815-1816 was comparitively mild, and did not indicate in any way the severe weather that was soon to follow. January was very mild for days, and people allowed their fires to go out as their houses were too warm with artificial heat. February had a very severe cold snap, but the low temperature lasted only a few days and became like that of the previous month. March was about as usual in climatic conditions, and early days of April were warm and bright, but as the month drew to a close, it ended with ice and snow and very low temperatures.

To those who loved the balmy days of May to watch the budding flowers and trees, May, 1816, was a bitter disappointment. The birds came and so did the frost, and in one night blackened all vegetation. Fields had to be cleared and made ready for another planting, but frost and ice had killed every green thing that the few warm days had coaxed out. Even some fruits were badly damaged.

June and July were cold, icy and snowy. Three inches of snow fell in Massachusetts and a coating of ice about one-sixteenth of an inch thick caused people great concern, for that was the month when the Indian corn was destroyed in all but a few secluded places. Surely August would put an end to the cold weather, but the farmers and hotel proprietors again were doomed to disappointment. This mid-summer month was more cheerless than the days of the previous months, and ice formed thicker than before. All the corn was so badly frozen it had to be cut for fodder. Every green thing in this country and Europe was frozen.

The last month of summer was warm and beautiful for the first two weeks, and the almost-frozen people began to thaw out. It was the mildest weather of the season, and just as the inhabitants were enjoying it, along came Jack Frost and Old Boreas, whitening and blackening everything in its path. October had hardly a day when the temperature rose above 30 degrees. November also was extremely cold with snow, and sleighing was good. The most comfortable and warmest month of the entire year was December, which led many to believe that the seasons were changing.

This unusual cold sent the price of food stuffs to an unheard of cost. It was impossible to have table vegetables because they must be used for seed. Flour sold for thirteen dollars a barrel. No year since 1816 has experienced such a cold summer.

These excerpts were taken from a newspaper article in an old scrap book belonging to Mr. George D. Dorr, my father.

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"WHAT WAS YOUR OPERETTA?"

by Henry B. Burkland

Two teachers were having an after-school cup of coffee in one of our Middleboro diners and I was one of them. In came a very tall, large man who had parked his enormous truck outside and over to us he came. "Hello, Mr. B. remember me? Well OUR operetta was the best of all!" he said. This was still a happy thought in his mind over thirty years later. On a number of occasions committee members preparing for Senior High School class reunions have called me with the query, "Do you have a picture of our Junior High School operetta?"

Under the leadership of the late Wirt B. Phillips, then Supervisor of Music, the eighth grade annual operetta was born. The first one (then ninth grade) was "Princess Chrysanthemum" in 1925 with the late Mrs. Anne McFarlin, then teacher of ninth grade music. These were not just a "show" but were an educational venture to keep up an interest in music by the boys with changing voices, and to correlate Music, Art, Speech, and Dance with young adolescents. They also aided in the problem of the long noon-hour B.C. (before Cafeterias) when the dances were taught. Dancing helped many a girl and boy who at an age of rapid growth often fell over their own feet. (Paratroopers and Professional Athletes have found the same help in the dance!). The music part of the "operetta" was confined to Music Periods, and for the one day of Town Hall seating, the periods missed were made up from the next six Music Periods! Under the leadership of Mrs. Sylvia Comley Matheson beautiful panels and exquisite scenery were produced. (Some of these were borrowed by other schools and two colleges.)

The anecdotes connected with these productions are legion. The operetta system was continued by Supervisor Luther Churchill, who succeeded Mr. Phillips. Mr. Phillips' last offering was "Green Cheese" (a story of Switzerland) and Mr. Churchill's initial offering was "Tulip Time" (a story of American students in Holland, with our present Central District Principal, Mr. Robert Gross, as "Professor MacSpindle," tour leader).

The 1940 presentation, "Malinka of Astrakan" (set in Russia) was snowed out by the great Valentine's Day storm of that year. Since Town Hall had been rented for Saturday, Mr. Max Eaton (now a Naval Commander) and "yours truly" put all scenery and properties out the back windows the day after the storm, and Miss Martinia Donahue, on snowshoes, assisted in carrying same into the school—luckily next door.

In 1932, on the 200th anniversary of Washington's birth, the Operetta "George Washington" was repeated by request of the Selectmen, as the Town celebration of the bi-centennial. Two were repeated, a few years apart, by popular request, and although different composers were represented, "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" proved extremely popular. In 1951, a most tuneful operetta called "The Band Wagon" by a young composer named Wilson, became both a New York stage hit and successful "movie" when the composer enlarged it, and we now know it as "The Music Man."

The final presentation was "Around the World in 80 Minutes" with the text adapted by Mr. Barry Moriarty, then of the Faculty, from Jules Verne and the music from the popular film "Around the World in Eighty Days." The eighth grades had increased to such size that it seemed best, after this 34th production, to establish a Junior High School Music Night. This was done by Mr. Churchill, and still is in force under Mr. Nelson's and Mr. Brook's direction. To compensate for the educational values, more music and art were introduced into regular school assemblies such as a musical version of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" adapted by Mr. John E. Sullivan's classes, and "Fiesta Americana", a Pan-American assembly directed by Mrs. Rose Sweeney. Other holidays also became well represented, and the entire Faculty entered into the planning of these productions.

In an era preceding the above, each summer the four eighth grade home room teachers met and decided upon a general theme for the eighth grade assemblies for the school year around a related subject and in June scenes from these were used as a "Promotion Day Pageant". All the preparation was done "after School" and the noon hours, since it was many years before "Clerical Periods" were established! Mrs. Elizabeth Howard Benson, then head of the Junior High School Department of Language Arts, Mrs. Effie William Tucker, Mrs. Olive Kidd, and Miss Lucy E. Merrihew formed this committee with the Principal. Mrs. Tucker's costume department became well-known, and again three colleges and many Church groups were patrons! In our favor were many years of a stable faculty.

To return briefly to the "Operetta Era", many side interests occurred. After the presentation of "Gilbert and Sullivan Gems" a Gilbert-Sullivan Club was formed which included both pupils and adults! After the presentation of "The Bells of Capistrano", a study group on early California history and the Spanish influences in the Americas was formed, and so educational values were continued. As one young serviceman wrote — "Do you remember 'King Ko-Ko'? Well here I am in Africa where it all happened!" The 34 years of the Junior High School Operettas served their purposes in many educational angles, as well as many incidents in life's "garden of memories".

A SKETCH OF WAPPANUCKET

by William Waugh

Wappanucket is located in the south central part of the town of Middleboro, and comprises the area bordered by the upper part of the Nemasket River, the Old Colony railroad, Rock Village and Assawompsett Pond. Included in this area are Vaughn Street, Wood Street, Walnut Street, Cherry Street and Marion Road. The area is lowest near the Nemasket River and gradually rises until you reach the summit of Clark's Hill at the intersection of Walnut Street and Marion Road. Marion Road runs along a fairly long plain until it dips downward near the Abner Wood farm and eventually connects with Cherry Street.

Wappanucket has also been called Walnut Plain. This may be due to the fact there are a great many trees of this kind growing in the area.

The Indian name, "Wappanucket," is probably taken from the two Indian words, "wap-pah" meaning village, and "kook-ah," among the hills. The name is found in the Algonquin language among the Indians in the northeast section of the United States, according to Thomas Weston in his history of Middleboro. The Indian word, "et" means "place of," so that with a little imagination Wappanucket could mean in entirety, "place of the village among the hills." As you drive through the area the roads ascend and descend many hills both large and small.

Industry and trading in the form of factories and stores have never taken root in the locale. With the exception of one large poultry farm, and the Wilbur dairy farm, the area is largely residential today. Peculiarily enough, this poultry farm has the name, "Wappanucket Farm." The farm contains a building where the efforts of 16,000 laying hens are graded and stored. Eggs are brought from as far away as New Hampshire. The first industrial use of the land to any great extent is the new Ocean Spray receiving and shipping point which has been erected on property that formerly belonged to the Town of Middleboro and is adjacent to the railroad off Wood Street. This is on the northerly edge of Wappanucket.

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The roads have acquired their names in various ways. Vaughn Street is named after the Vaughn family which lived on two farms on the street. One of the farms was broken up and summer cottages built at Lakeside. The other is the present day Wappanucket Farm. When the cottage lots were sold by Isaac Vaughn, each deed contained a covenant forbidding the owners to have either dancing or liquor on the property. A Vaughn family private cemetery is found on Vaughn Street near what was the Harris Vaughn farm.

Wood Street is named for Colonel Benjamin P. Wood who was a prominent citizen in Middleboro in the first half of the last century. As you pass along Wood Street you either drive or walk over the bridge at Fall Brook Stream. This area is known as the Colonel Ben Wood Swamp, and in the summer contains large amounts of high-bush blueberries.

Clark's Hill, Walnut Street
with Clark family homestead

Marion Road goes to Marion, Massachusetts, through the Town of Rochester. This road, for most of the distance from Middleboro to Marion, is on the high plateau which characterizes the eastern part of Wappanucket. At the intersection of Marion Road and Walnut Street, there is a view that overlooks Pocksha Pond and part of Assawompsett Pond. The section of the road from its beginning at Cherry Street to the crossing of Walnut Street is one of the only pieces of gravel road left in the Town of Middleboro.

The City of New Bedford has purchased a vast acreage of Wappanucket along the left side of Vaughn Street and west of Marion Road. This land borders both Assawompsett and Pocksha Ponds. The area which was originally part of the farms owned by Isaac Vaughn, Thomas Lovell, a family named Faxon and one or two Bisbee families, has been allowed to grow to woods with the tree roots acting as an anchorage for water to keep the winter precipitation in the gound. Thus, swamps and springs feed Pocksha and Assawompset during the dry summer. Although Assawompsett is not used directly for water by the City of New Bedford, the water can be flowed to Big and Little Quitticas Ponds and then by gravity flowed into the water mains of the City. The fields on these farms have been planted with pine trees which add more tree roots to the soil.

Included in the Wappanucket area is the celebrated "White Banks" where young lovers on moonlight nights can find a proper atmosphere to further romance. The bank is of sand, white, about fifty feet high and runs from the shore of Assawompsett into the woods, at some places for a quarter of a mile. The name "Assawompsett" means "place of the white sands", or "place of the white stones", and probably the pond gets its name from this geologic feature.

When I was a young boy, we used the white banks as a picnic area and built small fireplaces of rocks that we gathered in the area. We roasted our hot dogs and toasted our marshmallows on the fires. As I recollect, the area was an ideal place to enjoy one's self although we kept one eye open for the Inspector from the City of New Bedford, who made his rounds each day, patroling the Lake as part of the City's water supply. He always told us we could use the property if we would behave ourselves and not damage anything.

The Wappanucket School at the junction of Vaughn Street and Walnut Street was erected by the Town of Middleboro in the mid-1800's and served as a school until 1932. It was a typical "little red schoolhouse" found in this country in the last century, although it was painted white. By reading Mrs. Susan Brackett's story of the Rock School in the March, 1967, issue of the Middleboro Antiquarian, the reader can get a picture of the "one room" school of a past educational era. Generally, what happened at the Rock School was repeated at the Wappanucket School and in the other district schools in the town, such as Purchade School, the Waterville School and the Soule School. The teacher taught nine grades and was responsible for discipline, which consisted of using a birch rod on the unruly big boys or making them sit with the girls. In the earliest days, the school teacher boarded with the families. Of interest is the early concern in Plymouth Colony with education which led to the building of these "one room" schoolhouses. In 1663, the General Court at Plymouth recommended that the several towns in the colony take appropriate action in hiring a school teacher to teach reading and writing. In 1677, a law was enacted, "That in whatsoever township in the Government consisting of fifty families or upwards; any meet man shall be obtained to teach a Grammar School." This was the birth of a school system.

While on the subject of schools, there are many alive today who will remember the faithful Tim Clark who for many years drove a bus in the Wappanucket and Rock area. After the closing of the Wappanucket School, the older students went to the schools in the center of the town and the young children to the Rock school. Tim never missed a day as I recollect, or at least it seemed that way.

Although most of the families who originally made up the Wappanucket society have long since moved away, the names of Vaughn, Bisbee, Lovell and Wood are attached to the landmarks and can be seen on maps of the area. The gently rolling hills have made Wappanucket one of the nicest parts of the town in which to live.

Dwelling made from Wappanucket School
Intersection of Vaughan and Walnut Streets
When closed in 1932, school building was sold to
Fish & Game Association, later converted to a house

ANECDOTES AND STORIES OF THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" IN MIDDLEBORO

The following account under this heading was found in a scrap book kept by Miss Alma Bennett and presented by her to the Middleborough Historical Museum. The talk was given as a program at a meeting of the Middleborough Historical Association held in Grange Hall in the winter of 1933. The speaker (the undersigned) has long since forgotten the occasion and the talk, but on re-reading it enjoyed refreshing her memory about these characters and events of old Middleboro and thought others might also find it interesting, bearing in mind the talk was given thirty-five years ago;

About seventy-five years ago in one of our churches a sermon was repeated that had been given exactly two hundred years before. In commenting upon it, the Nemasket Gazette observed that probably not many in the congregation remembered much of the original sermon. By the same token, I am not able to recall much that happened seventy-five years ago, and so I turned to the old files of the Middleboro Gazette, or, as it was called then, the Nemasket Gazette, and in those old bound volumes I found material for two or three evenings' entertainment. Intending to go through the entire eighteen or twenty volumes that are in the public library, I found so much of interest I succeeded in getting through only two of them.

The Nemasket Gazette was first printed in 1852 and edited by Samuel P. Brown. Two years later, Stillman B. Pratt purchased the paper and continued to edit it for ten years. Then it was continued by his son, Stillman, until in 1869 James M. Coombs bought the paper and changed the name to the Middleboro Gazette. In 1894, Lorenzo Wood, Sr., and Wallace Tinkham became owners and from that time to this, the history of the Gazette is more or less familiar. The Middleborough Public Library has the most complete files of these old Gazettes, and they are almost priceless because of the early town history they contain. I became so thoroughly steeped in the early historic atmosphere as portrayed by these Gazettes that as I have been going about town, I have seen the streets not as they are today, but as they were seventy-five years ago when Granville T. Sproat, General Ebenezer Peirce and those of other familiar names were writing for the Gazette; when the old Town House stood at the corner of South Main and West Grove Streets; when the Bay State Straw Works was a thriving industry; when the space where now is the block of stores next to the Unitarian Church was occupied by the beautiful Thatcher estate with its lawns, curving drives and greenhouses; when Mr. George Vaughan advertised cravats and frock coats for sale; and the old town pump stood in the middle of the Four Corners. There is an amusing communication regarding this pump in the Gazette of November 16, 1855:

Mr. Editor: Allow me through the columns of the Gazette to call attention to a very necessary inconvenience existing in our otherwise pleasant village. It is well known to many and the sorrow of some, that about the town pump the water and mud is allowed to stand continually. It is a matter of surprise that this nuisance is allowed to exist season after season, in the very heart of our village. We shall hail with joy the day when this nuisance is done away with, when we can pass here in safety without encasing our pedals in rubbers and cowhides.

Signed,

An Observer.

The town pump stood in the middle of the street between what is now Bob's Lunch and the opposite corner of Wareham and Centre Streets.

The advertisements in those old Gazettes afford much amusement today. All sorts of tricks were resorted to in order to catch the reader's eye—advertisements were printed up-side-down, sidewise or the words were spelled backwards. One of Mr. Olmstead's advertisements was quite intriguing, advertising "Phine Phresh Phigs." He went on to say, "Be a phine phellow and pheast phinely on phine phresh phigs."

We are familiar with Mr. George E. Doane's advertisements in the Gazettes of today. In the issue of February 23, 1855, was an ad of his father's, George H. Doane, setting forth the virtues of a patent lamp. It was the custom of the editor to comment in his editorial columns upon various advertisements in the paper. Under the heading, "Hard Tmes," the editor had this to say, "We have tried the patent lamp for burning tallow, lard, poor oil or almost anything, and find them to answer an excellent purpose."

Lewis Lincoln & Son have an advertisement in the issue of December 8, 1854: "We have on hand and still are having manufactured covered wagons of the very latest pattern."

Transportation was somewhat different then. In each issue of the Gazette during 1854-1855, there appeared an advertisement for a mail stage line operated by Cole and Standish. Under the picture of a stage coach appears the following:

"The subscribers will run an accommodation and mail stage between Plymouth and Middleboro. Leave Lane's Hotel in Middleboro on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Returning leave Mansion House in Plymouth, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. This line of staging intends to furnish every facility for speedy and comfortable transportation."

Hardly a Gazette of the time fails to mention the singing school conducted by Mr. Levi Thatcher. Also about this time began the course of lectures that eventually developed into what we remember as the Citizen's Course. The very best of speakers came to Middleboro and on January 1, 1855, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes addressed a group in American Hall. They had health lectures, too. A Miss C. A. Strickman came to lecture to her own sex upon anatomy, hygiene and physiology. Her lectures were illustrated with mannikins, models and skeletons. The Nemasket Gazette commented that Miss Strickman appeared like a lady of refinement, intelligence, good sense and high moral sentiment.

Musters were frequently held, and many a mention is made in the columns of the Nemasket Gazette of the fine appearance made by the young men and officers as they went through their maneuvers of training. Some of the ladies of the town took this opportunity to earn a bit of pin money, and made a sort of cake, or sweet bun, which they sold to the onlookers who desired refreshment. This came to be known as "muster-cake."

Crime was rampant even in those days. Almost every issue of the Gazette mentions a burglary or an incendiary fire. Stores and houses were constantly broken into. In the Gazette issue of December 19, 1857, appears this item:

"In consequence of frequent robberies and fires, a night watchman has been employed since last Saturday. These persons have been, or are to be, licensed police with full authority to act. If rogues get into their hands, we opine they will have cause to rue it."

I wondered just how successful this proved to be, as a few issues later, tucked in among the editorials, was this definition: A Policeman—a man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

In those days, there was a town agency to distribute rum. The agency was periodically broken into and some one always making way with a quart or two, much to the consternation of the rest of the populace.

Evidently the Gazette had its own troubles along the line of temperance, for on August 24, 1835, the paper offered this apology:

"We had a representative at the camp meeting who returned looking as if he had been to a scamp meeting. This accounts for the lateness of our paper."

As we all know, the church held a very strong position in the community at this time. It was the custom in the old-time church to be "read into" church. This meant that if you had experienced any particular blessing for which you were especially grateful, you had a note regarding the happy event read from the pulpit on Sunday morning. Especially was this the case when there was a birth in the family, the note usually "rendering thanks for mercies received." It so happened there was an old maid who fell heir to quite a fortune. Overjoyed, she could do no less than be read into church. Somewhat at a loss as to wording, she fell into the familiar form and sent up a note saying, "Tabitha Temple desires to express her gratitude to God for mercies received." The minister that Sunday was on exchange with the regular pastor, but from the familiar wording he assumed the message referred to a child. He accordingly prayed long and fervently that the child might be brought up in the nurture and guidance of God. When he concluded, the congregation was convulsed with mirth and Tabitha Temple's face covered with a crimson blush.

On another occasion, this custom was used as a weapon of revenge. There was a certain maiden lady who lived at Muttock and fell into the ill graces of some of the young men of the vicinity because of some pointed remarks she made regarding them. One Sunday as the minister was about to read the usual notes, a young man walked rapidly up the aisle and handed him another one. The minister was an absent-minded individual and without noticing what he was reading, he solemnly said:

Desire Morse desires prayers,
For falling down the Deacon's stairs.
She broke no bones, but bruised her meat,
Which was not fit for dogs to eat.

It is difficult to imagine slaves in Middleboro, but there were several. Perhaps the best remembered one was Sambo, slave of the austere Madame Thatcher. Sambo was brought from Africa as a little boy and could speak little English. When he was first brought into the Thatcher homestead, he saw a heated oven, and judging from his native customs, thought he was to be roasted alive. He fled into the woods and could not be located for days.

One day Sambo brought some bread he had baked and asked his mistress what was the matter with it. The crust had risen away up, but the inside had fallen way down. Sambo said he thought "the debbil had been there trying to run away wid de bread." Madame Thatcher assured him his oven had not been hot enough, and while the crust had risen beautifully, the rest of the bread had fallen flat. The next time Sambo made bread, Madame Thatcher happened into the kitchen and there were pans of bread all over the kitchen floor, and Sambo running from one to the other, sitting on each one in turn. "Look, Missy," he said, "is this not a charming way to keep de crust from risin'?"

On another occasion Sambo had mistakenly killed a turkey with a stone. Sambo did not wish his mistress to know of his misdemeanor so he buried the turkey behind the barn. The next day some workmen came, and Madame Thatcher said to Sambo, "Today we are to have workmen to dinner and we have no meat. Run and kill a turkey, dress it and roast it for dinner. I am called away and will not return until evening." Sambo saw his opporunity and instead of killing another turkey, he dug up the one buried behind the barn. At the dinner table he said to the head workman, "My Missy always has grace said at the table. Will you say grace?" Unbeknown to Sambo, the workman knew of the episode of the turkey, and said, "No, Sambo, I shall not say grace, but I will write something and leave it on my plate for your mistress." When Madame Thatcher returned, this is what she found:

O Lord of love
Look from above
Upon this turkey hen,
That once was dead and buried
And now has rose again.

Mr. Seth Morton had three slaves, the oldest of which was Aaron. Aaron had religious hallucinations. He imagined himself constantly pursued by the evil one and all his imps. His only protection was a charmed circle which he drew on the sand and standing in the center with his cane, beat vigorously to right and left. He would continue this until almost exhausted and then dance and sing for the victory he had won. These slaves were very devout and spent much time in prayer. One of Mr. Morton's slaves, Shurpud, would always end his prayers by saying, "Lord bless the white folks every one, but bless us poor niggers in particular." When the slaves were freed many would not leave their masters, and some families in Middleboro built little houses on their land where their slaves lived out their lives, devoted to their former masters.

I have read somewhere that if we would become deep breathers, we would develop into a super-human race. There must have been some deep breathers in those early days, for surely there were super-men and super-women. Among the early settlers in North Middleboro was a Mr. Richmond who was killed and buried near the Taunton River. Some time in the late 1890's, the highway was straightened and repaired and his remains were found. When his skeleton was measured, it was found to be seven feet eight inches tall and had a double row of teeth in each jaw.

Miss Hannah Crossman, whom some of the older residents can remember, was an extremely large woman and carried a muff as big as a half barrel. It is said that a child could actually crawl right through it. There must have been something in the name of Hannah, for Hannah Reed was another woman of huge proportions and herculean strength. She lived near what is now the Lakeville-Middleboro line, was a shoe cobbler and walked back and forth to Boston to obtain material for her work. One day she was approaching the Old Store at the Four Corners and one of the clerks who saw her coming said, "Here comes Hannah Reed. I bet you $5.00 I dare kiss her." "It's a bargain," cried his companion, getting ready for some fun. Hannah came into the store and stood before the counter. As she leaned forward busy with her purchase, the clerk seized the opportunity to plant a hearty kiss on her cheek. Hannah sprang back, seized the unfortunate clerk by the collar and the seat of the pants and pitched him headlong into the street. "Try that again, you young rascal, and I'll break every bone in your body," she said. The clerk collected his $5.00 but he never tried it again.

In reading the old Gazettes of the 1800's, it seemed I might have been reading the papers of today, for all through every issue was the cry, "Hard Times." There was a war going on in the Crimea and it was just after the Civil War. Every advertisement stressed hard times and every editorial dwelt on the same subject. Editorials assured the people that better times were coming, that the lessons learned then would have a good and lasting effect upon the future. There was unemployment, and the editor advised young men they could not do better than to devote their time to reading and study, thus laying up a store of knowledge preparatory to better days, which were just around the corner.

The price of coal fell to $6.00 a ton and potatoes were seventy-five cents a bushel. An editorial in the Gazette of September 11, 1857, stated, "The reduction of the legislature, the election of good men to administer the government will, it is hoped another year, reduce this pecuniary burden." And taxes in Middleboro were then $6.00 per thousand!

As proof of the hardness of the times, the Gazette cites the case of a man in Ohio who was killing only half a pig at a time. The barter system was resorted to, and there appears in the Gazette of September 25, 1857, this notice:

> "Wood slabs, shingles, grain, vegetables, hay, etc., taken at a fair price in pay for the Gazette."

It was amazing to read how closely events then followed those of today. Banks closed, specie was suspended, there was unemployment everywhere, there were strikes and there was even a run on the old Middleboro and Loan Fund Association. But better times came to them then, just as they will to us today.

There may have been towns that surpassed Middleboro in some respects, but indeed our town deserves honor and credit for the struggle that was made and for the wit, valor and courage displayed by the men and women of those "good old days" of Middleboro.

Mertie E. Romaine.

THE RAILROAD MEN OF MIDDLEBORO

by Clint Clark

The Middleboro railroad station today is a sorry relic of the past, standing abandoned and deteriorated beside rusting tracks that only occasionally bear the weight of a passing freight train. The color and excitement of railroading, when it was at its peak here, has been romanticized and nostalgically recalled but seldom remembered in terms of its impact on the local economy because of the large number of local men who earned their living on the railroad.

In 1920, for example, the names of people assessed for a poll tax included those of more than 100 listed as railroad employees. In that era before construction equipment became highly mechanized, many local men were listed as laborers, farmers and shoe workers and these, for the most part, were often slightly below the railroad men in terms of annual earned income and taxable property. Many of the railroad men, as members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, were relatively well paid and nearly all owned or were buying their own homes. Not surprisingly, there was a concentration of railroad men and their families in the vicinity of the railroad station.

The N.Y., N.H. & Hartford Railroad Station at Middleboro

Once a busy railroad center, now swiftly falling into decay. The present building was erected about 1890, after the original station, built in 1845 when the Fall River Railroad began operation, was torn down to make way for the one pictured above.

This concentration was heaviest on Courtland Street, where eight railroad employees were listed in 1920, some living side by side. There were seven residing on Elm Street and others on the lower end of Oak Street, on Southwick Street and Court End Avenue. Also, as a "fringe benefit" to the local economy, there were many unlisted "roomers", men who "put up" in Middleboro, meaning their daily runs ended here. Rooms let to these men were an additional source of income for many families in the area near the station.

On Courtland Street at that time, and in the several decades before railroading went into decline, one could find a cross-section of railroad men whose jobs were interestingly varied. Walter E. Berry, who lived nearest the station, was a fireman, one of the hardy breed of men who balanced on the bucking steel plate between the locomotive and coal tender, pitched coal into the fire under the boiler and kept up a head of steam to keep the trains rolling in all weather. Peter McLeod, was, at the time this writer knew him, a freight conductor, while J. F. Manion, who lived at 26 Courtland Street, was a conductor in the passenger service. Julian Witbeck held an official post in Boston. Also listed as railroad employees residing on Courtland Street at that time were Michael Barrett, Herbert W. McDowell, Ralph Starrett whose home my father, a passenger trainmen or "brakeman", purchased in 1921, W. Arthur Carver and Samuel Matheson. John D. Rockwell, Sr., worked in the railroad freight service, lived on Elm Street at that time, as did Jim Daggett, William H. Cronan and Joseph T. Canavan.

The brakeman often carried an oval-shaped tin box which contained his "fusees" and "torpedoes." The so-called fusee was a red tube containing powder which was ignited by striking the top and it burned a bright red. The torpedo came in several shapes, but essentially was a lead container of explosive powder which was detonated when the wheels of a train passed over it on the tracks. Both were warning signals sometimes used to notify a following train of a delay ahead. Many railroad men also carried lunch baskets, black "Boston bags" and, for they were the inevitable symbol of the railroad man, all carried lanterns. These for many years were kerosene lanterns, some with clear and some with ruby glass globes. Later they were battery-powered and more modern in design.

The lantern of a railroad man served a two-fold and important purpose; it lit the way for the brakeman as he made his way through the yards to throw a switch and it was used to guide the movements of the trains. There was a set pattern for swinging a lantern to guide a train, whether switching in the yards or on a passenger run. The lanterns and flags, whether carried or set in sockets on the locomotives and passenger cars, formed the language of the railroad, and prospective employees had to pass a rigid test in which the use and recognition of signals was most important. Both firemen and engineers would be seen wearing goggles, hung around the neck on an elastic band and used to see the track ahead when the train was in motion and cinders were flying out of the smokestack.

These were the badges and the symbols of railroading and, after the passengers walked or rode homeward, the railroad men could be seen making their way to their homes in the neighborhood. They carried the town's commutors and its industrial freight and supplies, and were, as noted, significant contributors to the economy of the town. Most worked under a rigid seniority system and until they had acquired seniority status, often were assigned to runs that left them stranded at the end of branch lines. When they bought homes here, it was generally after they had built up their seniority to the point where they could "bid" for a run that brought them back to their families at the end of the day.

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MIDDLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

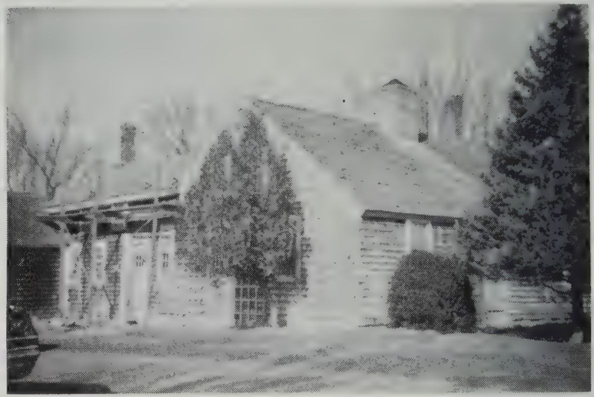
THE PELHAM GIBBS HOUSE

by LYMAN BUTLER

The house I will tell about this time is probably one of the oldest in the town, and is located at Black Brook Ranch off Miller Street near the Rochester line. Many will remember this place as one of the Ashley houses (ex-Mayor Ashley of New Bedford). It is reported that this building was erected in the 1650's. In the 1800's, the Gibbs family owned many hundreds of acres of land with several buildings, this house said to be the oldest. The Edwards Parks family are the present owners and much of the original acreage is theirs, including the old Cape Cod house on the corner of the land leading to the Ranch.

Recently when out taking pictures for future articles in the Antiquarian, my wife and I drove down to the Ranch, and, after taking a couple of pictures of the outside of the house, Mr. Parks asked if we would like to look around inside. We accepted the offer with pleasure as I had heard that the place had been kept as much like the original as possible. One of the many interesting features of the place is the orignal window frames and sills, made of four by four stock and put together with wooden pegs. There is a summer kitchen (used year round now) with its old hand-hewed ceiling timbers and the hearth where there had been a fireplace. Now a black cast iron range of the late 1800's occupies the spot, and there is a huge open fireplace with a side oven in the big room that was originally the regular kitchen, a room that has beautiful wide paneling all around. The sitting-room floor which, when the Parks moved there, was covered with many coats of paint, has been patiently scraped after many applications of paint remover, and now shows off the beautiful wide pine boards. There are different styles of doors, some paneled and some of wide boards with cleat construction and the old latches and hinges. Mr. Parks said the walls are boarded vertically with mortised and tenon cross pieces; the roof is the same type construction. He also said that the Ford Museum was interested at one time in acquiring the building and moving it (probably piece by piece) to Michigan. Thankfully the deal did not go through.

The present owners love and enjoy old things, and are keeping this old house as nearly as possible as it was originally, both inside and out. The accompanying photograph shows the house as it is today, with its small window upstairs in the ell, an unusual sight as very few houses of the period had windows in the ell, other than one in the peak.



The Pelham Gibbs House
off Miller Street
Thought to have been built
in the 1650's

SPECIAL GIFTS

Horace K. Atkins has presented the Museum with three large glass display cases that were used in the former offices of Winthrop-Atkins on Peirce Street. These answer a long-felt need for more display space, and these beautiful cases are much finer than any the Museum could afford to buy. At least one of them will be used in the Lawrence B. Romaine Memorial Library, the others in rooms of the main buildings of the Museum.

At the November meeting of the Cabot Club, Ernest E. Thomas and G. Ward Stetson spoke to the members on the subject of Old Middleorough. Both speakers declined to accept any remuneration for the afternoon's program, and the Cabot Club very generously presented a check for twenty-five dollars to the Middleborough Historical Museum. We are grateful to both the speakers and the Cabot Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Hall presented to the Executive Board of the Middleborough Historical Association five shares in the Col. Peter H. Peirce House, Inc. Other members have previously donated shares until the Association now owns fifteen shares, all to be held for the benefit of the Middleborough Historical Museum.

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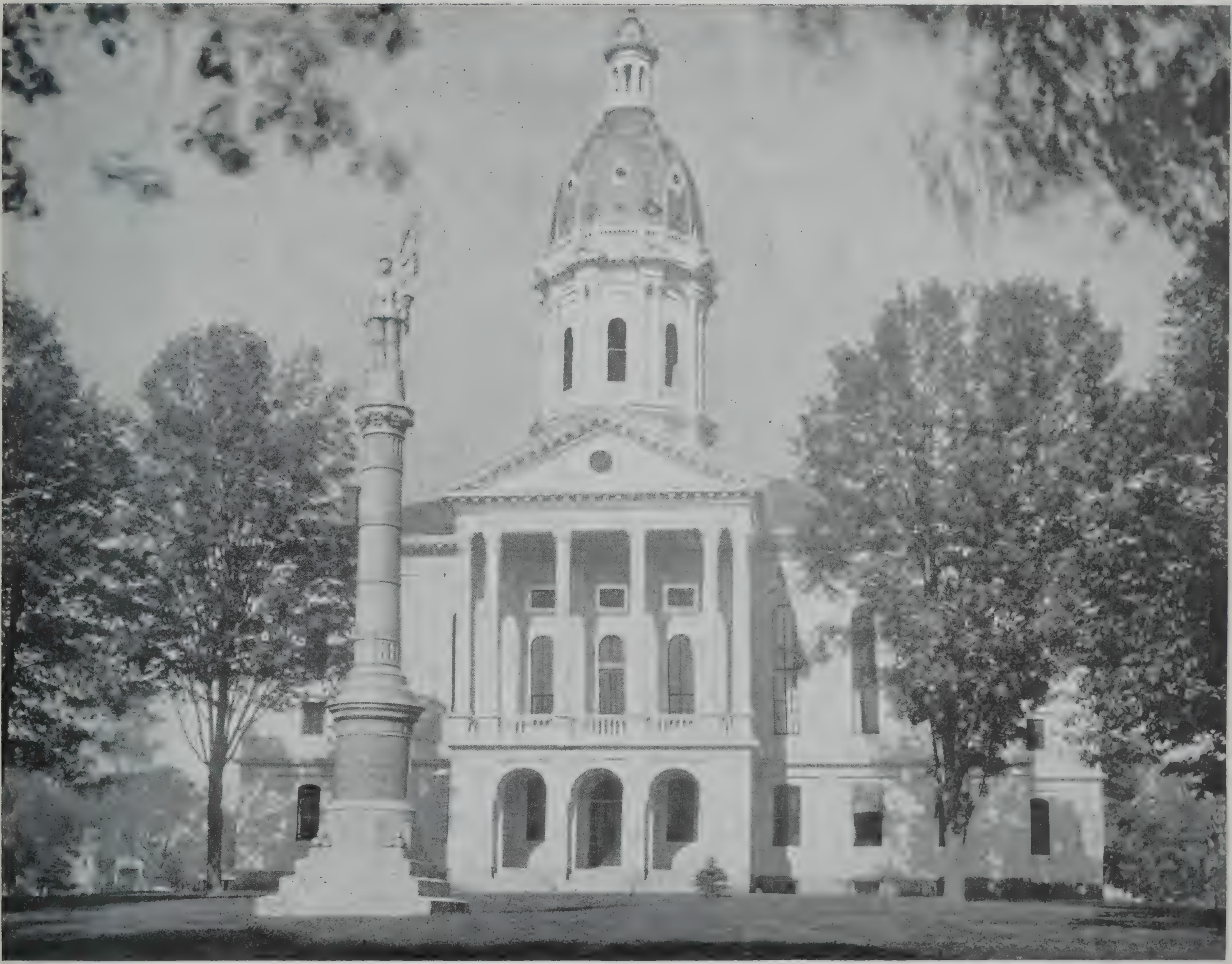

A MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF THE TOWN OF MIDDLEBOROUGH IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION:

The granite monument of forty feet, eleven inches in height which occupies a most prominent position on the front lawn of the Middleborough Town Hall, is inscribed, "To the Defenders of Our Country, 1861-1865. Union - Loyalty - Liberty." Erected at a cost of about five thousand dollars and dedicated on May 30, 1896, in a ceremony at which Ex-Governor John D. Long was the principal speaker, this impressive landmark is a continual reminder to every citizen of Middleborough of the valiant sacrifices which were made by the men of this area to defend and preserve the Union. For the dignity of this granite shaft and the significance of the valor which it perpetuates, the present and future citizens of Middleborough owe their thanks to the initiative action of the now defunct E. W. Peirce Post Number Eight of the Grand Army of the Republic.

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A Brief History of the Minute Men of '61, Recruiting Procedures and the Establishment and Deployment of Camp Joe Hooker

Written as a Graduation Thesis
Bridgewater State Teachers College, August 2, 1960
by
ALAN R. LINDSAY

PART I

CHAPTER I

MINUTE MEN OF '61

The contributions by the Town of Middleborough to the War of the Rebellion were characteristic of the Yankee spirit of resourcefulness and prompt readiness, from the outbreak of hostilities at Fort Sumter on April 12. 1861, to the surrender of the Confederate Army by General Robert E. Lee to General Ulysses S. Grant at the Appomatox Court House on April 9, 1865. The sons of Middleborough were ready for any contingency.

The special order of the Governor of Massachusetts, John A. Andrews, for this town's quota of the seventy-five thousand volunteers requested by President Lincoln reached Middleborough at six o'clock on the night of April 15. Company A of the Third Massachusetts Regiment, Minute Men of '61, was to report for duty at nine o'clock the next morning on Boston Common. Summoned from his bed at two o'clock on the morning of April 16, Captain Joseph S. Harlow readied himself to lead his volunteers of the Halifax Light Infantry into action. More than three quarters of the company was assembled at the Middleborough depot, and leaving at twenty-minutes past seven, this company of forty-nine men were among the first to arrive on the Common. Volunteers from Middleborough belonging to Company A numbered five. They were Captain Joseph S. Harlow, Sergt. Oreb F. Mitchell, Corp. James W. Bryant, Opher D. Mitchell, and William M. Tinkham.

On April 17, 1861, the Third Regiment embarked on the side-wheel steamer "S. R. Spaulding," and the next morning at ten o'clock, proceeded to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, at full speed and arrived at the key military post at eight o'clock Saturday morning, the twentieth, just two hours after the Fourth Regiment had disembarked from New York. The Spaulding made the voyage in forty-six hours.

Company K, Third Massachusetts Regiment, known as the "Bay State Light Infantry," under Captain William S. McFarlin of Carver, received their orders later than Company A, but reported for duty promptly and sailed for Fortress Monroe with the Third Regiment on April 18, 1861. There were ten members of Company K from Middleborough: First Sergt. Asa Shaw; Corp. Elbridge A. Maxim; Corp. Ebenezer A. Shaw; Eli Atwood, Jr.; John S. Atwood; George N. Gammons; Levin S. Morse; Thomas W. Sampson.

The Regiment held the distinction of being the first northern volunteer troops to land aggressively on southern soil through the success of a destructive raid on the Gosport (Va.) Navy Yard, employing the gunboat "Pawnie." Although Company A was held in reserve with part of Company B to guard Fortress Monroe from two rebel companies at Norfolk, the cooperative effort of the Regiment was commendable. After picket duty at Hampton from July 1 to July 16, the Regiment embarked on the steamer "Cambridge" and arrived at Long Island on July 19. Mustered out of the service on July 22, the men arrived at Boston the next day and were enthusiastically greeted on the Common before they were dismissed.

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Mertie E. Romaine .... Editor
Henry B. Burkland Associate Editor

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CHAPTER II

PROCUREMENT OF VOLUNTEERS

The volunteers for a three year period of duty, as requested on May 3, 1861, were readily forthcoming as a result of the enthusiasm which had been generated, although no definite company was formed in Middleborough until the following summer. A great number of the militia had re-enlisted in the meantime, including five members of Company K.

However, by July 4, 1862, the alarming losses by the Army of the Potomac in its unsuccessful attempts to capture Richmond resulted in a new surge of determination and active recruiting. On July 4, President Lincoln issued a call for three hundred thousand men to serve for three years or until the end of the war. General Order No. 26 was issued on July 5 by Governor Andrew, stating that the State would be required to supply fifteen thousand volunteers for its quota. The proportional amount for each town was based upon the amount of men liable to do military duty, according to the assessor's annual returns. A notice in the local paper, dated July 15, 1862, signed by Benjamin P. Wood and Ira Smith (Selectmen) announced the First Patriotic Meeting to be held at the American Hall on Saturday, July 19, at seven and one-half o'clock, for the purpose of recruiting fifty-six men.

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The Selectmen of Middleborough have received authority to raise fifty-six volunteers.

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Advance wages	$13
Bounty at the close of the war	$75

State aid guaranteed. Two dollars will be paid to any person bringing a volunteer.

A second meeting was held on July 25, at which time Hon. Philander Washburn of the Recruiting Committee introduced J. Arthur Fitch, the first volunteer from Middleborough. By Saturday, August 2, sixteen men were ready to leave for training and were free to join any regiment or company that they wished.

On August 4, 1862, Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, issued the second call of the summer for three hundred thousand troops. Massachusetts' quota was nineteen thousand and ninety and it was met without having to resort to drafting or to making up a deficiency from the state militia. Towns on Cape Cod had a particular problem though, because credit for more than thirty-three thousand men who had enlisted in the Navy was not authorized by Secretary Stanton. Since these towns had to induce volunteers from other towns, this situation seems to account for the higher bounties of one hundred and seventy-five dollars to two hundred dollars paid on Cape Cod.

The ninth of August saw the Third Patriotic Meeting, with two audiences, one in American Hall and one outdoors, listening to Captain William Driver of Nashville for one and a half hours. A remittance of taxes to all citizens of Middleborough who were now in service, or who would volunteer, was voted at this meeting.

The inducement for continuing enlistments centered mainly on the combination of patriotic fervor, the frequent reminder of the moral obligation which was presented by the situation, and monetary reward. Unfortunately, as the war progressed and the number of able-bodied men diminished, the emphasis was progressively greater on the cash value aspect of this combination. On October 13, 1862, the vote of the town meeting was unanimous to increase the bounty from one hundred and twenty-five dollars to one hundred fifty dollars for nine months' volunteers. The procurement of substitutes by some wealthy men and others not desiring to serve was a source of great aggravation, not only to families who had gladly supplied one or more young men to the cause, but also to the troops in the field, who heatedly discussed this unpatriotic attitude of these pecuniary-minded individuals at home, safe from the horrors of combat.

The year 1864 evidenced a particularly difficult effort to obtain sufficient men to meet President Lincoln's draft of February 3, 1864, for five hundred thousand men to serve for three years. Although three hundred thousand had been called for the previous October, this additional two hundred thousand put a terrific strain on the manpower resources. The Middleborough quota was eighty-five, and only eighteen had enlisted by February 6. The Committee reported that substitutes from other towns were available at eighty dollars each, but that by the following week, the price would probably go up to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. In order to raise the necessary amount of approximately nine thousand dollars for hiring the remaining sixty-seven men, contributions from the community were solicited and seventy-one hundred dollars was subscribed by February 13. The Peirce brothers, who conducted a thriving general store in town, generously gave five hundred dollars, although none were physically fit for the draft. All donors were reimbursed subsequently by the Town, according to the Middleboro Gazette's report on March 26, on a vote of the town meeting. By August 13, 1864, the cost of a substitute had risen to seven hundred and fifty dollars in Middleborough. This town was not alone in raising the necessary quotas during the last year of hostilities; the price was the same in New Bedford.

The available supply of men had been nearly exhausted by previous drafts, and the exemptions for physical fitness and family responsibilities dwindled the supply to a point where the high priced inducements were mandatory. Fortunately, the war was to come to a victorious close within the next seven months. It is somewhat questionable, in the light of these facts, if this social and economic burden could have been supported by the town for a much longer period of time.

CHAPTER III

SELECTION OF SITE AND CONSTRUCTION OF CAMP

As a result of the two drafts in the summer of 1862 (July 4 and August 4) for three hundred thousand men each, the need was realized for an additional training camp in Massachusetts, especially in the Cape Cod area. Plymouth County, Bristol County, and Barnstable County were supplying enough volunteers to require a separate and more convenient location than Camp Meigs at Readville or Camp Lander in Wenham.

A suitable parcel of land near the Boston-Fall River Railroad, which connected nightly with the Fall River-New York boat, and with the additional facilities of woodland and a water supply, seemed to be the requirements which satisfied a group of Army officers who came out to the Middleborough vicinity on Wednesday, August 20, 1862, for a survey. Assistant Quartermaster McKim was the officer in charge of picking a location, and he was accompanied by Brigadier General Reed, Quartermaster General of the State; Captain Brigham, Commissary of Subsistence, and several other gentlemen. They reflected on one or two locations as unsuitable, but finally decided that a large, level tract of land in Lakeville near the property of Harrison Staples, on the shores of Lake Assawampsett, would be ideal for the purpose.

The Middleboro Gazette of August 23, 1862, quotes the Boston Journal in describing the area as "of about three hundred acres, with other fields which may be used; light, sandy soil, sloping toward Lake "Assamsett", which, with a chain of ponds, covering an area of six thousand acres, affording excellent bathing facilities for bathing; and being removed from the allurements of the city, the location at once recommended itself to the officers and was selected as the site for a camp for the recruits from the Cape and Old Colony districts." The transportation and health factors were two of the most important considerations in the choice. Its proximity to Lake Assawampsett, Massachusetts largest natural lake and signified in the dialect of the Wompanoag Indians as "the place of the white stones," was an excellent feature.

The distance from the Middleborough depot was about two and one-half miles and from Haskins' station, approximately two miles. The camp was also convenient to Sampson's Hotel, being only one and a half miles away, run by Mr. Barrows. The report of the North Bridgewater Gazette promised that the boys would be "warmly received and well entertained" and would find the proprietor "a nice man" who "can keep a hotel."

Within three weeks, twenty barracks had been constructed on the farms of Messrs. Jenney, Staples, and William Harlow. A gang of eighty men, under the supervision of S. W. Reed of Middleborough, erected the buildings in rapid time. They were built of matched boards, planed on the inside, with tight floors and shingled roofs. The barracks, which would house one hundred men, or a company, measured seventy feet by twenty-five on the floor. This measurement was recorded by the North Bridgewater Gazette of September 17th, but the Middleborough paper gives the dimensions as seventy-five feet by twenty-five feet.

The walls in each barrack were nine feet high, and easily accommodated the twenty-five double bunks which slept two above and two below. The buildings were well ventilated, comfortable, and furnished with the basic conveniences. Built in one long line, spaced about forty feet apart, the row of barracks extended for approximately one quarter of a mile.

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Although the Middleboro Gazette of September 17, 1862, claims that "all fifty buildings were commenced and completed within one week," the evidence seems to disprove this statement, and support the three week estimate of the North Bridgewater Gazette. The report of October 11th states that "several new buildings are being erected on the Ground under the charge of Mr. S. W. Reed. One near the main entrance is said to be intended for a Guard house. One at the extreme end of the avenue is for the Commandant's headquarters. Two buildings are also going up in the rear of the Fourth Regiment; one of them twenty-two feet by eighty feet, for hospital purposes; and one twenty feet by seventy-five feet for storehouse."

The total number of buildings was somewhat more than the fifty reported by the Gazette, if one adds to the twenty barracks an additional "twenty cookhouses (probably one for each barrack) ten store and guard houses, hospitals and buildings for the company officers which measured forty feet by fifteen feet, accommodating fifteen men each. The comparatively large number of buildings which were erected so quickly provided direct contribution to the economy of Middleborough through the employment of Mr. Reed and his construction crew. His bids were the lowest submitted, and although other parties offered to build the barracks for eight thousand dollars a regiment, the actual cost was four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars for the Third Regiment and four thousand nine hundred dollars for the Fourth Regiment.

CHAPTER IV

NAMING OF THE CAMP

The campsite having been selected in Lakeville, which was included in the Town of Middleborough until its incorporation by the State as a separate township in 1853, the choice of an appropriate name for the new camp evidently was not much of a problem. Major General Joseph Hooker, a graduate of West Point in 1837, and distinguished commander of the Army of the Potomac, was the officer who inspired the designation of the new installation as "Camp Joe Hooker," by which name the area is still known today. Known among the soldiers as "Fighting Joe", he served in the Army of the Potomac as a brigadier general of volunteers from May, 1861, to May 1862, when he was promoted to major-general. In the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, he sustained severe wounds, and was subsequently commissioned brigadier general in the United States Army. When the Federals were repulsed from the impregnable fortifications of Fredericksburg, General Ambrose E. Burnside dismissed General Hooker and eight other officers, blaming them for the bloody defeat. Burnside gave President Lincoln the choice of deciding between him or them. Burnside had declared Hooker to be "unfit to hold an important commission during a crisis like the present" in a letter to Lincoln, but the President dismissed Burnside and appointed Hooker to the command, on January 26, 1863.

According to Commanger, Burnside's judgement proved correct, for Hooker was outgeneraled and outfought by General Lee in the spectacular battle at Chancellorsville, when Hooker was trapped in the fiery inferno of the Wildnerness on May 4 and 5, 1863. Nevertheless, "Fighting Joe" remained in command until relieved by General George G. Meade in June of 1863, and subsequently participated more successfully in action near Chattanooga in the fall of 1863, capturing five thousand prisoners in this victory, as well as contributing to the success of the Atlanta Campaign of 1864. Hooker was greatly respected by his troops, and according to Shouler, "many, we doubt not, would freely have sacrificed their lives for him personally." Although Hooker's military strategy may have been faulty at Chancellorsville, his overwhelming self-confidence and ability as a leader of men seemed to qualify him, at the time the camp was named, to instill and perpetuate the heroic qualities deemed necessary in the training of young recruits.

To be concluded in the next issue
of the Antiquarian.

THE JOY OF TOY COLLECTING

Aided and Abetted by Lawrence B. Romaine

by EDITH BARENHOLTZ

Dedicated collecting can be likened to an endless uncharted voyage of high adventure and we who collect can have the reassuring knowledge that our lives can be sad or glad but never dull. We had been in the retail toy business for twenty years when, for a birthday gift, my husband and children gave me an enchanting early tin milk wagon of the 1880's. That did it for all of us. We knew from that day on that we wanted to live with toys that children had played with long ago.

At first, we looked for only the toys themselves, but we had a collector uncle who told us sternly that we *dare not collect a single toy* without collecting a toy reference library as well. Finding toy references and people who sold them was, for us, a stumbling and exploratory process, but as we asked, we learned.

Finally in 1961, a museum friend of ours told us about Larry Romaine and his trade catalogues, and we started a correspondence and a friendship that was invaluable to us. Larry's first letter to us began "Any friend of Charlie Van Ravenswaay is a friend of mine — if, of course, they so choose." Of course we chose, and we were rewarded by letters of warmth, perception and knowledge; letters that gave us insight into the great adventure of being "the Christopher Columbus of trade catalogues," and the moving forces behind the Middleborough Historical Museum. "I'll do my best to keep your collection in mind, but know that you know I have three hundred libraries with special collections in mind, too. Also the restoration here of two 1810-1820 houses for a Middleborough Historical Museum plus seventeen New England Societies, my writing at odd moments and thirty-five acres with a wild-life sanctuary."

Larry's letters made us keenly aware of the tight schedule of his life. "I must be honest — I am fighting time with my own daily routine and so far I do not especially want to see people; can you understand that? My twenty-four hours a day are so very full that visitors make pressure." On the other hand, Larry had time to encourage and to praise, and his letters made us glow. "Thanks for your last two letters — delightful enthusiasm for the preservation of American records such as yours, makes this business interesting and worthwhile — not just selling yachts or automobiles."

From the Toy Collection of
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Barenholtz
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Larry's letters brought us collector friends, too. Once he wrote: "A Pennsylvanian on vacation at Nantucket telephoned for just the catalogues and the information you want — catalogues tin and mechanical before 1900. You might contact him. He sounds very nice and intelligent, too." We did contact him and the Pennsylvanian and his wife are now among our closest friends as well as our most cooperative competitors. We continue to be grateful.

Larry lived research with a rare dedication and had such wide experience that even his shortest letter carried with it valuable advice. One such letter made me sadly sheepish and educated me most of all. One of his catalogue lists had come out but in the rush of daily living I had not looked at it. Suddenly I felt a need for another toy catalogue, so I wrote to Larry to find out what he had. This was his answer: "In our last catalogue, page 11, I did have a rather early Selchow with toys illustrated. Our mutual friend at once telephoned for it. When he telephoned I had sitting on my desk *ONLY JUST BROUGHT IN* by a book scout, three catalogues of toys, unlisted and unconsidered. To sit there and not tell him about them would have been against all human reactions; to have held them for you would have been top rung in the ladder of loyal cooperation. To make this long sad tale shorter, of course I mentioned them and now he has all three, also the Selchow. Now do be a good sport, which I know you are, and admit that Barney would have done the same thing in any business deal. What a world of luck this is!! If you had opened my catalogue 226 and seen this little Selchow, you would have had all three."

That experience more than any other *EDUCATED* me to read every book and toy list from cover to cover on the very day it arrives. Such a habit is important for any collector. We are fortunate to have been trained in Larry's brand of research. From him we have learned the value of avid curiosity and from him we have learned the value of person to person dialogue.

Barney and I have had great experiences with our collecting. We travel back roads and meet many people, but in all this time, we have found no one of Larry's stature. His insight, his humor and his rare concern will live on for us and through us for the rest of our days.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Barenholtz live in Princeton, New Jersey. They are known far and wide as dedicated and knowledgeable toy collectors.

From the Toy Collection of
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Barenholtz
Princeton, N.J.

From the Toy Collection of
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Barenholtz
Princeton, N.J.

THE LAWRENCE B. ROMAINE BOOK AND TRADE CATALOG COLLECTION

The many friends of Mr. Romaine who knew of his extensive book and trade catalog collection will be interested to learn that the entire collection is now at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Mr. Romaine was considered the foremost authority on trade catalogs, having been the first to realize their importance in depicting industrial history, and his collection of eight thousand catalogs was the second largest in the country, exceeded only by that of the Smithsonian Institute, many of which Mr. Romaine sold to the institution. His rare book collection numbered some 200,000 volumes, representing more than thirty years of buying and selling rare books. The University of California became interested in securing both collections, and when packed in seventy-five-pound cartons, and ready to be shipped overland to California by Pacific Intermountain Express, there were over two tons of books.

The trade catalogs are to be set up in the University Library as the "Lawrence B. Romaine Catalog Collection," and the books are to be absorbed into the University Library. The librarian, Mr. Donald Davidson, is using Mr. Romaine's own publication, "A Guide to American Trade Catalogs," published in 1960 and the only publication of its kind, to catalog and arrange the collection.

The University has requested that all correspondence regarding the purchasing and selling of the trade catalogs be placed in the University Library as a record of the growth of interest in trade catalogs. Libraries, colleges and museums are purchasing large quantities of these old catalogs, realizing that, with their illustrations, they offer the best and most authentic record of the manufacture of early tools, automobiles, farm machinery, in fact almost everything used and sold in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The moving picture industry is a consistent purchaser, using the illustrated catalogs to furnish information when preparing sets for moving pictures of an early period. For example, when the Disney studio was preparing to make the movie "The Family Band" Mr. Disney requested catalogs of band instruments of the 1890's.

As soon as the correspondence of more than thirty years can be organized and crated, it will be sent as a gift to the University of California to complement Mr. Romaine's book and catalog collections.

A WHALER SETTLES IN MIDDLEBORO

by William L. Waugh

The saga of New England's whaling days is of never ending interest. The stories of seafaring men are told again and again. When the real thing is touched in the romance of whaling and the sea, Captain Stephen Gibbs and the ships Enterprise, Maria, Ontario and Napoleon, are a part of the real seafaring story. Captain Gibbs was a Southeastern Massachusetts native who settled in Middleboro, and his story is of interest.

Captain Gibbs was born in East Wareham, Mass., July 22, 1811. His family moved to Nantucket when he was young. He worked at different occupations and attended school in the winter. His work until he was fourteen for the most part was on farms. At that age he shipped aboard the whaler Enterprise, on which he made two voyages. The first voyage took three years and he returned home with the sum of $350.00. The second voyage lasted two and a half years from which he realized $1,100.00. This money was used to buy a home on Nantucket, where his father spent the years.

Whaling was both exciting and dangerous; the famous Nantucket Sleighride in which a whaleboat is pulled at a high speed by a whale attests to this. When he was twenty-two, Gibbs was third mate on the Maria. While attempting to capture a whale, his small boat was overturned. The whale bit him and stripped the flesh from the bone on his right leg. He recovered only after some sea-surgery in which a hot harpoon was used to hold the pieces of flesh on his leg together. This voyage on the Maria took three years.

Gibbs became Captain and Master of the Ontario, which sailed out of New Bedford. He made two trips with this vessel. While in the Pacific, he landed on a number of islands which were inhabited by cannibals. He and his crew always sought safety on these excursions by carrying firearms.

After this he became master of the Napoleon, also out of New Bedford. He became ill while on his first voyage with his ship and was put ashore at Panama, and he returned home from there. He never went to sea again but rather moved to Middleboo, Mass., and lived at 9 High Street the remainder of his ninety-four years. The house is still standing and is now owned by Mrs. Helen Ashley. He took a consuming interest in town affairs, attended town meetings, and was one of the original incorporators of the Middleboro Savings Bank.

One of the unusual things about Mr. Gibbs was his aversion to alcohol. He would permit none on his ship. This was at a time when grog was used as a part of the regular diet of the crews of many ships. His grandchildren and great grandchildren tell the story that he justified his lack of use of alcohol by saying, "A man can't be drunk and work at the same time;" there was plenty of hard work at sea when whales were plentiful. It is further said he once refused a cargo of rum at some port. He was a member of the Old Assawompsett Division of the Sons of Temperance and a member of the Middleboro Central Baptist Church.

Captain Gibbs had three sons by his second wife, Mrs. Judith J. (Cole) Bradford of Middleboro. Two of them, James and Carleton, were agents for Swift and Company, the meat packers; James in Middletown, N.Y. and Carleton in Concord, N.H. The third son, Stephen, was employed by an insurance company in California.

His grandchildren, Selwyn Gibbs and Myrta Green, of Middletown, N.Y., spend part of their summers at a camp at Lakeside, that Captain Gibbs built, on the shores of Lake Assawompsett. The seafaring heritage of the successful Captain left his family with many stories to tell about him, they emphasize the fact that he sailed around Cape Horn nine times. His grandchildren have given a number of items that he owned, among them the log of the Ontario, to the New Bedford Whaling Museum.

MUSEUM ACQUISITIONS

While activities are somewhat slowed down during the winter months, the Museum is not forgotten and all winter long gifts have been received and a place found for them in the Museum buildings.

A very beautiful and valuable helmet pitcher has been given by Mrs. J. Alden Miller (the former Grace Bates) of Louisville, Kentucky. This pitcher belonged to Mrs. Miller's grandmother, Mrs. Allen Reed (Eliza Ann Edson) born at Freetown in September, 1821. Mrs. Miller thinks the pitcher may have belonged to Mrs. Reed's mother, which would make it very old and rare. A lovely example of a covered silver butter dish with a butter knife resting in small brackets on the side of the dish, the kind our mothers used to place on the dining room table, has been received from Mrs. Clarence W. Wills. An interesting and ancient paint-grinder, consisting of a flat piece of marble and a half-round stone, used to grind color pigment, purchased in those days in solid pieces, came from Leslie Thomas.

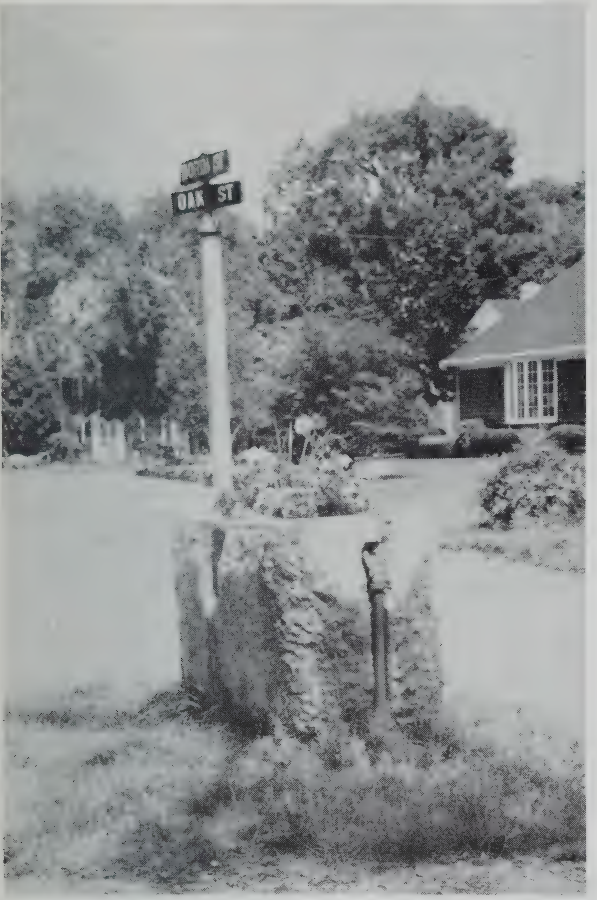
Several Tom Thumb items have been donated: a picture of Count and Countess Magri standing beside the Count's small bicycle was sent by Miss Lillian Thomas of Westboro, Massachusetts. This miniature bicycle is in the Museum, having been presented by Harold Caswell of Middleboro; a small flyer advertising the appearance at a Grand Matinee of "Mrs. General Tom Thumb and the Liliputians" from James Butler; a tiny cane that was carried by Count Magri, presented by Dr. Alfred Lentini of Lakeville.

Dr. Lentini acquired the cane when he purchased the Morrill S. Ryder estate on South Main Street, where the Count was a frequent visitor. Dr. Lentini also gave the Museum some very interesting small scales, carried by doctors many years ago to weigh medicines when dispensing them at patients' homes.

From Mrs. Malcolm C. Drake was received a beautiful quilt in tulip design, dated June 8, 1858, made by Mr. Drake's grandmother, Mrs. Nahum Tribou; also from Mrs. Drake a cut and drawings of the Middleboro Public Library and Middleboro's first town hall; school books that belonged to her father, Walter L. Beals, and to his father, Joseph E. Beals. Mrs. Drake and her brother, Austen L. Beals, presented a great many photographic plates of Middleboro scenes taken in the early 1900's by their father, Walter L. Beals.

To add to paper dolls and doll furniture that belonged to his wife which Mr. I. Bradford Thomas had previously presented to the Children's Room of the Museum, he has given more doll furniture made from wooden cigar boxes, a doll's cradle with doll, and a doll carriage complete with parasol; also a gavel used by Mr. Walter Sampson, for many years principal of our High School. Sheldon Phinney gave a forty-six star American flag, and Lorimer Cummings, bottles of medicine and interesting containers that belonged to his father, Rev. Arthur G. Cummings. Mrs. Basil Bartlett has given articles for the Children's Room, the Costume Room and the Peirce Store. Mrs. Ernest S. Pratt's gifts have come at various times during the winter: some early tools, a Colonial dress, and a tall silk hat worn by her husband in his office of Worshipful Master, Mayflower Lodge, A.F. & A.M., 1934-1936.

For the Costume Room, came two lace-trimmed handkerchiefs and two lovely, long baby dresses that belonged long ago to the Paun family; another long baby dress lavishly trimmed with hand-crocheted lace from Mrs. Beatrice Mills of Middleboro, as well as some postcards of early Middleboro. A long handled umbrella from Mrs. James Wilmot will be placed in the Costume Room, as will hat-pins, high button shoes and fans received from Mrs. Herman Delano of South Middleboro. With these came a collection of programs et cetera, dated in the early 1900's, of events at the Middleboro High School. More interesting material of the same kind has been received from Miss Elsie Cahoon, and also an old scrap book, early maps of the area and pictures of United States generals. We have placed on a wall a calendar issued in 1913 by the Jesse F. Morse Pharmacy, received from Mrs. Rhoda Weeman.



One of the last of the
watering-troughs
Corner Oak and North Streets

THE WATER-TROUGH CRISIS OF 1918

by Clint Clark

Several years ago, when the town fathers were thinking of the watering-trough at Oak and North Streets as a traffic hazard, a delegation of neighborhood residents made known their objections to its removal. It was not the first time this and other watering-troughs in Middleboro became the objects of public concern. In the summer of 1918, public indignation was aroused when the water in them was turned off. As reported in the Middleboro Gazette, during a spell of extremely warm July weather, "many a horse, with tongue protruding, was seen driven to the troughs only to find them dry."

"It cannot be," the report added, "that the town is in such poor financial condition that it cannot afford to provide water for the thirsty equines." Irate citizens felt that shutting off the water and depriving their horses a refreshing drink might be cause for action by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Subsequently, the matter was brought to the attention of the Society. Displeasure of the Society was expressed in a letter to the superintendent of the local water department. SPCA President Francis H. Rowley stated in a letter, "—this is the first instance that I have ever known in the history of Massachusetts where a town has felt it could not afford to supply water for its faithful servants, the horses."

Mr. Rowley had apparently been in contact with the local governing board on the matter, and also stated in his letter he had suggested to the board chairman that if the town felt it could not afford water for its horse-troughs, he might be able to raise the money himself. "Or," he suggested, "do you suppose permission could be obtained for me to advertise for contributions to pay for water to open the troughs in Middleboro?" To which the the Superintendent of the Middleboro Water Works, Alvin C. Howes, replied, "The fact is, the selectmen who control the watering-troughs which are the property of the town, and over which no one else has authority, ordered the water shut off." He offered evidence in a copy of a letter in which he was informed that the selectmen, on April 25, 1918, voted to meter the supply at the town barn and discontinue all other supply of water so far as the highway department of the town was responsible, unless requested otherwise by the selectmen.

At this point, however, the issue becomes clouded. Mr. Howes, however, was ready with a very simple and quick remedy. If the selectmen would instruct him to turn on the water he would do so at once. "I know the public spirited citizens of this town will see it is paid for when the time comes," he declared.

The water-trough crisis seems to have been soon thereafter resolved, there being no mention of it in subsequent issues of the Gazette. Obviously, town officials were averse to having Middleboro publicized as a town too poor to supply water for its horses, and it may be assumed that the spectacle of thirsty horses standing before an empty trough wtih tongues protruding, was of brief duration. Now the three remaining troughs are filled with flowers and the only concern is that they remain as vestiges of a bygone era.

ANOTHER OLD BUILDING COMING DOWN

Miss Helen M. Hemmingson wonders if anyone remembers anything about the early history of the old barns that are being razed off Wareham Street, back of the building that used to be the Bryant & Soule grain store and since they went out of business about 1920, has been occupied by graineries of more recent date. The old barns of late years have served as storage space for the William Egger Company, and in the early part of the century Mr. Egger repaired stoves there.

The editor, being an old-timer herself, can remember before 1900 when T. A. F. Washburn, in connection with Jones Bros. furniture store, conducted an undertaking business and the hearse and horses were kept in the barns in back of the store. Besides the entrance from Wareham Street, there was also one from North Main Street, and I can recall the shiny black hearse and equally shiny black horses emerging from the driveway onto North Main Street from the stables in the rear.

At about the same period, the M. H. Cushing Company, a grocery store in the American Building on South Main Street, kept their delivery wagons and horses there. One of the Maxwell boys was hostler and took excellent care of Ladybird, Miss Edith Cushing's beautiful riding horse with which she captured many a prize at horse shows in the vicinity. M. H. Cushing Company went out of business in 1910.

Probably Mr. Fred Boucher and other old-timers like myself have other memories of the old stables that so soon are to be no more. Well built, as barns were in those days, the wreckers are carefully saving the beams, knowing they could not be duplicated today.

THE SOULE-DEANE HOUSE

by Lyman Butler

This house is well known to residents of the Soule neighborhood in the East Middleboro section of town, as it is located on Soule Street on land opposite the small-pox cemetery. For the last three generations it has been known as the Albert Deane home, but was known as the Soule place back in Colonial days and until Albert Deane married Irene Soule. This building is not the first home on this property as over a hundred years ago the original one burned and the present one was built. Outwardly, this house has not changed much over the years, but a modern kitchen and bathroom have been put in as well as larger paned windows. It is a typical two and one-half story structure and well kept over the years, retaining much of the original inside finish. There is one small fireplace, this being on the second floor. Mr. Deane carried on his egg business in the little ell built on the back of the main house. At present the house is owned by the Columbo Guidaboni family who run a dairy business. Columbo worked for Mr. Deane many years. His son, Donald, lives on the second floor and helps with the farm.

The Soule-Deane House
Soule Street, East Middleboro

RANDOM OBSERVATIONS

by William Archives

Stories about Lavinia Bump or Mrs. Tom Thumb, as she was better known, are still heard and are worth passing on. Mrs. Clara Tripp, wife of Arthur H. Tripp of Tripp's ice cream and candy fame, for many years told the story of how her aunt, Mrs. George R. Sampson, kept a miniature chair for Mrs. Tom Thumb to sit on when she visited her home on Everett Street. Mrs. Tripp said Mrs. Sampson always referred to Lavinia and her sister, Minnie, as "the little people." Sheriff Adnah Harlow tells the story of how Lavinia sat on Abraham Lincoln's lap. Arthur H. Tripp had a story about Count Primo Magri, Lavinia's second husband, who was proprietor of Primo's Pastime, a refreshment stand that the Count and Countess owned in Warrentown. Mr. Tripp stopped for tonic once and the Count, in trying to get the tonic out of the big cooler, fell forward into the refrigerator and for awhile was unable to get his feet back on the floor!

VOICES OF THE PAST

THE SPROAT TAVERN
AND
THE RESIGNATION OF A MINISTER

The Sproat Tavern, located on Plymouth Street not far from the historical First Congegational Chuch, entertained many famous guests in its day, before and after the Revolutionary War. In light of today's prices, its charges were fantastic. The Museum recently received some very interesting old documents from Mrs. Dwight N. Clark (Mariquita Eddy) of West Hartford, Connecticut. Among them were two bills for entertaining guests as rendered by Thomas Sproat, owner of the tavern.

1823 First Precinct of Middleborough
To Thomas Sproat, Dr.

To boarding Rev. Elam C. Clark from April 7th to May 5th, being four weeks, and keeping his horse	$16.00
To keeping Rev. Daniel Morton's horse	.25
August 21st To entertaining minister and keeping his horse section of day	2.67
August 24th To keeping Rev. Alvin Cobb's horse	.25
To entertaining Rev. Otis Tomson and keeping his horse	.42
	19.59

Also included in the collection of documents was a communication from the Rev. Emerson Paine, minister of the First Congregational Church from 1816 to 1822. There was opposition to his calling and apparently the opposition increased until he was requested to resign, which he did in a document dated April 13, 1822.

Aug. 13, 1822

To the First Precinct in Middleborough.

As it is thought advisable by a large number of the inhabitants of the Parish that my ministerial connexion with the people in this place should be dissolved, and as by reason of the division and long continued contention in this Society, it appears to be necessary that such an event should take place. I will state to the Parish that I am willing to be dismissed if I can be dismissed and have our connexion terminated on just and equitable terms. I therefore state to the Parish that I will consent to my dismission and agree that the present ministerial connexion between myself and the First Parish in Middleborough shall be dissolved if said Parish shall fully comply with either of the three following conditions, or propositions, viz:

Provided, I. That the Parish will purchase my real estate in this Parish at such a price as shall be agreed upon by myself and a committee that shall be chosen by the Parish and authorized by the Parish to make such an agreement with me, and that the Parish shall make me such pecuniary consideration as shall be agreed upon by such committee and myself for the disappointment, inconvenience and damage resulting to me in consequence of being obliged to take my dismission and remove from this place contrary to my expectations at the time of my attachment and contrary to the agreement which the Parish made with me at that time. If the Parish shall appoint such a Committee, the agreement that shall be made by said Committee and myself shall be binding on me and on the Parish, so that the Parish shall be legally bound to fulfill to me what this committee shall agree to, and I shall be legally bound to abide by the agreement, or

II The Parish, if they shall refuse to dismiss me on the above named condition, may make such proposals to me as they think are just and equitable in respect to the price at which the Parish shall purchase the above named real estate, and in respect to the pecuniary consideration that the Parish shall make me for being obliged to take my dismission and remove from

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this place contrary to the agreement that the Parish made with me at the time of my settlement and contrary to my expectation. If the Parish shall make me an offer as shall appear to me to be equitable and just, I will accept the offer, or terms they shall propose, and consent that the connexion between myself and said Parish shall be terminated, or

III Should the Parish reject the two above named proposals, and think it advisable to refer the terms of my dismission to an Ecclesiastical Council, I will agree to submit the terms of my dismission to an Ecclesiastical Council on the following conditions, viz: Provided that such Ecclesiastical Council shall be mutually chosen by the Parish and church on one side, and myself on the other side in the following manner, viz: The Parish shall appoint a committee of three, or of some convenient number. The Church shall appoint a committee consisting of the same number as the Parish committee. These two committees thus appointed shall constitute a committee duly authorized by the Parish to agree with me on an Ecclesiastical Council. To such an Ecclesiastical Council, thus mutually chosen, it shall be submitted at what price the Parish shall purchase by real estate in said Parish, and what pecuniary consideration the Parish shall make me for the inconvenience, disappointment and damage resulting to me in consequence of being obliged to take my dismission and remove from this place contrary to the agreement of the Parish with me at the time of my settlement and contrary to my own expectations at that time, and not knowing in what way I can support my family. Both the Parish and myself shall be legally bound to abide by the result of such Ecclesiastical Council — that is to say, the Parish shall be legally bound to pay me according to the result of such Council, and I shall be legally bound to accept the terms stated in the result of said Council.

Emerson Paine.

The Council convened and was entertained at Sproat Tavern as indicated by an invoice submitted by the owner:

The First Precinct in Middleborough
to Thomas Sproat, Dr.
To the entertainment of an Ecclesiastical Council & their delegates, on the fourth and fifth of June, 1822, at the dismission of the Rev. Emerson Paine. $7.96

A SMALL WORLD

A niece of Mrs. Elwyn B. Lynde was traveling recently in the High Sierras and stopped for the night in a tiny deserted mining town, Johnsville, California. On the wall of the small hotel was a sampler signed by the one who made it many years ago, "Mary Briggs of Middleborough, Massachusetts." Can anyone throw any light on Mary Briggs' connection with Middelborough?

MRS. LABAN MOREY WHEATON'S CARRIAGE

A new carriage has been added to the carriage house of the Middleborough Historical Museum, a very beautiful one that belonged to Mrs. Laban Wheaton, wife of Judge Laban Wheaton of Norton, Massachusetts. Judge and Mrs. Wheaton's only daughter, Eliza Wheaton Strong, died at the age of thirty-eight and it was suggested to her parents that they establish as a memorial to her a female seminary in Norton, where their daughter lived in her youth. Thus was Wheaton Female Seminary, later Wheaton College, founded by Judge Wheaton and endowed by him with a portion of his property which would have been the inheritance of his daughter, had she lived. The Wheaton's son, Laban N. Wheaton, received part of his education at Peirce Academy in Middleboro, and after his father's death was a liberal contributor to Wheaton's endowment funds.

Mrs. Wheaton, wife of the founder of the seminary, rode about the village of Norton in a handsome carriage known as a brougham. The interior is upholstered and tufted in bright blue satin, and there are two shining brass lanterns, one either side of the driver's seat. The carriage was manufactured in Taunton in the middle 1800's.

Through the courtesy of the present president of Wheaton College, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. H. Prentice, the carriage is a permanent loan to the Middleborough Historical Museum until such time as Wheaton College shall request its return or has some special use for it. We are indeed grateful for the privilege of adding this valuable and interesting vehicle to the exhibits in the carriage house of the Museum.

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VOLUME X DECEMBER 1968 NUMBER 3

Photograph by Clint Clark.

MIDDLEBORO'S FIRST FLEA MARKET
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MIDDLEBORO'S FIRST FLEA MARKET

by Clint Clark

The "Flea Market" held on the museum grounds last summer was a successful "first" for Middleboro and the Middleborough Historical Museum. Fund raising ventures that depend on fair weather and public enthusiasm, include an additional element of risk when undertaken for the first time. Any doubts the "flea maket" committee may have had, dissolved quickly as Saturday, August 10th, dawned with every promise of an ideal day for an outdoor event, and completely vanished when the first patrons began to arrive shortly after the "flea market" opened at 10 a.m. The setting was ideal, with tables set up in the cool shade of the trees between the museum buildings and dealers who frequent area "flea markets" lined up with their vans and station wagons on the sunny side of the lawn, their wares attractively and temptingly displayed. By mid-afternoon, the grounds were thronged and business was brisk in the sale of articles that typify such occasions. On what was for the most part the Museum's side of the lawn, tables borrowed from the Central Congregational Church were laden with items donated by members and friends, and their sale was 100% profit. On the other side of the quadrangle, the financial return to the Museum was in the form of space rental which, at $5.00 for each alloted space, netted about $100.00. There was also a brisk and profitable business in the sale of refreshments, with "Walt" Rudziak and his assistants busily engaged in serving thirst quenchers, sandwiches, hot dogs and hamburgers. As a result of the sales, rentals and refreshments, the financial returns were about $1,000, a figure that encouraged the idea of making the "flea market" an annual event.

There is more to be said of the success of the affair than presenting a financial report, for behind the obvious facts and figures there is the story of a hard working committee. The Museum Committee in charge of the affair consisted of Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine, Chairman; Lyman Butler, president of the Association; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Eayrs, directors of the Museum; Ernest and L. Charles Judge, Ethel M. Pratt, Doris A. Keith, and Pauline Blanchard. Typically, much of the preparation work involved no small amount of time and physical energy. This included "Ted" Eayrs and son, "Teddy," "Mike" Collins, and Clint Clark, who helped get the tables out of the basement of the Central Congregational Church, hauling them to the grounds the day before the event, and setting them up on the morning of the sale. Also involved in the preparations were Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine, museum curator and chairman of the affair, and Mrs. Frederick Eayrs, assistant chairman, who, assisted by Ted and son, had the time-consuming task of sorting and pricing the hundreds of items.

Considerable planning went into preparing sandwiches and obtaining other food and beverages to stock the refreshment stand. This, as noted, was in charge of Walter Rudziak, assisted by son Walter, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Haley. Others who had roles in the event, including staffing the tables, were Ethel M. Pratt, treasurer; Mrs. Lyman Butler, Mrs. John Wright, Helen Hemmingson, Joseph Sinoski, John Wright, Ernest and Charles Judge, Mrs. Clifford L. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Burkland; and Robert H. Howes. Also Faye H. Deane, Mrs. Olive McLaughlin, Elin Rosen, and Mrs. Elmer Allen. Although it was not a regularly scheduled day for the museum buildings to be open, they were opened to the public from one to four o'clock, staffed by the following: Ernest Judge at the law office, John Wright, carriage shed; Mr. and Mrs. Burkland, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest E. Thomas, Alice Begley, Elsie McCarthy and Mrs. Keith at the "first house"; Sarah Blanchard, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Wright, Helen Hemmingson, Elin Rosen and Mildred A. Ashley at the "second house."

In summary, these were the elements of success in the Museum's first "flea market" venture: perfect weather, an ideal setting, the growing popularity of such events, and a dedicated committee.

MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN
Middleborough, Massachusetts
VOLUME X 1968 Number 3
Mertie E. Romaine Editor
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All gifts to the Historical Association and Museum are tax deductible under Federal Income Tax Law.

THE LADDER MAN

by Lyman Butler

A short time ago I saw a sight that I cannot remember seeing for many years. It was a truck loaded with ladders. It was going up Centre Street, possibly to deliver ladders to some local merchant. It took me back to the time when I was very small and living in Warrentown and I saw my first ladder man. When I first remember of seeing him, he was driving a horse pulling an express wagon. I believe he came from Somerville. He had about every kind of ladder, from a two-stepper to a twenty-eight foot extension and also carried wooden chairs. He would travel the country, stopping at houses as well as the larger stores. When night came, he would go to a hotel if one was handy, or would put up with one of his customers. As soon as his supply got low, he would have a new supply come by railroad express to whatever town was nearest. I don't think my father was superstitious, but he always said that when the ladder man came along it was sure to rain in a day or two, and do you know, it sometimes worked! Later, as the horse and wagon went out of use the ladder man came in a truck and finally as more people had cars to do their shopping in, the ladder man disappeared altogether.

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A MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF THE TOWN OF MIDDLEBOROUGH IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

by Alan R. Lindsay

(Conclusion)

CHAPTER V

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS AND CAMP LIFE

Arrival of the troops at Camp Joe Hooker began on Monday, September 15, 1862, with the Taunton Light Guards under Captains Paul and Bartlett. The Middleborough and Taunton Railroad brought them to the town depot, where they proceeded to march to the camp, amidst cheers of enthusiasm all along the two and one-half mile route. The two companies from Taunton were the first on the camp grounds.

The remainder of the week witnessed the arrival on Tuesday of the Bridgewater Company, under Captain Bates, via the Haskins' depot in Lakeville; Wednesday morning, the Randolph Company of nearly ninety men reported at the camp and the afternoon arrival was a company from Canton. On Thursday, a colorful parade welcomed the New Bedford City Guards to the center of Middleborough.

Company C of the Fourth Regiment, numbering eighty-four men mainly from Middleborough, accompanied the Guards as far as the Town Hall on their march to Lakeville. Company C, commanded by Captain Seneca R. Thomas, was led by Sidney Tucker, Esq., who bore the colors while riding a beautiful charger formerly owned by the Rebels, but then the property of Dr. Abial Nelson. The Bridgewater Brass Band, a most active musical organization in this area, provided the music for the occasion. The Parade constituted a most enthusiastic send-off for the local boys of Company C and the following description from the Gazette preserves the atmosphere of the day and includes a speech by Mr. Tucker to the Commandant of Camp Joe Hooker, Colonel Othniel Gilmore of Taunton:

> After leaving the City Guards, Company C passed through the principal (sic) streets. Many buildings were beautifully decorated for the occasion, among them were S. H. Sylvester's and Shaw and Doane's Block. They arrived at camp about two o'clock, and were presented to Col. Gilmore by S. Tucker, Esq., one of the Selectmen of Middleboro, with the following brief speech:
>
> 'Captain Thomas, Lieuts. Wood and Sampson, Volunteer Soldiers of Middleboro and Lakeville: as one of the Selectmen of Middleboro, having carried out the order of the Commander-in-Chief, and lead you by the Stars and Stripes to the Camp, I have the honor of presenting you and and your command to Col. Gilmore, Commander of this beautiful Camp.'

And so Company C, followed by more arrivals on September 22 and 23, began their training which would last until the departure of the Fourth Regiment on December 27, 1862. The Fourth Regiment was among the first to fill its ranks with nine month's men. Two weeks after the call of August 4, it had more than eight hundred men on its roll and if the necessary equipment had been available, the complement of men would have been filled sooner. In the meantime, many men anxious for action, had joined other regiments. Another factor was the enticement of volunteers with offers of money from individuals and communities in metropolitan Boston. On this point, the Gazette states:

> Like all out-of-town Regiments, the Fourth has had to contend against the money of those in Boston. In some instances that money has been used most unscrupulously. Attempts have been made by those using it, to buy up, not only men once enlisted, but also, whole companies. We are glad to see that by a recent order from the Governor, the practice is absolutely forbidden; and those who indulge in it, render themselves liable to punishment.

The officers of Company C, elected by a vote of the volunteer members, were Captain Seneca R. Thomas of Middleborough; First Lieutenant Daniel F. Wood of Middleborough, who had re-enlisted from Company G (Fourth Regiment) after three month's infantry service; and Second Lieutenant James M. Sampson of Lakeville, who had been Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector for several years.

These men were responsible for carrying out the orders of the Commandant, Othniel Gilmore and the Post Adjutant, Augustus Crocker, and the Plan of the Day was posted for all to observe and obey. All official notices were published in a special column of The Middleboro Gazette which had been reserved for such items.

Although not having as many men from Middleborough as Company C, Fourth Regiment, the equally large Third Regiment boasted a contribution of twelve local men in Company B and one in Company K. William S. Briggs was the Second Lieutenant of Company B. The Third Regiment M.V.M., has an interesting history, but it will be sufficient to note that it was the oldest existing regimental organization in the state, having been officially formed on August 23, 1834. It originally consisted of thirteen companies, among which was the Grenadier company from Middleborough, the "Old Colony Guards," whose Captain was Lothrop S. Thomas of this town.

In addition to the Third and Fourth Regiments, the Fifty-Fifth Regiment, known as the "Irish Brigade," shared the training facilities. This later addition to the camp and compound entirely of Irishmen recruited in Boston, and their robust "esprit de corps" often lent a spirit of merriment to the comparatively drab routine of camp life.

The residents of Middlebrough expressed some degree of concern over the liquor trade in the vicinity of camp, referring to it as a "great nuisance" which either the camp or town authorities would have to curb in the immediate future. According to the paper of October 11, the camp authorities took the necessary action, with the Provost Marshall Lt. William S. Briggs of Company B, Third Regiment, leading the raids on the liquor haunts around the camp. In this connection, a somewhat amusing incident was related concerning one of the provost guards who, "while dealing with a drunken soldier, got rather roughly handled, losing a large handful of whiskers pulled out by the roots."

The same issue of the Gazette records a tale of the feats of the Irish Brigade, centering on the seizure of a barrel of ale at Haskins' depot by some of the boys who took it into the woods, intent upon sampling its contents. The bystanders, the report relates, were amazed at the rapidity with which the Irishmen were able to "throw themselves' outside" of the liquid refreshment. However, with the ale totally consumed, the article blithely continues by pointing out that "some of the soakers thought to work off the effect of the draught in the harmless amusement of shooting turkeys with pocket pistols, and while engaged in this delectable undertaking, were pounced upon by the provo guard and marched off to 'durance vile'."

The reaction of the townspeople, as voiced through Editor Pratt, to the establishment of the camp was a mixture of eagerness for the economic advantages to the farmers and traders of the locality with a feeling of disapproval for some of the necessary evils that accompanied such a large installation of transient men. In support of this observation, Editor Pratt can be quoted as writing, "It (the camp) will also be a disadvantage to our community, bringing in its train as it necessarily will, many light-fingered gentry." But in the issue of September 20, a news item appeared which seemed to show that the soldiers, if not harshly dealing with the "light-fingered" element, gave the visiting peddlers no particularly polite reception. In the spirit of mob hilarity, the peddler's wagons were overturned and their goods were "purchased at prices set by the *buyers,* and not by

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the sellers." The article noted that "guard was set on Wednesday night for the first time." It is interesting to note that on this date, September 17, only the companies from Taunton, Bridgewater, Randolph, and Canton, had arrived at Camp Joe Hooker, so it may be comfortably assumed that no lads from Middleborough were engaged in this questionable form of amusement.

Religious services were held in one of the available barracks every Sunday. Commandant Gilmore was keenly aware of the need for spiritual and moral guidance in the training of these young men. Frequent meetings were held in the Camp, featuring speakers of ministerial backgrounds from the corps itself, in addition to numerous guest lectures from Middleborough and nearby communities. The Women's Relief Corps of Middleborough was very active in maintaning the liaison of sympathetic concern between the community and the soldiers. An item in the Middleboro Gazette of October 25, 1862, mentioned the boundless generosity of some of the soldiers from the Camp who had attended a recent evening of social entertainment sponsored by the ladies of the Central Congregational Church of Middleboro, who were successful in raising fifty dollars for their relief fund.

The need for relaxation from the rigorous military schedule of marching drill and guard mounting, and the morale value of good family relationships was also realized by the officers in charge. Therefore, during the first two weeks in October, all of the companies in the Third and Fourth Regiments were given furloughs, four whole companies at a time. No mention was made of the Fifty-fifth Regiment in this regard, except that one member of the group received an unexpected relief from duty on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of September. The young Irishman, while engaging in some horse-play, fell and sustained a broken collar bone and several other injuries, necessitating his removal to the Army Hospital in Boston.

The rations of the camp were satisfactory, insofar as the cookhouses were sufficient in number, and the staple items being supplied by local merchants. Horatio N. Thomas of the Rock received the contract for supplying the Camp with meat, and J. Sanford Wilbur of Bridgewater furnished the necessary potatoes. George A. Whitney, who was contracted to supply the daily allowance of twenty-two ounces of soft bread per man, leased the bakery building on Peirce Street in Middleborough for his operations. This bakery used about eight barrels of flour per day at its peak output.

For the cooking that was necessary in feeding approximately two thousand hungry soldiers, the hardware business of Major G. H. Doane was increased in no small amount by the sale of cooking ranges to most every company in Camp Joe Hooker. In spite of all the ingredients necessary to good rations for the troops, the ability of the cooks may have been the target for at least one doubtful private who, several months later, no doubt, may have given a second thought to his jibes while forcing down dry hard-tack on the battlefield. The poetic gem of this anonymous private was published as follows:

To the curious ones who come to see
The accommodations of Company D,
We would in view of all good breeding,
Say, come not when the animals are feeding;
For, although our rations we're not ashamed of,
And seldom by us are they complained of,
Yet the prying eye of public gaze,
Will feelings of disgust too often raise;
But view us when our meal is o'er,
And as you pass the barracks door,
Step in, a soldier's welcome we'll bestow,
And tell you all you wish to know.

Various bits of humor spiced the conversation of the boys in camp, and one of the more common expressions centered on the curious way in which they contracted "Jo Hooker" to sound like "Jo-ker." Conundrums appeared in the Gazette during the encampment and featured three of the local men in Company C, Fourth Regiment:

"Why is it thought our Middleboro company will be able to keep warm?"

Ans. "Because they have taken WOOD and COLE along with them."

"Why do we suppose they will be kept in good repair?"

Ans. "Because they have one MENDALL with them."

Amidst all the stark and often gruesome accounts of the war which appeared in print weekly, such humor seemed to be somewhat ironic, but there was a definite need for some relief from the tense atmosphere that the sadness of war had created. The hour of departure for another segment of the youth of Middleborough was imminent.

CHAPTER VI

DEPARTURE OF THE REGIMENTS FROM CAMP JOE HOOKER

A rumor had been circulated to the effect that the Third Regiment was scheduled to leave Camp Joe Hooker on Tuesday, October 14, 1862, but the fact of a delay in the arrival of new uniforms, as well as a mishap to one of the transports slated to carry the arms and supplies of the unit, caused a considerable delay. In fact, the Regiment did not leave camp until October 22nd. In the meantime, the camp was thronged with a flurry of visitors who had come to bid farewell to their friends and loved ones. The testimonials, in many cases, took the form of choice provisions, which diminished the demand for rations. This situation delighted the cooks greatly, needless to say.

Tuesday night, October 21, was one of hilarity and fun in the camp. The next morning, however, brought an atmosphere of sobriety with the reality of the forthcoming departure from Haskins' depot for the grimness of the battlefield. Parading at ten o'clock was followed by the march to the Lakeville station, accompanied by the newly formed Fourth Regiment Band. Amidst a myriad of tearful relatives, the troops boarded the train for Boston at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Thousands of friends gathered on the battery wharf in Boston, held back by a military cordon from crowding too near the scene of loading operations. The sunny afternoon was marred only by two unfortunate incidents, the first resulting from a civilian who ventured too near the edge of the wharf and fell into the water, under the bow of the "Merrimac." But he was quickly pulled out with the aid of a rope. The second was a similar mishap which witnessed the plunge of Private William Hoffman of Company F from New Bedford, from the gangplank of the "Mississippi," while he was carting luggage on board. Falling twenty feet to a floating fender, he then rolled into the water. Quick action by a naval officer, Ensign H. K. Russell, saved the private from possible drowning.

Backing out of her berth at 4:50 p.m., the "Mississippi" was the first of the two ships to get underway, and proceeded out into the stream amidst loud cheers and salutes. After anchoring further down the harbor, a tug brought the soldiers who had strayed from the wharf and missed the departure. At 5:15 p.m. the guard was withdrawn and the crowds rushed down the wharf to cheer the boys of the Forty-fourth and the Third Regiments as the "Merrimac" slowly proceeded out of her berth into the stream. Under the command of Silas P. Richmond, the Third Regiment arrived at Beaufort, North Carolina, on October 26, and reached Newbern the same evening. Although there was no available evidence to prove that there were a number of deserters from the Third Regiment before leaving Camp Joe Hooker, an official statement in the Middleboro Gazette for November 15, 1862, offers this probability. It read:

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"Col. Day had made arrangements for transportation to Newbern free of expence, of members of the 3d Regiment who report to Lieut. Wm. S. Briggs at Camp Joe Hooker, Lakeville. Those who do not will be arrested as deserters."

After the departure of the Third Regiment to the front, Camp Joe Hooker gave the appearance of having sunk into a mental depression and physical inactivity, with fewer friends visiting and the tedious monotony of camp life being broken only by occasional evening lectures. On Monday night, October 27, Mr. Barstow of Company I, Fourth Regiment, presented his ideas on what constitutes true character. The troops seemed to agree that he was a speaker "qualified to discriminate."

Thanksgiving Day at Camp Joe Hooker was celebrated by each Company enjoying the fellowship of a dinner party with their friends and relatives. No furloughs were granted to the troops, but their only duty for the holiday was guard mounting. The long tables were overflowing with delicacies and home cooked food, and the local news recorded that "the Middleboro Company (C) was not forgotten by its friends, as numerous fat turkeys and stuffed chickens testified." Another item added that one of the companies of the Fifty-fifth Regiment was treated to a barrel of beer from its officers.

The "Irish Brigade" was not able to enjoy the comfort of Camp Joe Hooker for many days after this festive occasion, however. On December 5, the Fifty-fifth Regiment was escorted to the Middleborough depot by the Fourth Regiment, to start on the first leg of the journey which would bring them to the support of General Banks' expedition.

No further reports from the Camp were published until December 27, when the Middleboro Gazette simply stated that the Fourth Regiment was to leave Camp Joe Hooker on December 27 for New York via the Fall River route. Their training period had lasted ninety-four days. The troops marched to Haskins' depot to board the train which ran from Boston to Fall River, and connected nightly with the steamer to New York. No mention was made of any Christmas celebration at the Camp prior to this departure, but the immediate prospect of facing the grimness of the battlefield most likely dampened the festive spirit.

In Weston's account of the Fourth Regiment, the date for departure was stated as December 30, but the foregoing reference of December 27 in the Gazette is substantiated by an article entitled, "A Brief History of the Fourth Regiment, M.V.M." by Sergt. Orlando H. Shaw which appeared in the newspaper about eleven months later. This historical account also substantiated the fact that all of the nine men hired by the Town of Dartmouth, Massachusets, deserted Company C before the Regiment left Camp Joe Hooker.

Sailing on the George Peabody from New York to Orleans via Fortress Monroe, the contingent of three officers and eighty-two men experienced a stormy voyage of seventeen hundred miles, including a dangerous passage through the reefs of the Florida Keys. They finally arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi River on the evening of February 3, 1863. The long trip had caused some degree of consternation among the people of Middleborough, and word of their safe arrival was news that was gladly welcomed.

With the departure of the Fourth Regiment, Camp Joe Hooker had reached the end of its faithful and efficient service in training our local recruits for the Union in the War of the Rebellion. The disposition of the Camp was the subject of some debate by State authorities, since it was felt that one or more of the camp grounds then in use in the State should be abandoned for economic reasons. It had been supposed that Camp Joe Hooker was the most expensive to operate, based on the cost of shipping supplies by train from Boston. However, after a careful survey, it was found that the saving on the firewood necessary for the Lakeville camp was more than sufficient to cover the additional freight bills incurred. It was finally concluded that, after all, it was the cheapest one to operate and that it would be occupied permanently.

The local paper of December 6, carried the report that the United States Government was planning to establish a camp for paroled prisoners from the war in Massachusetts. The assertion that the camp would be located at Camp Joe Hooker in preference to any other locality was considered to be positive.

The following week's edition quoted the Boston Journal as saying that the camp definitely would be occupied as a camp for paroled prisoners, and would remain under the command of Captain Edgar Robinson, successor to Colonel Othniel Gilmore. The article spoke highly of the Captain's ability, and added that several paroled men had already reported at the camp, including one sea captain taken by the "Alabama."

However, its use as a prison camp was short lived, for on the same day that Major-General Joe Hooker took over command of the Army of the Potomac from Major-General Burnside (January 26, 1863) the prison facilities were discontinued and the men ordered to Annapolis. No apparent reason for this change of policy could be ascertained from the available evidence, but it may have been an economic impracticality. In the light of the State's concern over operating expenses, it is perhaps likely that a small number of prisoners may not have merited the continuation of the Camp for this purpose.

CHAPTER VII

RETURN OF THE REGIMENTS

Camp Hooker was not used actively again until June 22, 1863, when the Third Regiment returned from active duty to occupy it for a week previous to being mustered out on Friday, June 26. Reminiscent of the activity of the previous fall, the local newspaper noted that "some of the old life has been infused into the vicinity by the numerous visitors."

Only a month and a half had passed when the men remaining from Company C, Fourth Regiment, returned to Middleborough from Port Hudson, Louisiana. Arriving in town on August 17, 1863, the Company was given a furlough and ordered to report to Camp Joe Hooker on Thursday, August 27, where it was mustered out on the following day. The ranks had been considerably diminished from the original three officers and eighty-two men to two officers and thirty-four men. This was due to heavy losses sustained in the disastrous Battle of Port Hudson, Louisiana, as well as extensive sickness which was partially caused by the heat of the southern climate.

However, not all of the thirty-six men actually returned home with the rest of the Company, and they were neither wounded nor sick. With the exception of the privates that had re-enlisted and remained on duty with other units, the remainder were part of a group of one hundred fifty-six men who were being held in the penitentiary at Baton Rouge on charges of refusing duty.

A letter written to the Plymouth newspaper, "Plymouth Rock," from the Captain of Company I, Henry B. Maglathlin of Duxbury, was published in the Middleboro Gazette on August 22, 1863. It contained the news of the imprisonment and gave the account of how Company C of Middleborough was deprived of its colors. Captain Maglathlin's report was as follows:

> A few hours after being relieved from this severe and protracted duty (at Port Hudson) on the third day after the nine months of the regiment had expired, another and larger detail comes for fatigue duty during the night. The manner in which the Lt. Col. (Ebenezer T. Colby of Lawrence, Captain of Company B) thought proper to answer this gave great offence to General Grover, and led to some hasty action in regard to the regiment (removal of colors) which did not appear to be warranted by any act of the line officers or men. This caused an intense feeling of indignation; and the next morning Captain Paul (Paull) with Lieutenants Bragg, Monroe, Drake, and Daniel F. Wood of Middleborough,

> with about one hundred fifty-one privates, (thirty-two from Middleborough) taking ground that their time of service was more than out, refused further duty. These are now in the penitentiary at Baton Rouge, with the exception of such privates as have re-enlisted.

Through the efforts of a Mr. Brown of Taunton, who went to Baton Rouge to effect the release of the prisoners, these members of the Fourth Regiment were released and sent home on the first available transport. Colonel Henry Walker of Quincy successfully defended his officers in a court martial action, and General Banks subsequently restored the regimental colors.

The Gazette of October 3 carried the report of the arrival of the detained troops, including Lieutenant Daniel F. Wood. However, the absence of any formal reception by citizens of Middleborough raises a question in the mind of this writer whether a stigma may have been attached to the ostensibly gallant war record of this Company. In spite of the fact that the Regiment had no particularly conspicuous assignments because of the inefficient Austrian arms with which they were equipped, their participation in the Battle of Port Hudson, the fight of Camp Bisland, and the pursuit of the Confederates as far as Franklin, had earned them the deserved commendation of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts. Perhaps the absence of an official welcome may have been the result of an oversight, but it would seem doubtful in the light of Editor Pratt's comment in the Middleboro Gazette of October 24, 1864. After observing that Companies K and G were given a grand reception at the Town Hall in Taunton on the previous night, he writes: "We are rather ashamed that Company C has not yet been publicly received by our people. The boys of this Company certainly suffered long enough to ensure a warm, enthusiastic welcome at our hands." A diligent search of the issues for several months following this motivating item failed to uncover any report of such a public celebration.

Major-General Joseph Hooker, United States Army. Later in the War of the Rebellion, 1861-65. Original photograph by Matthew Brady. Engraving by J. C. Buttre.

With the veterans silently having taken their places in civilian life, our attention is once more turned to the destiny of Camp Joe Hooker. A final decision to remove the existing buildings to the original military encampment in Massachusetts, Camp Meigs in Readville, was made by the authorities. The Middleboro Gazette of December 12, 1863, informed the townspeople of the action, stating that "a large detail of soldiers from Camp Pierce, under command of Lieut. Barton, are engaged in tearing down the barracks at Camp Joe Hooker, preparatory to their removal to Readville."

Camp Joe Hooker had reached the end of its usefulness, at least for the purposes presented by the War of the Rebellion, but the well trodden fields had not felt the final pounding of marching feet. The militia was ever vigilant, and rightly so, for many veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic were to witness within the next fifty years, a conflict which was to assume greater proportions than had been known heretofore—World War I.

APPENDIX

After the removal of the buildings to Camp Meigs in Readville, the use of Camp Joe Hooker as a training center was limited and intermittent. The New Bedford Dragoons, under the command of Captain George H. Shaw of Middleborough, employed the facilities of the barren fields for a one week encampment several years after 1863. The exact date remains the challenge to a future researcher.

Not until 1902 is there any available report of any activity in the area, when three regiments of the State Militia were deployed for a training session which lasted two weeks. The camp was re-named Camp Bates, in honor of Governor John L. Bates, but the new designation was merely a whim of their desire for military distinctiveness and was not maintained.

In 1913, the encampment was again re-entitled by a division of the United States Militia who made a two week visit. Their favorite son, Governor David I. Walsh, was the inspiration for the new appelation, Camp Walsh.

The property on either side of the present Staples Shore Road, the original site of Camp Joe Hooker, was owned by Elton Pratt. Mr. Pratt managed the Peirce Store in Middleborough after the death of the two Peirce brothers, and eventually he and his brother Herbert became owners of the business.

The state leased forty-five acres of wooded land from Mr. Pratt, and it was cleared and used to grow potatoes for the state for five years, 1918-1923, by Mr. Frank Mahoney of Lakeville.

The land belonging to Elton Pratt was purchased by three men: Dr. Leonard Baker, Benjamin Shaw (husband of Hannah B. G. Shaw) and Ezra Shaw. They formed the Middleborough Agricultural Society and subsequently, Benjamin Shaw bought out the holdings of the other two partners and joined in a new merger with George Manning. The race track at Camp Joe Hooker was built by these two men as a result of their interest in automobile racing and formation of a driving club.

In 1940, Benjamin Shaw previously having sold his half share to George Manning, Thomas D. Sena was able to purchase this large tract of land. The site is now the location of a restaurant and a horse racing track, where annual fairs have been held in recent years by interests from Middleborough and Lakeville.

GIFTS TO THE MUSEUM

The lovely old house on School Street, said to have been built in 1868, so long owned and occupied by the Wood family, has changed hands and is now to be put to what seems an ideal use—a parsonage and church office for the Central Methodist Church next door. In clearing the home of family possessions, Andrew M. Wood found many fine examples of treasured antiques, some of which he has presented to the Middleborough

Historical Museum. Three of these items are concerned with the preparation of flax for spinning: a flax breaker, a flax wheel, and a hetchel or hackle. The flax breaker appears to be the most ancient of the collection, a large, heavy and roughly made implement on legs with a movable handle, used to break down the flax as it came from the field. One of the last processes in preparing flax for the wheel is the use of the hackle, when the flax fibres are drawn over the many rows of metal teeth to comb the fibres into fine strands for spinning, and, of course, the flax wheel for the actual spinning. Hackles were used from the early 1700's to the middle 1800's, and the one given by Mr. Wood appears to be a very early piece.

Among the collection of gifts from the household was a yarn winder on a spindle set in a base so roughly made it, too, must be of early origin; a most unusual flatiron equipped with a spout and inner heating element about which we hope to learn more by research; a large black iron kettle; a very heavy iron mortar and pestle; and a small hand-made box on fragile legs. There was also a "what's it" that so far no one has been able to name. It consists of a small wooden box, about 10″ x 15″, on rockers like a small cradle, topped by a wire sieve with a wood cover fitted neatly over the whole. The wire mesh is too small for cranberries and the interior of the box is spotless. The only suggestion that has been offered is that it might have been used by a miner to wash gold. Other thoughts on the subject would be most welcome.

A highly prized item is a piece of wedding cake from the marriage of General and Mrs. Tom Thumb. Hundreds of pieces of this cake, all in little white boxes, were distributed at the wedding reception in the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, February 10, 1863. There was also a small riding boot of Tom Thumb's.

Among the lovely dresses of early 1900 is the wedding gown of Mr. Wood's mother, who was Isabelle May Briggs. She and Theodore N. Wood were married on October 17, 1905. There were filmy and lacy party dresses of the period and the long petticoats that were worn with them.

Does anyone remember the Commercial College that at one time was conducted by J. Borden Hamblin in the Peirce Academy building? In Mr. Wood's collection were exercise books used at the college by his grandfather, Andrew M. Wood, and also a diploma given him upon graduation from the college on December 18, 1869.

Two additional items of interest for the Tom Thumb collection have been received from other sources. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shurtleff of Plymouth have given a tiny wooden sled, not more than two inches long, that was made by hand and presented to General Tom Thumb. There is a new chair in the Tom Thumb Room that somewhat dwarfs the small chairs used by the little folk. The new acquisition, a heavy, ornately carved arm chair, was P. T. Barnum's favorite chair, presented to the Museum by Miss Helen Marrs of Miami, Florida, whose sister, Miss Mary Marrs, purchased it from a niece of Mr. Barnum. The chair came to the Museum through the courtesy of a niece of the Misses Marrs, Miss Ruth Synan, chief librarian of the Taunton Public Library. Many photographs of the Tom Thumbs have been received from visitors who came from Rhode Island, prompted by the article about the Museum and the Tom Thumb Collection, written by Miss Jean Safford of the Providence Journal. Seeing the Tom Thumb Collection, reminded many of these visitors that, tucked away somewhere, they had photographs of the little people and that the Tom Thumb Collection in the Middleborough Historical Museum would be a safe and appropriate place for them to be kept. This was an added benefit from Miss Sanford's article which brought us, among other things, over three hundred visitors.

Many, many more fine and interesting gifts have been received since the last issue of the Antiquarian. These will be listed in future issues.

THE REV. DAVID GURNEY HOUSE
NORTH MIDDLEBORO

by LYMAN BUTLER

This house is one of the more picturesque old homes and located on Pleasant Street in what was originally Titicut Parish. Built in the 1790's, it was occupied by Rev. David Gurney when he was minister at the North Congregational Church which is just north on the green. Rev. Gurney had a way with the youth of the time and he opened a school in the upstairs of his home in what is now a master bedroom. Scholars came from many parts of town to study with him and many a pupil prepared for college under his guidance. In one closet there are initials cut into the woodwork by a student.

This home came into the Pratt family when the Rev. Mr. Gurney passed away in 1815, and has remained so over the years. In 1855, the place was known as the Jared Pratt home; Jared was the first postmaster in North Middleboro. At one time, the late Harold M. Pratt's grandfather, Augustus Pratt, was the owner. The house is large with high ceilings and paneled doors and boasted six fireplaces, although only one is in use at the present time. On the third floor is a so-called lighthouse, though no one seems to know for what it was used. Carriage sheds are connected to the main house and a stable in the rear add to the elegance of the place. A beautiful home with its high pillared front porch and cupola, kept in top shape by its present owner, Mrs. Harold M. Pratt.

The same tree after the 1938 hurricane.

THOMASTOWN SAW MILLS

By I. Bradford Thomas

Before I tell about the sawmills I would like to tell a little about the members of my family as all operators of these mills were relatives of mine. Seneca Thomas was my great grandfather. He had three children Louisa, Marcia and Russell. Dura Weston Sr. married Marcia, and Lothrop Thomas (no kin) married Louisa. This pair were my grand parents. Their son Ichabod being my father. Arad Thomas (no relation) married Addie Thomas whose father and my grandfather were brothers. Then there was Uncle Gus, who was "Midges" father. I married a Thomas, Lucia, daughter of Josiah, also no kin. There were at least four clans of Thomas around who had no family ties.

One of the first sawmills around these parts was owned and operated by Seneca Thomas and Dura Weston. This was located on Purchase Street a short distance South of Seneca's homestead which is located next to the Thomastown Cemetery. This mill was run by steam power and where this power was satisfactory as far as sawing lumber was concerned, the water which was used in the boiler to make the steam was so full of iron and other chemicals that they were continuously rusting out the boiler tubes which meant costly retubing, so finally they had to discontinue operations. This mill had been making cranberry boxes and barrels, shooks, as well as box boards and long lumber.

After shutting down, the main mill was moved to Rocky Meadow and set up on Rocky Meadow Brook and the building is still there, being used for storing cranberries for Rocky Meadow Bog. Dura Weston and his son Dura operated this mill with water power from the brook. Another part of the mill building was moved a short way north and made into a dwelling and was occupied by a Shurtleff family. The part which was the cooper shop was left in its original spot and used for storage and is still standing now, opposite the Fisher farm. After giving up the steam mill, Seneca took over the mills which his father had built down the lane next to the Fishers. There was both up and down and circular saws at this mill. He and his son Russell operated these and with lumber milled here he built houses for his three children: Marcia, Louisa and Russell. Power for this mill was of course water with an undershot wheel with rods connecting the wheels overhead and the crank shaft which worked the saw up and down. This type mill could saw much larger logs than the circular saw and many real wide boards were used in the houses of the day. Much heavy timber such as sill stock rafters and studding were sawed out here.

These mills did not saw only heavy work as all of the paneling for the then famous Lincoln wagon, (made at the Lincoln shop in town,) was milled here. This wagon had a trade name of Thorough Brace and was similar to a farm wagon but had springs and paneled sides and equipped with two seats. Doubtful if any of these are around today though many oldsters may remember them.

Later my father Ichabod, Sr., joined in the operation of this mill. After many years operation the timbers in this mill building began to deteriorate as termites got into them and finally it had to be torn down. What logs were in the yard were transported to other mills. The long logs went to the George Cox mill on Fuller Street at the site of what is now Edgemere Bog (Formerly Uranns). The smaller and short ones went to Washburn and Soule's California Mill just over the Middleboro line in Plympton. After this up and down mill was dismantled my father Ichabod put up the first turbine powered water wheel around these parts and people came from many miles around to see it work. This was a round cylinder with water going down a chute, coming in contact with a series of fin like paddles thus turning the verticle shaft which was connected with right angle to the main shaft which in turn was belted to the arbor shaft. Lumber and shingles were sawed out here. Arad Thomas and his son Arad, Jr., worked at this mill. Arad was shingle joiner while the son was log roller. Midge also worked at this mill, and while a youngster I stacked shingles here. After many years of operation, one night the dike of the reservoir broke washing away the flume and forced the mill out of business as the cost of reconstruction would have been too great.

Ichabod sold the turbine to Philander Holmes of Popes Point, Carver, where it was used as a barrel and stave mill. It took Josiah Thomas' two yoke of oxen and a pair of horses of Benj. Shaw to cart the wheel to its destination. The moving operation was in charge of Charles Tinkham.

So ended the era of sawmills in Thomastown.

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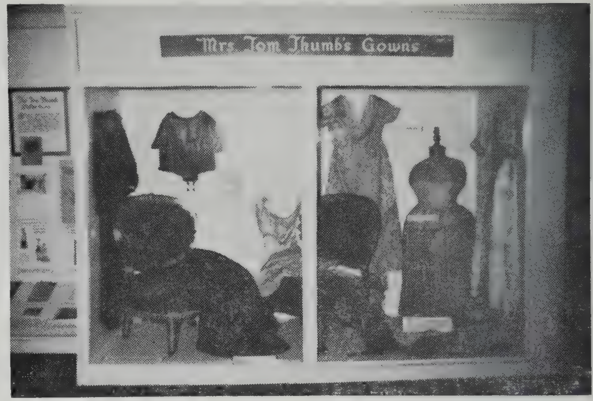
THE TOM THUMBS IN SAN FRANCISCO

by Rose S. Pratt

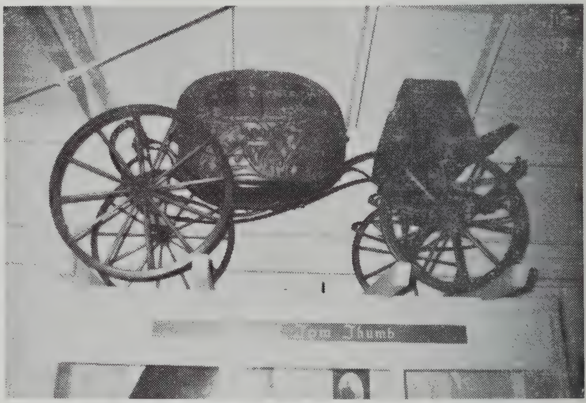
You know that our Middleborough Historical Museum has a most interesting exhibit of all sorts of things that were used by General Tom Thumb and his charming wife, Lavinia. You also know that many more of their things are still in possession of relatives. But do you know there is a Tom Thumb Museum on the Pacific coast at Sutro's Museum, Seal Rocks, San Francisco? Louise Pratt and I had heard about it when visiting relatives in the vicinity and inquired about it. A clerk at the Cliff House said the Museum was not there any longer since a fire a few years ago did considerable damage to Sutro's Museum. One day we had a bus tour of the city, and among many other places were taken to Cliff House at Seal Rocks. We were allowed twenty minutes to look around. We visited the Gift Shop and discovered a long flight of stairs. Descending, we found a turnstile, put in our dime, and there we were in the "Tom Thumb Museum."

Exploring the small area we saw a coat, suits, shoes, gloves and hats that were worn by the General, and dresses, gloves, shoes, pocket book and fancy bags that belonged to Lavinia. A tiny bed is interesting because it does not seem possible that an adult would be comfortable in it. There are several articles that belonged to Lavinia's sister, Minnie, and a number of pictures of the "Little People." On a high shelf is the small black coach in which the little couple rode in parades before their performances. We wonder where is the coach that is gilded and shaped like a walnut which was built for Commodore Nutt. We did not see it and there was no attendant present. (Ed. note. It was on the shelf with the black coach in 1960).

When you hear people discussing this famous couple, you often hear someone say, "General Tom Thumb was born in Connecticut," and then the statement that Mrs. Tom Thumb was born in Wareham. Be sure that everyone knows that Lavinia Warren Bump was born in Middleboro, and the home where she was born still stands on Plymouth Street in the Warrentown section of the town.



Tom Thumb Exhibit, Sutro's Museum, San Francisco. Photographs by Milford Logan, formerly of Middleboro, now of Seattle, Wash.



The Gilded Walnut Coach at Sutro's Museum. Coach was built for Commodore Nutt who used it in parades.

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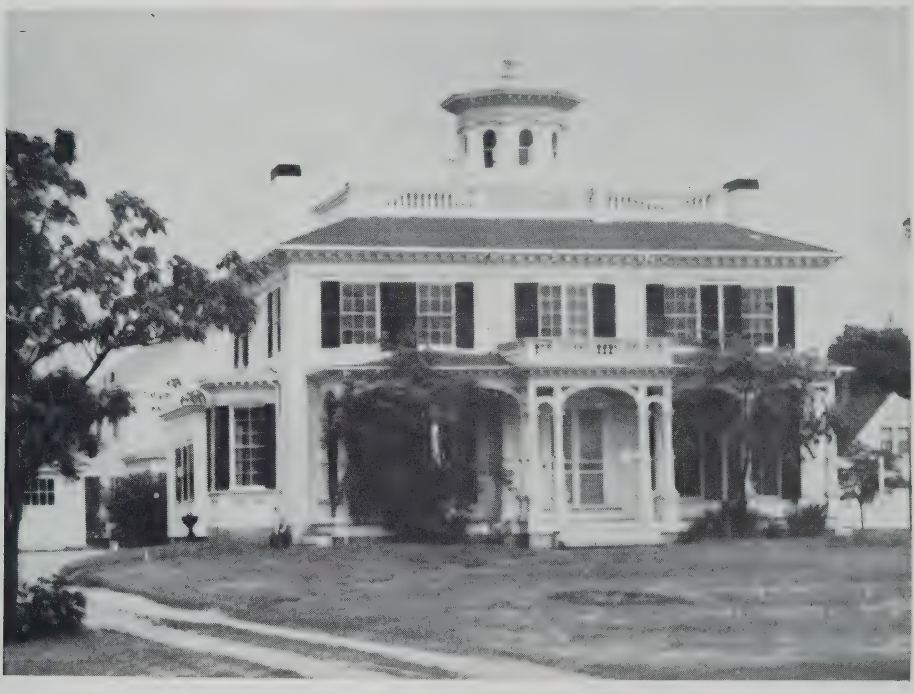

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A striking and beautiful example of architecture of the mid-1800's, this house stood on the southwest corner of South Main and West Grove Streets, built about 1860. It was occupied in 1879 by Noah C. Perkins and passed briefly through the hands of several owners until purchase in 1892 by Fayette W. Hayden, a local jeweler. Mr. Hayden and his family occupied the home until 1903, when they moved into the small house on the opposite corner known as the Thomas house, of recent years owned by the late Walter A. Alger. The handsome white house was purchased in 1906 by Stephen F. O'Hara, who occupied it until 1946, at which time it was sold to Mrs. Esther Fish Burgess. The house was razed in 1968 to make way for a Shell Oil Station.

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AN INDIAN BURIAL SITE IN NORTH MIDDLEBORO

By William B. Taylor

Weston's History of the Town of Middleborough locates the main burying ground of the Nemasket Indians on Muttock Hill. It has become evident during the last 22 years that the Indian settlement at Titicut contained at least two of the largest Indian graveyards in Plymouth County.

The principal encampments were at Fort Hill, about a quarter of a mile above Pratt's Bridge, and at the old shipyard, a quarter of a mile below Pratt's Bridge. They extended along the banks of both sides of the river for a distance of approximately one mile. Both sites are typical Indian locations as they are situated on high ground, at a bend in the river, which offers an excellent view in two directions. Nearby woods had abundant game. Numerous springs at both sites and adjoining fields ideally suited to the raising of corn added much to the attractiveness of this area. There was an abundance of fish in the river below, across which a fishing weir was built. [1] There are two fording or wading places across the river, both located below Pratt's Bridge. All these advantages plus a water route to the ocean for shell-fish made Titicut an ideal Indian settlement.

The Titicut Site is located on the Bridgewater side of the Taunton River near the old shipyard. From the years 1946 to 1951, members of the Warren King Moorehead Chapter of the Massachusetts Archaeological Society made an extensive excavation of this area. [2] Under the direction of Dr. Maurice Robbins of Attleboro, twenty-six graves were discovered – made between 1500 and 1620 A.D. Artifacts of European origin were associated with some of these burials. Projectile points, pendants and beads of copper or brass and the stem of an European clay pipe all tend to date these burials. Also the presence of perishable materials such as birch bark and deer skin are indications of no great antiquity.

Some conclusions arrived at from the excavations of these burials are as follows:

1. Most burials have an oval shaft (see Fig. No. 1) and are usually oriented along a northeast-southwest line.

2. Most skeletons were flexed, were upon the right side, head to the southwest and facing east. [3]

3. Hands are usually drawn up before the face and the knees drawn up in front of the stomach.

4. Most grave shafts will contain charcoal and traces of fire plus patches of white sand from a lower depth, which has become mixed up during the refilling of the grave shaft. In some instances, traces of red paint appear throughout the grave shaft and especially heavy directly over the skeleton. The outline of a grave shaft will appear just below the humus (loam) and at the junction of the yellow soil with the disturbance becoming increasingly thicker until the presence of bone is discovered.

5. Of the 26 individuals found, fifteen were sufficiently preserved to be removed for further study. This study was undertaken by the Department of Physical Anthropology at Peabody Museum, Harvard University, by Dr. Edward E. Hunt, Jr. Findings from this examination revealed not only the age, sex and features of the Titicut Indians, but also some conclusions as to the habits, behavior and dietary of these people. These deductions came from their teeth, the shapes of the long bones and the ruggedness of some of the muscle attachments. Mortality characteristics show the high frequency of death before middle age and the high incidence of female deaths during childbirth.

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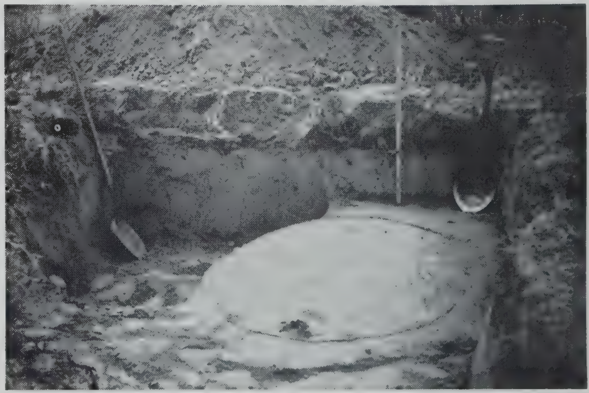

Fig. 1 This grave shaft (grave no. 4) was uncovered on Taylor Farm, North Middleboro, in 1954.

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Prescriptions

In 1947 on land owned by William H. Taylor, which is directly across the Taunton River from the Titicut Site, grave No. 1 was discovered. This discovery resulted after portions of a large apple orchard were cleared and the land plowed for the first time in many years. The site is a sandy hillside about a quarter of a mile west of Vernon Street. I excavated the skeleton of an adult female with no grave goods present.

Upon expanding the grave shaft, I encountered the outline of grave No. 2. Members of Massachusetts Archaeological Society, under the direction of Dr. Robbins, were called in to remove this grave. They discovered the remains of an adult male along with an unusual ceremonial stone called a discoidal (see Fig. No. 2). It is 4 inches in diameter by 1¼ inches thick, made of finely polished black slate. First impressions remind the viewer of a doughnut as the center is concave, tapering to a ¼ inch hole in the center.

The discoidal was put by Indians on the graves of their dead, placing food in the concave surface for the departed spirits. This type of artifact is quite scarce in New England and was probably highly prized by its owner.

In 1948 grave No. 3 was uncovered. This was the only red paint burial to date. The grave shaft was heavily impregnated with red ocher. This skeleton was in such a very advanced state of disintegration that determination of sex was impossible. No grave goods were present.

During January of 1954, while hunting, I noticed pieces of human bone on top of a newly dug woodchuck hole. Dr. Robbins identified these fragments of bone as part of the pelvis and ankle bone. This lucky discovery led to the most important burial thus far. In the spring, Dr. Robbins and members of the M.A.S. uncovered grave No. 4, which turned out to be a chief accompanied by many trade artifacts. (see Fig. No. 3, 4, 5) There are two iron hoes, one copper kettle, one mirror, one pair scissors, one beaver skin cap partially preserved by the copper kettle, [4] plus hundreds of glass trade beads (see Fig. 2), mostly blue with some faded grey. Dr. Robbins poured plaster-of-paris underneath the skull in order to obtain a mold of the original design of this large necklace. Beads were then restrung on new string in the original pattern, consisting of seven beads inside with ½ inch long blue tubular beads bordering.

In addition to the trade artifacts there was an 11 inch stone pestle and two very fine clay pots. Both are identified as Stage 4 ceramic pots made between 1600-1675 A.D. These pots show Iroquoian influence as they have globular bottoms and deeply undercut necks directly below a collar with four castellations. The smaller pot is one of the smallest ever found in New England and unusual in the fact that it was found in one piece. [5] The large pot has three unusual bands below the collar, perhaps the potters personal creative design.

Due to the influx of English goods, potters after 1650 lost their creative design ability and reverted to copying colonial metal vessels such as the copper kettle shown. (see Fig. No. 3)

This grave has become known as the Poole (or Titicut) Purchase Grave, as it was found on lands purchased by Elizabeth Poole and several associates in 1637 from the Titicut Indians and includes many of the trinkets with which the land had been bought.

This interesting grave is one of seven dioramas on display at the Bronson Museum, Attleboro, Massachusetts. The Museum is located on the 5th floor of the 8 North Main Street Building. Museum hours are from 9:30 to 4:30 Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

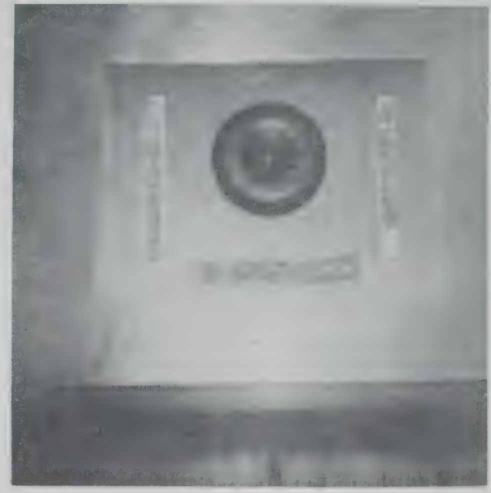

Fig. 2 Discoidal and glass trade beads from graves No. 2 and No. 4. Beads have been restrung in original pattern and are only a small portion of whole necklace.

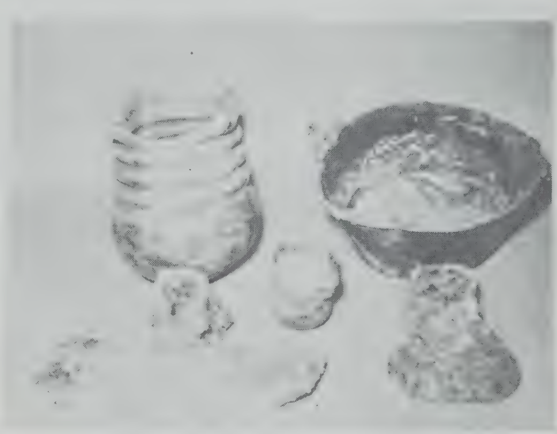

Fig. 3 Grave goods from grave No.4, showing two iron hoes, two clay pots, and one copper kettle.

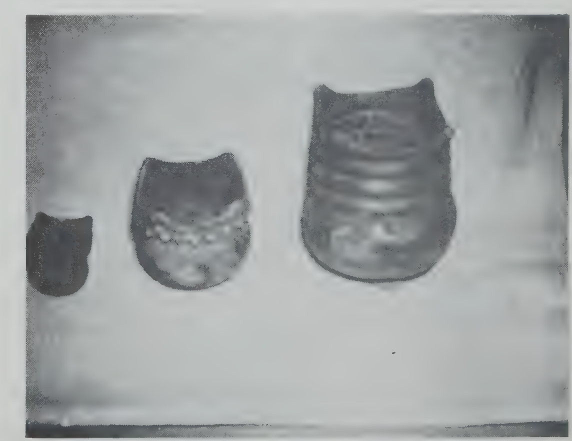

Fig. 4 Three fine clay pots from graves No. 4 and No. 5.. Center mortuary pot is of Shantok style.

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Grave No. 5 was also found in the late spring of 1954 and revealed an infant contact burial. Sex is uncertain. Buried with the infant was a very fine Stage 4 small mortuary pot and numerous glass beads. Most of these beads were blue with a few reds and whites-probably an embroidered design on an outer vest or jacket. Also noted were a few seed beads but in a bad state of decomposition.

The clay pot (see Fig. No. 4) has prominent lobes formed about the base of its collar plus four fairly high castellations. This style is reminiscent of Shantok pottery and is rarely found in New England beyond the Pequot territory of southern Connecticut.

In October 1957, while digging the well for my house, six more skeletons were unearthed. These included five adults and one child with no grave artifacts present. The discovery of copper pins and nails point to the late 1600's as the probable burial date. It was the custom of this late period to wrap bodies, in an extended position, in heavy bark and secure the wrappings with pins or nails (see Fig. No. 6).

Traces of charcoal, particularly heavy over the grave of the child were found indicating the continued practice of burning fires over a grave site to destroy and remove human scent, which might attract marauding wolves and other predatory animals.

Lack of grave goods and manner of burial lead us to believe that these Indians were members of the praying Indians [6] of Titicut. Although some of them finally consented to burial in white-man cemeteries, most Indians still preferred to be buried in their old burial grounds.

During April of 1958, while excavating the foundation for my house by bulldozer, ten more graves were uncovered bringing the total to twenty-one. These too were of the same era of contact burials as the six near the well. [7] All bones were gathered together from the backfill and reinterred. One interesting observation was the size of one skeleton. Both arm and leg bones were over two inches longer than my own. This Indian must have been an exceptionally large man – well over 6' 6" in height.

After the excavations of the Titicut Site, many members of the M.A.S. joined to form the Cohannet Chapter. In 1952 and 1953 this new group discovered and excavated the Indian Fort at Fort Hill. It was found to be located on the hill above Sentinel or Table Rock. [8] The Fort, rectangular in shape, measured 41' 6" by 35' deep with the longer side lying along the river. Approximately 150 small artifacts were recovered inside, one third of which were contact material items of glass, copper, clay, etc.

During this period and the many years which my father and I dug at Fort Hill, no graves were discovered. This has led to the belief that the main cemetery for these Indians was the Taylor Farm on Vernon Street. Only time and future excavations will prove or disprove this theory.

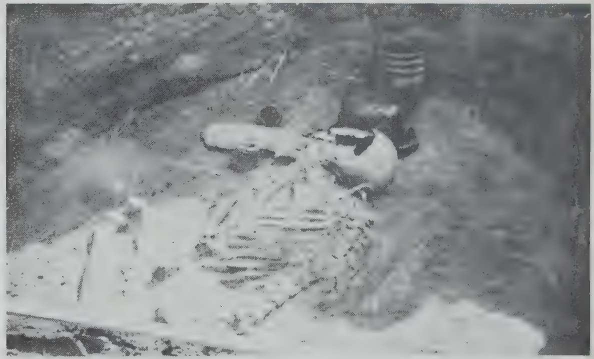

Fig. 5 Excavation of the Poole Purchase Grave revealed the remains of a chief accompanied by the trinkets with which the land had been bought.

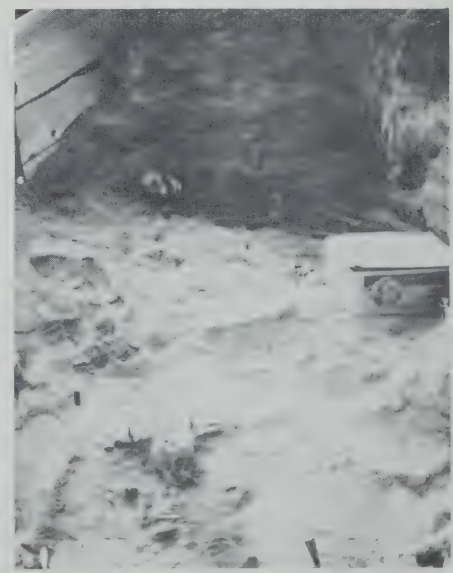

Fig. 6 Skeleton of child in foreground (grave No. 10) and adult male in background (grave No. 8).

---

[1] The remains of this weir are still visible when the river is low – located about 75 feet above Pratt's Bridge.

[2] Radio-carbon dates confirm an occupation at the Titicut Site over a period of at least 5,000 years and covers 3 cultural periods.

[3] This position is also the same for the two dogs found buried at the Titicut Site.

[4] Portions of the woven handle of the copper kettle were found intact also. These perishable items are preserved by copper salts.

[5] Most pots are "killed" or have the bottoms deliberately broken (to release the spirits) during the burial ceremony. Earth pressure through the years will collapse the sides.

[6] There were thirty members, more or less, of the Indian Church on Pleasant Street, North Middleboro, between the years 1650-1760.

[7] In November 1967, seven more of these contact burials were found off Atkinson Drive, off South Street, Bridgewater, Massachusetts. These Indians too are thought to belong to the Church in North Middleboro.

[8] The Fort Site is at an elevation of 35' above the Taunton River and 1200' above Pratt's Bridge.

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DR. SHURTLEFF'S ACCOUNT BOOK

By

Gordon Winslow Smith

Many readers of The Middleborough Antiquarian doubtless remember the article about my grandfather, Dr. James Frederick Shurtleff, which appeared in the February, 1962, issue of the magazine. My own memories of Grandpa Shurtleff are very sketchy. The only one that remains with me clearly is that of riding on a load of hay with my Shurtleff cousins. I slipped from the top of the load and in falling cut my head on the iron rim of one of the wheels. Grandpa, who was driving the horse, quickly got down, called for Grandma to bring hot water, salve and strips of white cloth, and soon bound up my wounds.

I have recently had the opportunity of going over one of his yearly account books, which furnishes some interesting details about the work of one who, although he was among the last of the horse-and-buggy doctors, did keep up with the times, and was one of the first to buy and use an automobile in making visits to his patients.

This book, The Physician's Perfect Call List and Record, bound in black leather, published by E. G. Swift, Detroit, Michigan, and priced at $1.50, bears on the cover Grandfather's name in gold letters. The first fifty-four pages contain various kinds of information for physicians under such headings as "Metric System and Table, " "Table of Doses for Children," "Thermometry," "Antagonisms," "Poisons and Antidotes." Four pages on "Posological Axioms" offer a number of interesting bits of advice and information such as the following:

> Denizens of cities, especially of overcrowded quarters and tenement-houses, cannot bear doses to which those of rural and outdoor life are accustomed.
>
> Passions and affections of the mind markedly influence the action of remedies, especially narcotics. Faith in the prescription, or in the prescriber may remove mountains of difficulties, since faith is the foundation of the miraculous.
>
> Caution. – It would be well to remember that extra care is necessary in administering atropine to flaxen-haired, light-complexioned, nervous females.

The call list is for the year 1914, the year of Grandfather's death, and the last entry is for September 26, about a month before his death on October 22 at the age of seventy-two. His usual fees ranged from 25 ¢ to $2.00 for each call or visit. There is one fee of $3.00, and one patient was charged $2.50 per visit on five consecutive days. His monthly earnings for the year were:

	Total fees	Amount uncollected
January	$ 33.25	75 ¢
February	54.50	$1.50
March	102.25	1.00
April	53.25	1.75
May	57.00	3.75
June	44.75	none
July	33.50	2.00
August	63.00	50 ¢
Sept. 1-26	16.50	1.25

The busiest week of the year was, not surprisingly, during the month of March, and the page for March 15-21 is as follows. The names are spelled as Grandfather wrote them. His spelling was often rather uncertain. The "x" indicates that the fee was paid at the time of the visit or call.

(March)	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
J. H. Thomas	1.75			1.75			
J. H. Ryder	2.00	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25
Otis Jefferson	x.50						
Amos Pittsley		1.75					
Mary Gayi		x.50					
W. Chubbuck			1.50			.50	
Joy Sherman			1.50				
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Look boy						x.50	
Allen boy						x.50	
Wm. Greeley						1.50	
Portugue (Smith)						x1.50	x1.50

During the lightest week of the year, July 5-11, he treated three patients, E. E. Sisson, Lillian Anderson and Etta Jefferson, for fees totaling $2.00.

The book also contains other memoranda. On April 28 he recorded the birth of a grandson, Merrill Shurtleff. He began an ice account for 1914, but no entries were made under this heading. On May 7 he noted that he had set out twelve peach trees of seven varieties.

Gordon Winslow Smith, a native of South Middleboro, holds a full professorship in the French department of Colby College, Waterville, Maine.

BEING A "GOOD NEIGHBOR"

It is the policy of the Museum Committee not to lend articles from the Tom Thumb Collection, having had some very unhappy experiences in recovering items loaned, but when a request was received from the Children's Museum in Jamaica Plain, it seemed only a neighborly gesture to grant it. Their museum was to have an exhibit of "contrasts," and plans included a display of a giant's costume. They wished to have some tiny garments to emphasize the difference in size. Immediately came to their mind the Middleborough Historical Museum and its Tom Thumb Collection. A representative of the Children's Museum met with the Curator of the Historical Museum and chose a dress, a pair of little shoes and a pair of tiny gloves, all worn by Mrs. Tom Thumb, as a dramatic contrast to the giant's wearing apparel. We are sure there will be no regrets for this neighborly act and that the articles will be returned promptly, come June, when the exhibit ends.

* * *

A grandmother was heard to say: "I spent the first third of my life acquiring things; the middle third taking care of them; the last third getting rid of them."

THE HISTORIAN'S CREED

by Lyman Butler

When the law can stop me from thinking of the days of yesteryear
And the memories of my school days no longer I hold dear;
And the history I have treasured through my long and busy life
That has helped me in great measure to forget this cruel strife,

Then I no longer will recall the legends of the past
The childhood days of long ago that seemed would always last
Or the stories of our forebears who came from distant lands
And built for us a heritage with loving hearts and hands.

No, these things I shall always remember so long as I shall live,
And while on earth record them that some knowledge I may give
To the coming generations who will surely follow me,
That they may know the things I loved and had
And left for all of them to see.

Though this poem is not entirely of my own writing, I did change a few phrases to make them have the feeling I have for Historical Memories. I think that many feel about the past as I do, and this poem depicts my thoughts of those old days very well. There are laws forbidding nearly everything now but as the poem says, there never can be a law to stop you from remembering, and I sincerely hope that anyone that takes the time to read this poem and article and has not already told of some of their Historical Memories in our magazine, will be stimulated to write about some events or places of long ago. I am sure our editor, Mertie Witbeck Romaine, will welcome anything you have to offer, so that other readers may have the chance to share your memories.

RANDOM OBSERVATIONS

by William Archives

There are several Indian words that the white man has appropriated for his use in Middleboro. The most common, perhaps is the word "Nemasket"; this means "place of the fish" and is the name of the tribe of Indians located here when the Pilgrims reached Plymouth in 1620. Nemasket also referred to a village that was located at what is now called Muttock. "Muttock" was taken from the name of one of the last of the Nemaskets, Chesemuttock, and means a "swift river running between hills." The Nemaskets were a part of the Pohanocket race whose name comes from a famous chief and means "big shoulders."

The name Tispaquin means "big dark feather or black plume." Chief Tispaquin, called in history the "black Sachem" because of his support of Philip in the King Philip War, was a very capable man, so history records, and was married to one of Philip's daughters, Mione. His chief interest in the war, it is said, was a desire to get back the lands in what is now Middleboro, that he had sold. He apparently was the epitome of an "Indian-giver."

The Indian word "Assawompsett" means "place of the white stones" and the name, "Assawompsett Pond" refers either to the White Banks or to white stones on the shore. There are few white stones on the shore today although there may have been in the past as the freezing in the winter changes the shore line. Some of the shore is a sandy beach in the summer.

The meaning of "Titicut" is "the principal river" and refers to the Taunton River which is the main drainage canal for the area. Many smaller streams and brooks feed into this larger river which empties in the ocean at Fall River.

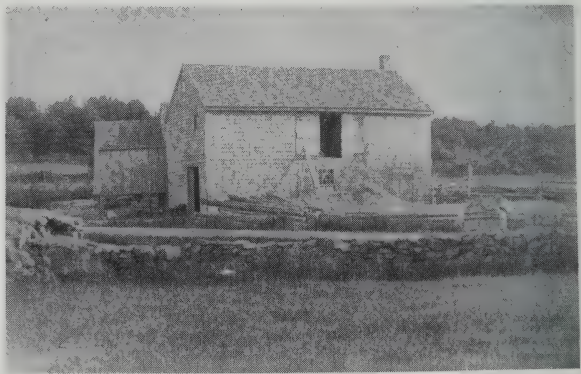
OLD SOULE SAWMILL

By Lyman Butler

Although I have pictured buildings in the past issues as they are at present, I am going to make an exception this time and present a sawmill building as it looked while in operation in the early or mid 1800's. It shows on the 1855 map. I am indebted to Columbo Guidaboni of the Deane Farm for the loan of this fine picture and much of the data and incidents. The mill was supposedly started by Otis Soule, then Augustus Soule, father of Irene, who later married Albert Deane.

This mill on Soule Street used water power from a mill pond on Long Pond Brook sometimes called Soule Brook which makes up in the swamp near Mt. Carmel. It was a combination board and shingle mill powered by an internal turbine water wheel which operated an up and down saw for board sawing and circular saw for shingles. The shingle mill did a very good business as there was plenty of cedar logs for the cutting in the nearby cedar swamp. Columbo told of the time that Gus caught his arm in the saw and severely lacerated it. A man named Alfred Buchanan, who worked on the farm and at the mill, brought him to the farm house where Dr. Cummings and Dr. Fryer had to amputate it. At this time Columbo lived in the family house which was used as a pest house at the corner of Brook and Soule Street in the small pox epidemic of the 1770's and he used to play in the sawdust pile of this Old Mill when a youngster.

The logs were moved around on solid wooden wheeled dollies with wide steel tires, also the sawed lumber would be moved on the same rig. The main part of the mill building is still standing in real good condition though the small rear section has been torn down. The sluice under the building is still in good shape and the old water wheel and shafting is still there and looks as if it could be made to work again though some of the gearing is broken. This is about the only original old water powered sawmill building around now, though there is one of a little later era at Waterville Pond. This mill was like so many other mills on small brooks, they could saw until the water was used up, then had to wait for the pond to refill. The help would work around the farm when not at the mill, as there was always a sizable farm on the property.



SOULE SAWMILL

Soule Street, Middleboro
A combination board and shingle mill
In operation in early 1800's

NEW ACQUISITIONS AT THE MUSEUM

So many gifts for the Museum are received near the time of publication of the Antiquarian that it is difficult to go back and mention those received earlier. The Museum has just been presented with a rare and valuable gift by Mrs. Alice Washburn Dahlen, a very old silhouette of Thomas Bailey, who is said to have been closely involved in the circumstances surrounding the death of King Philip. Thomas Bailey was an ancestor of Mrs. Dahlen on her mother's side of the family. Also recently received is a beautiful handwoven blanket in perfect condition, made by a relative of the late Miss Emma McIntosh. Miss Emily Partridge, born May 10, 1832, wove the blanket from yarn she spun herself, made of the wool of her father's sheep in Rubicon, Wisconsin. A gift of Mrs. Ruth H. Charlton, also a relative, of Waban, Massachusetts.

Through the courtesy of Miss Anne Andrews, two handsome quilts have been received, the work of Mrs. Ann Orcutt,long a resident of Montgomery Home, an accomplishment made remarkable by the fact that Mrs. Orcutt was handicapped by having only one hand. The Museum could well celebrate the Tercentenary by holding a quilt exhibit, so many beautiful ones have been given. One having over five thousand pieces was owned by Miss M. Estelle Shaw, made by her sister, Miss Mae Shaw, and received through the kindness of Miss Helen Hemmingson. Just received is a handwoven coverlet, flax spun, woven by Agatha Abigail Tucker Batchelder about 1800. The creator of the coverlet lived at one time in Middleboro, later in Bridgewater. The coverlet came to the Museum by courtesy of Mrs. Gilbert Bean, whose husband is custodian of the Braintree Historical Society.

An interesting item to be added to the Tom Thumb Collection has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. G. Ward Stetson, a colored photograph of one of the small coaches given to General Tom Thumb. This one is to be found in the Circus Hall of Fame in Sarasota, Florida, and bears the inscription, "Tom Thumb Coach given to him by Queen Victoria, 1854." Mrs. Beth Lavieiri of Connecticut has given two photographs, one of General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, the other of Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren.

Many interesting articles of clothing have been received. From Mrs. Elsie Gregory came a large assortment of wearing apparel that belonged to her husband's family; Mrs. Lois Fillebrown of Lakeville, two dresses, an evening cape and two handbags that belonged to Mr. Fillebrown's grandmother; Miss Helen Hemmingson, an 83 year old dress, a pair of kid gloves worn 90 years ago, and children's books of 1854 and 1892; Mrs. Roger W. Tillson, children's clothing, a collection of photographs, and a doll's bureau for the Children's Room.

It is a rare occasion when we receive a painting, but a very fine one has been presented by Mrs. Hazel Lincoln Rowley of West Wareham. Mrs. Rowley is a native of Rock Village, and has painted an attractive scene of Rock Pond, about which are clustered the houses of the area. A photograph of interest to some of the older generation is of the Middleboro High School class of 1897, a gift of Mrs. Marion Belden Channing of Marion.

An addition to the vehicle collection is an intriguing baby carriage of the 1890 period and perhaps earlier. This was used in the family of the late Kendrick H. Washburn, and was presented to the Museum by Mrs. Barbara Fish Washburn. A small, almost miniature lantern has been received from Mrs. Harold Pratt. The date of September 19, 1776 is stamped into the base of the lantern. Through the courtesy of Miss Anne Andrews and Mrs. George R. Shaw, we are in receipt of a very old volume, the genealogy of John Tomson who is credited with having shot the Indian across the river on Indian Rock. There is much early Middleboro history in the small book and we shall hope to publish some of it in a future issue of the Antiquarian.

THE GREAT HURRICANE OF '38

by Clint Clark

On Friday, September 28, the front page of the Middleboro Gazette proclaimed in heavy, bold type "HURRICANE WREAKS HAVOC IN TOWN." Under that headline unfolded a tale of disaster seven days earlier, when "the worst storm, of hurricane proportions ever to hit Middleboro, struck the town Wednesday afternoon, and for a period of six hours, lashed out with deadly force, devastating property, uprooting trees, crippling power lines, and causing damage estimated in terms of tens of thousands of dollars." That, briefly, summarized the effect of the "Great Hurricane of '38" in Middleboro.

The day of the hurricane began as a typically mild, sunny September day, giving no hint of approaching disaster. The first warning came in mid-afternoon, when a weird, unearthly quality of light was observed and suddenly the treetops stirred violently. The storm, raging up from the southeast, struck around 3:30 p.m. Its first impact caused tree limbs to break and fall to the ground. When the hurricane rose to full force, huge trees were falling like tenpins, carrying electrical and communication wires with them. At this particular point, the first concern of townfolk was shelter from the terrifying, howling gale. Nightfall found the town plunged in darkness. The magnitude of the disaster was not evident until the following morning when once again a September day dawned mild and sunny.

During the night, highway and moth department crews, out in full force, labored under the direction of Paul Anderson and Louis Forney of the Highway Department to clear the streets for traffic. Superintendent George A. Philbrook of the Gas and Electric Department, and his crew, worked without ceasing for two days and two nights to untangle the miles of wire brought down by the storm. Selectmen held an emergency meeting to transfer $500 to the tree warden's department for payroll expenditures and word was received from the Works Progress Administration office in Boston that those on local WPA rolls could be employed to clear the thousands of fallen trees.

On the day after the storm, people picked their way through a chaos of fallen trees, awed by the evidence of the hurricane's tremendous force. Shock numbed many as they saw houses and cars crushed by falling trees. In the rural areas, entire pine forests were laid low. The latter, trimmed and cut by WPA crews, later went to local sawmills and for sometime after that was called "hurricane lumber."

The Gazette reports in the first issue after the hurricane, reflected the lingering shock of the disaster, piecing together fragmentary reports to meet the deadline. In the next issue, however, the story was expanded and dramatized in pictures of the debris and accounts of the fate of local citizens caught in the seaside resort areas. One of the most dramatic told of several Bates School teachers, who had gone to Swift's Beach for an outing, narrowly escaped death when a tidal wave hit the beach. They had gone to the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrus Jones for their annual picnic. Max Eaton, new to the staff, and Miss Abby Field were already in swimsuits and had entered the water when without warning the tidal wave was upon them. Both swam over 500 feet to rescue Miss Martinia Donahue and carry her to safety.

William Bassett, 77, of 275 Centre Street, and Henry Soule, 68, of 78 Oak Street, were caught on Onset Island where they had gone to close Mr. Bassett's cottage for the season. When the hurricane hit, they decided to stay on the island and were safe in the cottage until the water began to rise. Facing the danger of being swept away in the cottage, they sought safety in a tree, clinging to its upper branches for nearly six hours until the flood receded. Almost all the cottages on the island were swept out to sea. Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Churbuck reached safety at Onset shortly before their cottage was demolished. having reached shore by rowing a boat that floated onto their property. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Willis were at their cottage at Mattapoisett and took shelter in it until the storm was over. In one of the many odd twists of the storm, their cottage was undamaged, although surrounded by piles of debris from other shattered cottages. During the night, Mr. Willis rescued two elderly ladies who were swept away in their cottage to a swampy area nearby.

The Gazette reports, "A. D. Fish has been proudly displaying a large glass punchbowl, found intact in the roadway at the rear of his cottage which was carried away in the storm. This was the only property he was able to find at the scene of the disaster. Among cottages completely destroyed were those of Allan R. Thatcher at Marion, Frank Gibbs at Onset, Waldo Jackson and Irving Dunham at Swift's Beach; also at Marion, the cottages of Mrs. Marshall Snow and William Begley. Perhaps the most unusual incident was the experience of Mrs. Warren Jefferson who, with her husband, had been with the Bates School group. The day after the storm, her pocketbook containing a considerable sum of money, was found on almost the identical spot where it was dropped when the party was overtaken by flood waters.

On the grim side, the tidal wave took the lives of several former residents. After the storm, the body of Mrs. Ida F. Williams, a former resident then living in East Braintree, was found at Swift's Neck in Wareham. A few days later, the body of her daughter, Elizabeth, was found. Mrs. Williams, who had resided in the Fall Brook section of the town, had at one time with her husband, operated the store now known as Hallock's Market. From Rhode Island came news of the death of Mrs. George Stearns and her daughter, Pauline. Mrs. Stearns was a former local resident and widow of Rev. Stearns, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Pauline was a graduate of local schools. They had been visiting friends at Charlestown Beach, Rhode Island, when carried away by the tidal wave. Pauline's husband, Howard Barber, was saved by clinging for hours to a bit of wreckage. The fate of another former resident remained unknown. Mrs. Fred M. Tuell and her grandson, Robert, age three, were apparent victims of the tidal wave at Horseneck Beach, South Dartmouth, it being reported they were last seen when placed in a car of a passing motorist during the height of the storm. Mrs. Tuell was born here and spent the early part of her life on Barden Hill.

Not all of the effects of the great hurricane were tragic and costly, however, The blow spared the town the cost of removing the old portable classroom at the West Side School. Winthrop-Atkins Company enjoyed an unprecedented boom as thousands of rolls of film picturing the aftermath of the storm flooded the photo finishing department. The slump in building trades and materials business, due to the depression, took a sudden upswing as thousands of property owners re-built and repaired hurricane damage.

In this era, weather instruments orbit the earth and detect tropical storms at their inception. They are tracked by aerial and ground observation stations and their progress watched closely on television and radio news broadcasts. Thus it is unlikely that a repetition of the great hurricane of 1938 will ever take the toll of lives as it did thirty years ago. That storm is now history, but not so distant but there are many who still remember the September, 1938 storm that wrought havoc in Middleboro and hundreds of other New England towns and cities.

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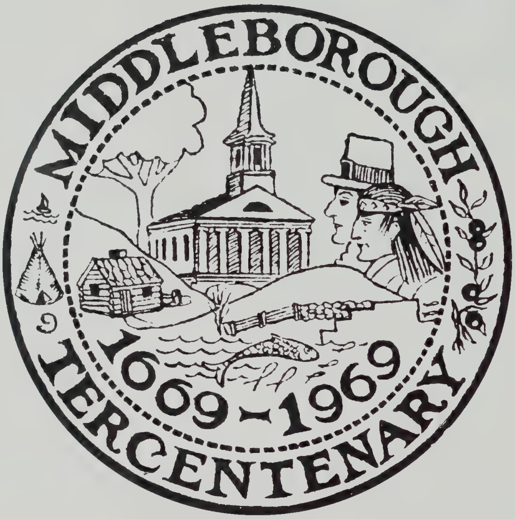
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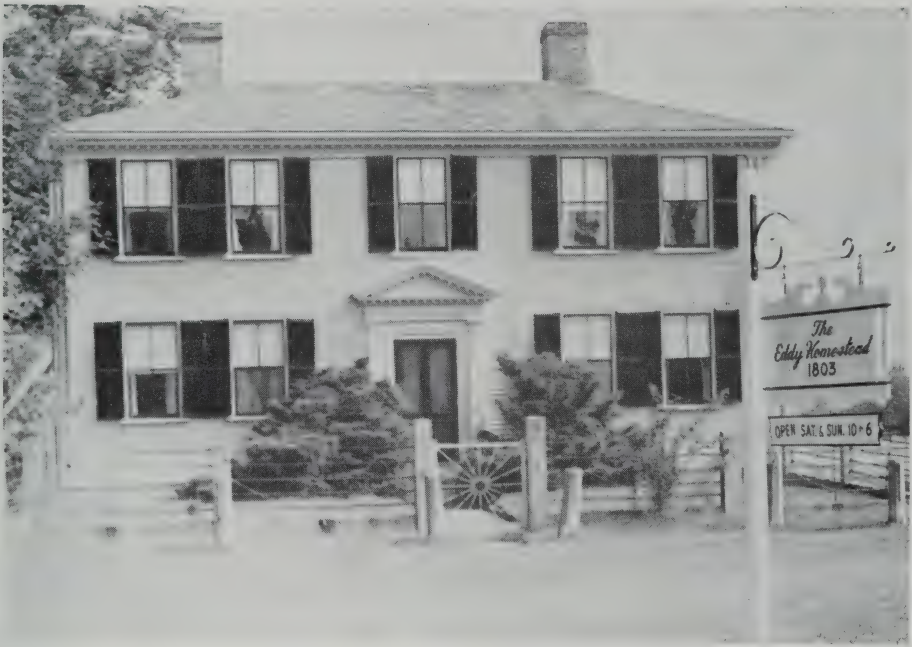

THE EDDY HOMESTEAD
EDDYVILLE

EDDYVILLE—1661 - 1969

by G. Ward Stetson

Middleboro, in common with other towns in the Old Colony, can boast of men in the nation's formative years who contributed greatly to the growth of America by their industrious, pioneering spirit. Various sections of town are still known by the names of these early settlers. This is true of the section in East Middleboro known as Eddyville.

Among the passengers in the "Handmaid" that landed in Plymouth on October 29, 1630 were John and Samuel Eddy. John, thirty-three years of age and brother Samuel, twelve years younger, were sons of William Eddy, the Vicar of St. Dunstans, Cranbrook, England, from 1591 to 1616. John settled in Watertown, Mass., becoming the first Town Clerk and a member of the Board of Selectmen.

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Samuel settled in Plymouth. He was admitted as a Freeman in 1633 when but three hundred people were there. Records indicate that he built a home on what is now Market Street in the center of town. Later with a growing family, he built a second house in the Hobb's Hole section. In England he had been apprenticed to the tailors trade, which bears out records of clothing he made for soldiers in Plymouth's early battles with Indians.

His marriage to Elizabeth Savery resulted in the birth of five children. She must have been of a decidedly independent nature as twice she was recorded in a court of law. The first offense was for "wringing and hanging out clothes on the Lords Day in time of publicke exercise." Her second grievous (?) crime was that she "walked from Plymouth to Boston on the Lords Day" — even though it was an errand of mercy to aid an ailing friend.

Soon Samuel evinced a leaning toward purchase and sale of property. There is an interesting entry of ownership of "four shares with Josiah Pratt and Thom Atkinson in the black heiffer which was Henry Howlandes." He bought property in Swansea and is recorded as a founder of the town.

Of primary interest to Middleboro is the knowledge that he is listed as one of the first purchasers of land from the Indians. This was the so-called Twenty-Six Men's Purchase in 1661. His share consisted of several hundred acres in the easterly section of Middleboro and a portion of what is now Halifax. At this juncture it might be well to include that in 1930 the Eddy Family Association (org. 1920) dedicated a Memorial Tablet in Brewster Park, near Pilgrim Spring, Plymouth to John and Samuel Eddy.

As one of the first purchasers he joins the illustrious company of Pilgrims, — Francis Cook, John Howland, George Soule and possibly John Alden. Other purchasers, — Brewster, Mullins, Billington, White and Brown smack strongly of the Mayflower also.

Of course all religious, civil and social life in early Middleboro centered around the First Church at The Green with Rev. Samuel Fuller, son of Pilgrim Dr. Fuller, its first minister. The first of four church structures was located on the left side of Plymouth Street about a mile from the Green, opposite the present home of Roger Parent. Eddy families were active in this church from earliest days.

With the passage of time, Samuel deeded his large Middleboro holdings to sons Obadiah and Zachariah, saving a small portion for his own use. Zachariah, eight years later, disposed of his half and moved to Swansea with brother Caleb. The father's stay in Middleboro had been brief before moving to Swansea, where he was buried in 1687.

Obadiah thus became the first Eddy to establish permanent residence in town. His home was in that part of Middleboro (now Halifax) near the Winnetuxet River about two miles from the home of Lieut. John Tomson—commander of Middleboro's Fort that stood in the rear of the present High School. It was Lieut. Tomson who ordered Isaac Howland to shoot the Indian across the river on Indian Hill during King Phillip's War.

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Obadiah fled with his family to the Fort at that time and later to the safety of Plymouth, remaining there until the close of the war. His home was burned with all others in Middleboro during that terrible war. However, he was among the first to return and rebuild near the site of his first house. He's listed as a soldier in the fort, as a Freeman in 1683 and as a Selectman and Constable. He was chosen as one of the Jurors to lay out a road between Middleboro, Bridgewater and Boston in 1683. Obadiah died in 1722, aged seventy-seven, leaving seven children.

One son, John, records hoeing in his father's corn field with his musket by his side. He looked up to see a hostile Indian in the distance drawing a bead on him. Hastily dropping the hoe to grab and aim his musket ,he fired at the same instant the Indian discharged his piece. The Indian dropped dead as his bullet knocked the hammer from Eddy's gun.

With Obadiah's passing the large Eddy acreage was deeded to his second son, another Samuel, a sergeant in the military company and a wheelwright. He married Militiah Pratt of Plymouth. She was born in the Fort during King Phillip's War in 1676. Late in life she used to say, "I can remember when the Indians outnumbered us here ten to one."

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Prescriptions

This Samuel's first home stood on a knoll north of the present Eddy Homestead. When it burned he rebuilt on the site of the present Homestead in the year 1721. He lived on this farm from 1706 until his death in 1752. The house was moved across Plympton Street in 1803 by Capt. Joshua Eddy when he built the Homestead for son Atty. Zachariah Eddy. The Samuel Eddy home, though much altered, is now lived in by Mr. Russell Porter.

In the year 1742 Samuel deeded the property to his son Zachariah, a farmer. Zachariah was an ardent Whig. Stories of his tilts with Tory Judge Peter Oliver have been handed down by the family through the years. Zachariah's death by smallpox is readily known — he being one of nine, including Rev. Sylvanus Conant, who died in 1777 of the dread disease in the "pest house" on Soule Street. His gravestone in the smallpox cemetery there records the loss of a twenty-five year old soldier son of the same name, in the same year, who died "in the defense of his country." He and his wife Mercy Morton had twelve children, eight of whom were sons.

The eldest son John printed one of the first Almanacs in America prior to 1759. He operated a printing shop in Eddyville. When but twenty-four years old he was killed at Crown Point, New York, in the French and Indian War. Four other sons of Zachariah and Mercy served in the Revolutionary War, including Captain Joshua Eddy.

We are particularly interested in Captain Joshua. His house stands on the corner of Cedar Street opposite the Eddy Homestead. The first home burned in 1820, but he soon rebuilt and lived in the present house until his death on May 11, 1833. His wife was Lydia Paddock a descendant of Elder John Faunce the Pilgrim. The Elder Faunce chair was obtained in Plymouth by son Attorney Zachariah for his mother. It was kept by her in this house for many years, until she gave it to her son Morton of Fall River. Morton was the last of Captain Joshua's sons to be living in 1888. Another chair, one that Governor Hancock sat in as he reviewed the Continental troops on Middleboro Green, was cherished for many years in this house by Miss Anna Cady Eddy.

The writer is the proud owner of Captain Joshua Eddy's account books. For some strange and mysterious reason they were found hidden beside the chimney of the Captain's home. Included in the records are his accounts with James Otis, the fiery orator of Faneuil Hall, with Robert Treat Paine, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Gen. Nathaniel Goodwin of Plymouth. He was the "Cap'n Goodwin" whose name appears in one of the many verses of Yankee Doodle.

Cherished also, is the sword carried by the writer's great-great-great grandfather as a staff officer under General Washington at the Battle of Monmouth. After training a company of Middleboro men on The Green, he led them into New York state, participating in several battles and taking part in the surrender of Burgoyne. At Monmouth Capt. Eddy was standing near Gen. Washington and heard him reprimand Gen. Charles Lee severely for disobeying orders saying, "Had you taken that position with your command as I directed, we would have captured the whole British Army."

Sword carried throughout Revolutionary War by Captain Joshua Eddy of Middleboro. Now owned by his great-great-great grandson, G. Ward Stetson of Middleboro. Trappings pictured with sword belonged to General Ephraim Ward of Middleboro, also a Stetson ancestor, who served in the War of 1812.

Following the Revolution, Joshua continued active participation in the affairs of the First Church at The Green, serving as a Deacon for many years. He became eminently successful in several fields of business endeavor. While operating a large furnace on Whetstone Brook in the Waterville section, he also held part ownership in furnaces in Plympton and Carver. At one time Joshua built a vessel on the Taunton River at Woodward's Bridge, at the same time conducting his large farm, operating a saw mill, a furnace and a store. In some extraordinary manner he was able to build a sizeable fortune for that day. In spite of his tremendous business activities he also successfully raised nine outstanding children.

In this way Captain Eddy emulated his father also, by having a large family, including seven sons all over six feet tall. A well-founded legend has it that as each son considered marriage, Joshua offered to build him a house and give him a hundred acres of land. However, he stipulated that the house be near his parents. Five of the seven sons did settle in Eddyville, reasonably accounting for the present village. These men continued operation of their father's enterprises for many years. The village prospered to the point where it supported stores, a Post Office, and nearby railroad station.

Refreshing and tremendously interesting are stories told and retold by descendants of early Eddys — choice tidbits gleaned during summer visits and vacations to the village of their forebears. One such story concerned Joshua's two daughters who married and lived in Berkley. Jane became Mrs. Asahel Hathaway. Lydia married Deacon Barzillai Crane. These good ladies became embroiled in an argument of considerable magnitude. Mr. Fuller, the owner of the general store in Berkley, was an Eddy. The public school teacher was also an Eddy from Middleboro. On occasion he corrected his pupils in pronunciation of the words chaise, stating it should be pronounced "shaz" instead of "shay", as was the custom. This earth-shaking statement was carried home by the children, touching off an intense discussion and furor in the village.

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GENEROUS DIVIDENDS — COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY

In due time the matter was brought to the attention of Parson Andros for a decision. He sided with the parents that it always had been and would remain "shay". This decision resulted in a division within the church and the whole community — some siding with Parson Andros, others supporting Deacon Crane and the Eddy group. Harsh words filled the village. One drastic event followed another, resulting in the excommunication of Deacon Crane. Mr. Fuller was forced out of business and moved to Vermont. And as a climax, the Eddy schoolmaster's bright dreams of educational success in Berkley were dashed. He lost his job!

As previously related, in 1803 Captain Joshua built a home for his son Atty. Zachariah Eddy across the street. This is the beautiful house that in 1960 the Eddy Family Association at its Annual Meeting in Plymouth, voted to acquire and maintain as an historic Eddy Homestead. It is dear to the hearts of Eddys in over forty states and in several foreign countries. With the transfer of ownership to the Eddy Homestead Association the property will continue to remain in Eddy family hands as it has since Indian days.

Atty. Zachariah Eddy was one of the foremost lawyers of his day. A warm friend of Daniel Webster, Atty. Eddy tried many cases for and with the famous orator. Perhaps the author of the 1881 Eddy genealogy best sums up the feeling generally accepted concerning Zachariah: "He was probably the most distinguished citizen of Middleboro, who by his natural gifts and acquirements contributed so much to the honor and fair name of Eddyville. In the whole ancestral line there is no one who has attained greater distinction for learning and high moral and Christian worth. Of studious habits and capacious memory he mastered many branches of knowledge and was equally at home in law, literature, theology and government."

The Eddy Law Office stood for many years a few yards east of the Homestead on Plympton Street. Some years ago it was given to the Springfield Exposition and may be seen today as a unit in the village of Storrowtown. Active too in the work of the First Church, he wrote much concerning the early life of the church and his own ancestry. Being very independent of spirit a little story has it that when worshiping by song, if unfortunately interrupted by a sneeze or cough, Zachariah would not try to catch up with the choir but would resume the verse exactly where he had been forced to stop, and so finish the hymn all by himself.

The Homestead passed from Zachariah to his daughter Charlotte, wife of Rev. Francis Pratt and they resided here after his retirement from the ministry. At the time of her death in 1903 the property came to Gen. Samuel Breck. The General served with distinction in the Civil War and descended from Capt. Joshua on both mother's and father's side, consequently having a tremendous knowledge of the genealogy of his family.

The property was then left to his son and wife Dr. & Mrs. Samuel Breck of Boston. They spent summers and vacations in Eddyville, taking an active and ardent interest in the home and its background. In 1926, Mrs. Louisa Eddy Breck and her children became the owners. She was a most gracious lady and charming hostess, tracing her line to Capt. Joshua through his son Ebenezer, so that her son President George W. Breck of the Eddy Family Association has three lines back to Captain Joshua Eddy. It was through the wishes of Mrs. Louisa Eddy Breck that the Eddy Homestead Association became a reality.

Because of the sustained interest in the growing Eddy family and its origin in Middleboro, the Eddy Family Association in 1934 dedicated a memorial plaque on Eddyville Green to Obadiah Eddy and his descendants. The bronze tablet listed the men who served our nation in the early years for freedom. It may be of local interest that Selectman George W. Stetson, then four years old, with Anne Howe Eddy of the same age, unveiled the memorial on that occasion. Recently thieves forcibly removed this plaque, which for thirty-four years had reminded visitors of Eddy men who fought and died for the establishment of a free nation. For the few stolen dollars that the bronze might yield, they flaunted all respect for the sacrifices of patriotic, law abiding, hardworking pioneers.

Not wanting to leave the impression that all Eddys are faultless, we close with a verse written years ago by Dr. Merritt Henry Eddy when eighty-seven years old and who lived beyond the century mark: "If you could see your ancestors all standing in a row, there might be some of them you wouldn't care to know. But here's another question which requires a different view: If you could meet your ancestors, would they be proud of you?"

Living in these troublesome times, we find it profitable to reflect on the accomplishments of our founding fathers. With this in mind similar articles can and should be written concerning other Middleboro families who have contributed equally to what we like to think of as "The American Way of Life."

NINE DAYS IN AUGUST

by Clint Clark

At precisely 1:55 p.m. on Saturday, August 9, 1969, church bells and fire whistles sounded the beginning of Middleboro's long anticipated celebration of its 300th anniversary. Five minutes later, the Tercentenary program was officially opened at Battis Field.

The Flag was raised and saluted by the hundreds present for the ceremony, after which visiting dignitaries and other guests of honor were introduced by Selectman Paul T. Anderson. These included elected town officials, members of the Tercentenary Committee and state representatives.

As the ceremony began, a group which had walked from Plymouth arrived and presented greetings from that town. Under the sponsorship of the local Aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, they had traced the path of the first settlers of Middleboro and thus dramatized the historic origin of their home town.

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That evening, as a sprightly counterpoint to the official ceremony, there was a "Celebration Ball" at Memorial High School gymnasium and another for young folks at Burkland Junior High School. Colorful costumes and a grand march combined to make it a gala evening.

Sunday was designated "Religious Heritage Day". All churches held open house and the tour of old homes was a resounding success. Similar tours had been held in the past, but the response this day was unprecedented. It appeared that the gracious homes which reflect so truly the early days held a special appeal this year, when, above all, Middleboro folk became aware of the past as a heritage to be shared and honored.

"Homecoming Day", Monday, August 4, was to have featured a picnic at the playgrounds, but it was rained out. Fortunately for other features of the day, the weather cleared in time for the first performance of "Nemasket Come Alive" at Battis Field, a panoramic presentation of Middleboro's progress through many eras of its history. A Tercentenary "queen" was crowned as the pageant opened and the evening ended with the first of a series of gigantic fireworks displays at the field.

Tuesday was "Sports and Recreation" day, a program which in the forenoon comprised track and field events for boys and girls. In the evening, after a chicken barbeque prepared by the Mitchell Memorial Club, there were sack races, a greased pole climb and similar contests, a band concert and midway attractions at the carnival set up behind the high school.

Wednesday was billed as a day featuring local industry. Centre Street was closed to vehicle traffic from the Four Corners to School Street for the Merchants' Flea Market, held all day. This event proved one of the most popular on the nine-day program. Merchandise in great variety was offered for sale from tables set up in the street. Bargains of all kinds were proclaimed and under fair skies on this sunny day, the colorful, informal Flea Market prospered. Because people were in a light-hearted mood and inclined to spend the day outdoors, an exhibit of local industrial products at the high school had less appeal than the Flea Market and other open air events.

Thursday was "Ladies Day", with the Nemasket Grange Hall on North Main Street as the principal center of activities. This event was in large part a revival of bygone domestic arts: those of bread baking, corn husking, spinning wool, and cake and pie baking contests. Two cast iron kitchen ranges set up at the rear of the grounds and fired with wood, served the bread baking contestants. Children as well as adults participated in the corn husking contest, after which the corn was cooked, buttered, and served hot. Old fashioned costumes were worn by many, for at 2:30 p.m. there was to be an assembly of ladies for a promenade from the Grange grounds to preliminary judging at the Town Hall. Costumes of the Colonial period were in great favor, but those of the early 1900's were also popular and attractive. The promenade of ladies was a colorful and impressive sight.

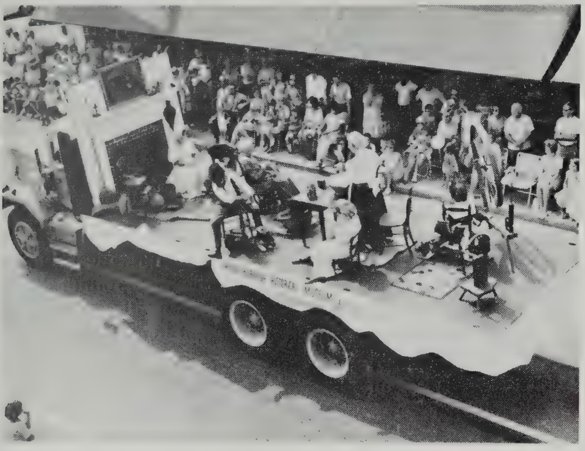
ON PROMENADE

Friday was planned as "Youth America Day", featuring contests of interest to the youth of Middleboro. Athletic contests were held in the morning and swimming races in the afternoon. Young contestants vied at the playground shuffleboard courts for prizes in the freckles and pigtail competition. Swimming pool events included diving and log rolling.

Saturday, as the nine-day celebration drew to a close, was "Good Neighbor Day". For the many local men who had prevailed over discomfort and cultivated an amazing, and sometimes amusing, variety of beards, mustaches, and "lamb chop" sideburns, Saturday was the day of judging such hirsute adornments. The day included the burying of a time capsule at the Town Hall, to be opened in 1994 for a revelation of life in Middleboro in 1969. Newspapers and various documents, as well as vestiges of current social and economic features of the present, went into the capsule. The bearded "Brothers of the Brush" and their Attleboro counterparts engaged in an "Old Timers" baseball game in the afternoon. The pageant concluded its spectacularly successful run and for the last time aerial fireworks blazed and thundered over Battis Field.

Sunday, August 10, the last of the glorious nine days, brought the celebration to a grand finale with a mammoth parade. Although advance publicity gave an indication of the size of this spectacle, the thousands of people lining the parade route this final day were astounded and thrilled by its splendor of floats, bands and marching units. The weather, which began with a light drizzle and threat of showers, turned fine as the parade units assembled for the start at 2 p.m. Appropriately, Fletcher Clark, Jr., who in 1919 had headed the parade marking the 250th anniversary of the town, again led the 300th year parade. For two hours, thousands were enthralled by the great procession. Covered wagons and a stage coach lumbered through the streets, carrying passengers in appropriate costume. Local history came to the forefront in such floats as that of the Middleborough Historical Museum, "A Busy New England Home of Long Ago," and the North Middleboro parade committee's reproductions of the 1725 ironworks at Titicut. The local Improved Order of Redmen and their guests revived pre-Colonial history with three floats and an Indian band. Music ranged from exciting fife and drum corps to the modern as presented by a local restaurant's musicians. The stirring sound of bagpipes was heard along with the military marching music of many bands and corps, such as the Middleboro Sabres. Governor Francis Sargent was afoot most of the way, delighting many as he greeted and shook hands with spectators. The famed Marine Corps Band of Quantico, Virginia, honored the occasion by leading the parade.

In was the last and, many thought, the greatest of the nine days of August. But, in retrospect, one looks back on the past summer not so much as a series of events, but rather as a great renaissance of local pride and spirit. The spirit began to take form early in the year; the pride came as the events unfolded, and reached its peak in the nine days of August.



"A Busy New England Home of Long Ago"

Float of the Middleborough Historical Museum, Tercentenary Parade, August 10, 1969. On float: Susan Gale, Mrs. Clifford L. Keith, C. Charles Judge, Mrs. Lawrence B. Romaine, Sandy Rudziak, Mrs. Harold M. Pratt.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE SACRED HEART PARISH
Middleboro, Massachusetts

ELIZABETH E. (DOHERTY) DYER

In 1850 about 30 members of the Roman Catholic Church had become residents of Middleboro. These early pioneers of the faith walked a distance of approximately 10 miles to attend services in the nearest Catholic Church — St. Mary's in Taunton.

Occasionally, a visiting priest would celebrate Mass in private homes. Later, church services were held monthly in the hall over the general store of the late Colonel Peter H. Peirce, the present site of the Middleboro District Court.

These members of the early faith in Middleboro had come from such cities as Boston, Fall River and Providence, where the practice of their religion had become a very essential part of their lives. In the little hall over the grocery store, as they sat upon boxes and cracker barrels to participate in the privilege of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, they hopefully prayed, with stalwart faith and great zeal, for a Catholic Church in Middleboro.

On October 15, 1863, St. Thomas Aquinas Church in Bridgewater had been completed and Bridgewater became a parish. East Bridgewater, West Bridgewater and Middleboro were served by the Bridgewater pastor, Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, who later became bishop of Hartford, Connecticut. His successor, Rev. John A. Conlin, served both Bridgewater and Middleboro for nearly 18 years, making monthly visits to Middleboro. Father Conlin died on June 22, 1888.

On March 11, 1873, land was acquired for the purpose of erecting a Catholic Church in Middleboro. For financial reasons, however, the actual building of the church had to be deferred for seven years. A committee consisting of three members who appointed the late Edward F. Doherty as their chairman, was assigned to visit Archbishop John Joseph Williams to obtain permission for the building of the church. The Archbishop felt that with such a small number of parishioners, it would be financially impossible to maintain a church. He suggested, however, that if the pastor in Middleboro were to serve also the State Correctional Institute at Bridgewater, the revenue obtainable from that source would be of substantial assistance in maintaining the Middleboro church.

It is interesting to recall that this arrangement of serving the State Institution at Bridgewater continued for approximately 70 years, until the appointment of Rev. Francis J. Mosley as the resident chaplain in December, 1947.

Sad, indeed, is the state of those unfortunate persons who must, of necessity, be segregated from society; and heavy was the responsibility of the priests of Sacred Heart Parish who, during a period of nearly 70 years, made frequent trips to Bridgewater to bring spiritual consolation and help to the thousands of God's lonely unfortunates incarcerated in the State Institution.

In 1880, the first Catholic Church was erected at a cost of approximately $5000. On July 12, 1881, Archbishop John Joseph Williams blessed the cornerstone and dedicated the small, unpretentious, but attractive wooden structure—the Sacred Heart Church, which continued as a Mission until June 27, 1885, when the Sacred Heart Parish was created.

Prominently identified with the early history of the parish is the name of the late Michael O'Toole, whose generous financial contributions helped to make possible the building and the maintenance of the early church.

The first pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Rev. Olivier Boucher, remained but a few months, having been transferred to St. Joseph's Church in Haverhill. His successor, Rev. Patrick J. Sheedy, served as pastor from 1885 until 1889, when he was assigned to St. Mary's Church in Ayer.

Rev. James H. O'Neil, a native of Amesbury, and a former curate at St. Vincent's Church in South Boston, became pastor of Sacred Heart Church in 1890, and remained until 1896, when he was appointed to the pastorate of the Holy Family Church in Rockland. During the administration of Father O'Neil, the land and dwelling adjoining the church property was purchased for a rectory. Land consisting of eight acres on Wood Street was acquired for use as a cemetery, and was dedicated in May, 1891, as St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery. At the time of his death, on June 11, 1928, Father O'Neil was pastor of Sacred Hearth Church in East Boston.

Rev. Nicholas J. Murphy served as pastor from 1896 until 1900, when he was transferred to St. John's Church in Peabody. Father Murphy was later appointed pastor of St. Anthony's Church in Allston, where he remained until his death on January 25, 1940.

Rev. Daniel C. Riordan, a native of Quincy, became pastor in 1900, and remained until 1908, when he was assigned to the parish of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, in Marblehead. Father Riordan was a brilliant scholar. Upon the completion of his studies at the Grand Seminary in Montreal, he was obliged to delay his ordination for a period of two years, being too young to receive the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

Standing as a monument to the administrative ability of Father Riordan is the very beautiful church of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, in Marblehead, which was built during his short pastorate of two years. The Sacred Heart Rectory in Newton Center, the former residence of Francis Cardinal Spellman and of Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, was erected during the administration of Father Riordan.

In December, 1945, while pastor of St. Patrick's Church in Watertown, Father Riordan became a Monsignor. At the time of his death on June 3, 1947, at the age of 85 years, Monsignor Riordan held the distinction of being the oldest living graduate of Boston College.

Rev. John P. Sullivan served as pastor from 1908 to 1911. Father Sullivan passed away on March 12, 1931. His successor, Rev. James J. Murphy, came to Sacred Heart Parish in 1912, and in 1914 became pastor of the church of Our Lady of the Presentation, in Brighton, where he remained until his death on April 17, 1950.

Rev. James F. Reagan was assigned as pastor in 1914 and served until November, 1915. Father Reagan died suddenly in a train accident on March 5, 1918.

Rev. Timothy A. Curtin became pastor in 1915 and in 1917 was appointed pastor of the Sacred Hearth Church in Newton Center. During his administration in Middleboro, construction began on the new Sacred Heart Church. The magnificent stained glass window surmounting the main altar is the gift of Father Curtin, and dedicated to the memory of his parents. Father Curtin died on January 16, 1933.

Rev. Albert M. Readdy came to Middleboro as pastor in 1917 and remained until 1929, when he was assigned to St. Ann's Church in Gloucester. During the pastorate of Father Readdy, construction of the new Sacred Heart Church was completed. On June 9, 1918, His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, blessed the cornerstone and dedicated this very beautiful, red-brick edifice of English Gothic architecture — a monument to the faith and zeal, the labor and self-sacrifice of the priests and the members of Sacred Heart Parish. Father Readdy died on October 24, 1945.

Rev. George H. Quigley served as pastor from October 2, 1929 until May 11, 1931, when he was transferred to St. Philip's Church in Boston. The excellent condition and beautiful appearance of St. Mary's Cemetery at the present time is due, in no small measure, to the fine work accomplished there during the administration of Father Quigley, who passed away on January 7, 1942.

On May 11, 1931, Rev. John C. Fearns, a native of Cambridge, and a graduate of Harvard University, became pastor and served until April 11, 1933. Father Fearns died on February 11, 1941.

Rev. Michael J. Danahy, a native of Hopkinton, and a former curate at St. Bernard's Church in West Newton, was appointed pastor on April 4, 1933 and remained until his death on May 15, 1944. The new Sacred Heart Rectory, an attractive and well appointed residence for the priests of the parish was built during the pastorate of Father Danahy.

During the period from May 15, 1944 to November 22, 1944, pending the appointment of a new pastor, Rev. Thomas J. Fallon, a native of Hyde Park, acted as administrator of the parish. Father Fallon became director of the Catholic Charitable Bureau in Lynn.

Rev. Timothy C. Gleason, a native of Middleboro, became pastor on November 22, 1944, and remained until March 23, 1949, when he was assigned to the pastorate of St. Anthony's Church in Allston. Father Gleason was a most energetic and constructive administrator. Extensive renovations and improvements were made in the exterior of the church, and the interior was attractively redecorated. The new church organ was also installed during his pastorate.

The Parish War Memorial, a beautifully carved statue of the Sacred Heart, dedicated to the memory of the veterans of World War II, who were members of Sacred Heart Parish, was erected on the church lawn during the administration of Father Gleason, and was impressively dedicated by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing on July 9, 1945.

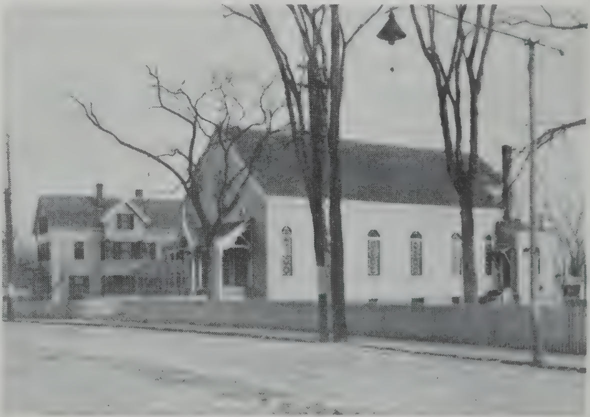
While reflecting upon this memorial to our veterans of World War II, it is proper that special honor and tribute be given to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Mitchell, whose five sons entered the service of our country, and two made the supreme sacrifice; Irving Mitchell who was killed in August 1943, and Paul Mitchell who died in June 1944.

"Take to Thyself, dear Sacred Heart,
These souls who did a Christian's part;
And in Thy home, where strife doth cease,
Give them Thy everlasting peace."

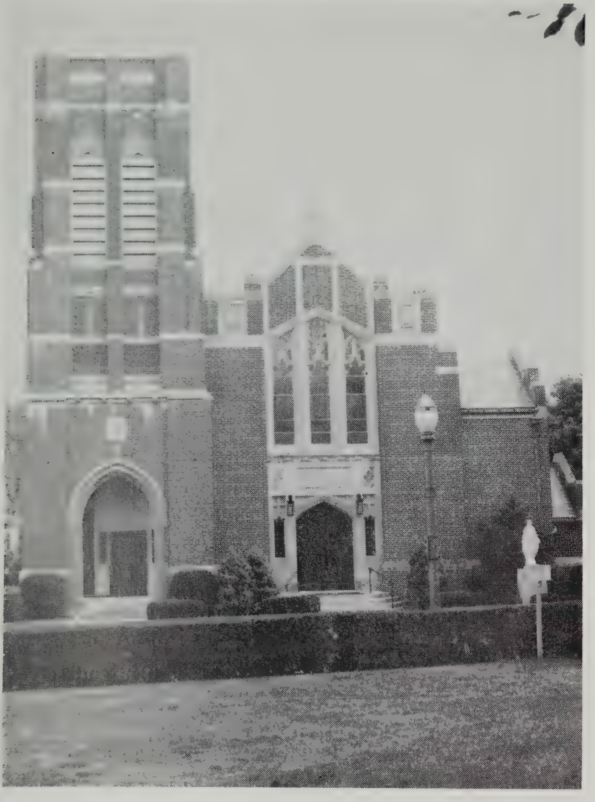
Rev. John F. Welsh, a former pastor of St. Ann's Church in Marshfield, became pastor on March 23, 1949 and served until his transfer to the Church of the Immaculate Conception in East Weymouth on September 19, 1956. The resplendent beauty of the sanctuary is the accomplishment of Father Welsh.

The Parish Hall on Oak Street was built during the administration of Father Welsh. This well designed structure, with a seating capacity of approximately 1000 persons, provides an excellent and convenient location for conducting parish activities.

As of this date, August 1958, the pastor of Sacred Heart Parish is Rev. Joseph P. Shea, a native of Newton, and a former pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church in North Carver, who was assigned to the Middleboro parish on September 20, 1956. The land and dwelling at the corner of Oak and Center Streets have been purchased for the anticipated use as a convent.



CHURCH AND RECTORY OF THE SACRED HEART CHURCH
Built in 1880



New Sacred Heart Church
Built in 1918

Intimately identified with the early history of Sacred Heart Parish is the name of Miss Sarah Sidebottom, the church organist for nearly 50 years. Although residing in a remote section of the town, she held an exceptional record of attendance at the church services during those many years.

On two occasions during the earlier days, Sacred Heart Parish was singularly honored by the entrance of a member of the parish into the religious life. On December 7, 1916, Sister Frances Immaculata (Gladys Harrington, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Harrington) entered the Order of the Sisters of Notre Dame da Namur. On September 8, 1918, Sister Mary Amabilis (Alice Roht, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Roht) entered the Order of the Sisters of Saint Joseph.

The voice of history is cold and dispassionate, but the deeds of great men are recounted with love by their children. The courage, the self-sacrifice, the heroism of our priests and of our ancestors will never die, but will live spiritually; and we may well repeat today the significant words in the motto adopted on January 2, 1823 by the City of Boston, the ecclesiastical center of our beloved archdiocese:

"Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis."
"As God was with our fathers, so may He be with us."

CRANBERRIES—THEIR CULTURE AND VALUE

by Katharina L. Woodward

If you should visit Cape Cod in midsummer, one of the prettiest pictures you would see would be the cranberry bogs in full bloom. A sight long to be remembered, are the smooth even acres of low green vines, covered with tiny bell-shaped pink blossoms, forecasting a bumper crop of bright red berries, to be served as sauce or juice the year around. But the cranberry bogs did not always look like that—they were originally swamp land, preferably with plenty of water available, and a good supply of sand nearby. The swamp is cleared of all trees and stumps, drained, leveled, and ditches dug around the various parts or sections. A mud bottom is essential, and this must be covered with several inches of yellow sand, spread evenly over the surface. Men cart the sand, from a nearby sandbank, using heavy wheelbarrows pushed on heavy planking, laid on the bog. Using a marker, lines are drawn on the sandy surface making squares, usually about twelve inches on each side. Now we are ready to set the vines to make our new bog. Cuttings, either bought or taken from an old bog, are planted or set at each corner of each square and one in the center. This is done when the sand is wet, to insure proper growth of the new cuttings or slips. Cuttings should *always* be used, as plants grown from seed do not come true to name or variety. Much care is required to guard against pests and disease, while the vines are covering the ground, which takes about three years. Hill picking may be done the second year, but no real crop can be expected until the bog bottom is well covered.

During this period of growth, the owner must keep the bog free from weeds; see that the vines are properly fertilized, and employ proper spray materials to combat insect pests and plant diseases. Spraying or dusting which was formerly done by hand, is now sometimes done by plane or helicopter. Adequate water privilege is an absolute necessity if the bog is to survive and function properly. Some bogs have a natural stream running through them; others draw water from a reservoir or pond. The water is used in summer for irrigation by filling the ditches; by flooding for the control of some insects, and in the fall to prevent damage to the crop by frost. Flooding the bog is induced by pulling planks from flumes in the dikes, which separate the various sections of the bog. Winter flooding is mandatory to prevent the vines from being winter-killed. The water must completely cover the bog well above the vines or the vines may be uprooted by the ice in winter. In the spring the water is drawn from the bog; new growth soon appears, and the buds will swell for the coming bloom and harvest.

Cranberries used to be picked by hand into six-quart tin pails called measures, five measures filling a bushel box. As this was not practical for large bogs, the large wooden hand scoop came into use, and this, in turn, gave way to the huge picking machines which are used today. For many years, all cranberries were sorted or screened by hand on electrically-operated belts, packed into barrels or boxes, and sent to market. Now, many berries are sent to the canneries, without screening, to emerge as sauce, jelly or juice. A portion of the crop, however, is packed in cellophane bags and sold in supermarkets or chain stores. With these, the housewife can prepare delicious breads, shimmering salads and delectable desserts.

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Katharina L. Woodward

THE JOSHUA WOOD PLACE

by Lyman Butler

This beautiful, well-kept home at the corner of Wood and Sachem Streets belies its age. The late Chester Weston told the present owner, Miss Leora Burgess, it is one of the oldest houses in town. The house on the opposite corner, also a Joshua Wood house on the 1855 map, is about as old, but many additions have been made to change its appearance. Mr. Weston said the Burgess house was probably built in the late 1600's. According to the late Tom Smith, the main part of this structure was moved from the site of Fall Brook Furnace where it was in use as a storage and shipping building. As the furnace did not start operations until 1735, it is thought this building was probably a dwelling before the start of the Furnace. To bear this out, there are three fireplaces in the house, and much re-enforcement of the chimney and fireplace was needed to make the move, which incidentally was carried out with the aid of thirteen yokes of oxen. An ell was added to the house, used for many years as a shoe shop. Later the big "A" window was added to the front roof, much improving the looks of the house. Though the earliest owners are not known, it is certain that it was owned by Joshua Wood in the early 1800's. Later, the Rev. Ethan Hunt, pastor of the first Methodist Church on Cherry Street, lived here; then a Sara Smith (sister-in-law of Tom Smith). The property was purchased from her by the Gove family, one of whom married Edward Burgess, and Leora Burgess now occupies the home.

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VOLUME XI DECEMBER 1969 NUMBER 2

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS

"The history of the First Congregational Church is a history of the town itself, for this is where it actually had its origin. Though not organized until 1694, church services were held in this parish for nearly twenty years prior to that date. Its organizers were some of the Pilgrims, nine transferring their membership from the mother church in Plymouth. The first pastor, Rev. Samuel Fuller, was a son of Dr. Fuller, the Pilgrim doctor, and all members lived here prior to the town's incorporation in 1669 . . . . This beautiful building that Daniel Webster called 'the most beautiful in all New England' is the fourth to serve the parish."

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"History of Middleborough Churches"

TERCENTENARY OBSERVANCE SERVICE

First Church at The Green

June 1, 1969

by GEORGE WARD STETSON

Members of the clergy, honored guests and friends; a proper treatment of the subject of Middleborough's churches would require a substantial allotment of time. In order to hold it to a reasonable period, I'm suggesting that we consider only our early churches and, with the exception of this parish, make merely a cursory reference to each.

We could not begin without first mentioning Middleborough's three churches of the "Praying Indians." These were located at Titicut, Nemasket and Assawampsett. From early Pilgrim days the desire to Christianize the Indian population had grown, with the greatest success found here in the Plymouth Colony. Before King Philip's War in 1675, there were almost five hundred Praying Indians in the Colony, with the heaviest concentration found at Titicut and Assawampsett. Probably the best known of the ministers who worked among the Indians was Rev. John Eliot who devoted much time and effort here. On one dramatic occasion when hoping to convert King Philip—that savage warrior threateningly grabbed Eliot's jacket and said as he yanked off a button:—"I care no more for your religion than I do for that button!"

No doubt Rev. Eliot's most successful pupil was the Ponkapoag Indian from Dorchester, John Sassamon. He was a graduate of Harvard, had translated the Bible from English into the Indian tongue and had taught in Natick before coming here to preach and teach. Because of Sassamon's ability as a preacher and teacher, John Eliot felt that the London Society should pay the Indian for his efforts. He also acted as Secretary to King Philip and knew of that Chieftan's plans for warfare. Believing it his Christian duty to tell his English friends of the treachery—he so reported to Plymouth. Philip felt he had been betrayed and ordered Sassamon's murder, which was accomplished upon the ice of Lake Assawampsett. However, the deed was observed, the culprits were caught, tried and hung in Plymouth. Infuriated, King Philip then began his plans for open and widespread warfare, resulting in the complete burning of all homes and the mill here in Middleboro.

Though often shabbily treated by the English, the Praying Indians in large numbers remained loyal to our early settlers. Recent archeological excavations at both Assawampsett and North Middleboro sites have uncovered the graves of many of these Praying Indians.

The history of this church, the First Congregational Church at the Green in which we are meeting today, is a history of the town itself—for this is where it actually had its origin. Though not organized until 1694, church services were held in this parish for nearly twenty years prior to that date. Its organizers were sons of the Pilgrims, nine transferring their membership from the mother church in Plymouth. The first Pastor, Rev. Samuel Fuller was a son of Dr. Fuller, the Pilgrim doctor, and all members lived here prior to the town's incorporation in 1669. The Articles of Faith and Covenant were drawn from those of Pastor John Robinson of the Pilgrim Church in Leyden, Holland. This beautiful building that Daniel Webster called "the most beautiful in all New England" is the fourth to serve the parish. Built in 1828, the sermon of dedication was preached by Rev. Lyman Beecher—father of Henry Ward Beecher.

The third structure, built in 1745, stood less than 150 yards east of this spot. In this third building worshipped many noted men of the Revolutionary period. Chief Justice Peter Oliver, last Chief Justice under the Crown—and a respected citizen of our town, had his own pews built as he desired them, and at times was known to have sung in the choir. Here worshipped his brother Lieut. Governor Andrew Oliver and on occasion Govs. Thomas Hutchinson and James Bowdoin, who had family ties with the Olivers. We know too, that Gov. Thomas Prince, Benjamin Franklin and Sir William Temple occasionally attended services in the third building. From the Training Green facing that building our young men marched to serve their country in the Colonial Wars.

We recognize the beauty of this structure and are told of the great beauty of that third building—especially of its interior and exquisitely designed high pulpit, reached by a flight of winding stairs. Over the lectern suspended from the rafters hung a large sounding board—itself a work of art. In front of the pulpit, facing the congregation, was the Deacons' Bench. I'm told that the roof may have needed attention at one time —for on one windy, snowy Sunday morning, as the deacons were in their places and as the congregation quietly waited, Rev. Sylvanus Conant climbed into his pulpit, only to find that the snow had sifted through and covered his Bible. With a sweep of his right hand he brushed the snow right onto the heads of the solemn deacons below him. The deacons then moved over a bit—only to receive another avalanche from a left-handed sweep.

The second church building was erected in front of where the old school house now stands, facing the Green. It was built in 1700 in the shape of a Cross and served the people for over fifty years.

The first house of worship was built in 1680 about a mile northeast of this spot on Plymouth St., almost directly across from the home of Roger Parent. Here Rev. Fuller preached for many years, though prior to its erection he had walked to and from Plymouth to hold Sunday services. As a salary he received the bountiful sum of 20 pounds. Based roughly on the current rate of exchange it might total $60 a year—one third was to be paid in silver and the remainder in corn, wheat and rye. As a fringe benefit, the town voted to fence in his land. I should like to make it abundantly clear to the Senator and Representative present that this salary is not to be taken as a base for establishing a wage scale for state employees—though there might be some present who would applaud the thought. It is of interest I'm sure, that in the early days all religious, civic and social activity centered around our churches and that the first three of the churches in this parish were the scene of Middleborough's Town Meetings.

For three-quarters of a century the residents of Titicut, or North Middleborough, had walked a distance of five miles to worship here in this church. A meeting was held in 1744 proposing a new parish at Titicut. In 1748 the North Congregational Parish was formed and a church built. About thirty-

MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN
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Prescriptions

nine acres of land was given to the new parish by three Indians. It comprises the Green, the cemetery and the land where the church and parsonage now stand. A monument in memory of these Indians has been erected in the cemetery near the church. Rev. Isaac Backus of Norwich, Conn. preached here for awhile, leaving in 1756 to form a new church—this being the period of dissension between the Old Lights and the New Lights.

Mrs. Mertie Romaine in her excellent history of Central Congregational Church, assisted by Mrs. Rose Pratt, and written in 1947 for the 100th anniversary of that church, says that by the middle of the last century the center of population had become established at the "Four Corners." As a result of a meeting of these "in town" residents at the Green Church in 1842, an agreement was signed for the purpose of building another house of worship. First a Chapel was built and used for worship by the 200 members as the Central Congregational Society. This Chapel formerly faced South Main St. where the Cooperative Bank stands. By way of dating myself, I can recall having gone to first grade in that Chapel building a few (?) years ago. The Chapel now faces Webster St. and is useful in the church's busy program. In 1847 Central Congregational Church was organized, resulting in the erection of the present very beautiful structure in 1849. Because of growth and activity the building was extensively enlarged and remodeled in the early 1890s. From this parent church here at the Green also grew churches at Rock Village, Lakeville, Rochester and Halifax.

I have mentioned that Rev. Isaac Backus formed a new church after leaving the North Congregational. In 1756 he assisted in constituting the First Baptist Church in North Middleborough. In the files—files I now cherish that my ancestor compiled in preparing our first Town History, I found a letter by A. E. Alden dated 1902 which reads in part: "This was the first Baptist Church formed in an extent of country more than one hundred miles long from Bellingham to the tip of Cape Cod and nearly fifty miles wide between Boston and Rehoboth", adding "it is the oldest in Plymouth County and with few exceptions the oldest in the Commonwealth."

Not only was Isaac Backus a renowned preacher but a recognized historian of ecclesiastical history, an author of many books and articles and a nationally acclaimed patriot. I have sometimes felt he didn't receive the recognition due him for his part as a delegate to the Continental Congress, the Constitutional Conventions and as a delegate to the ratification of the Constitution itself. He preached for over fifty years in this church and is buried in the cemetery near the North Middleborough Green.

From the Backus Church emerged others of this denomination in Middleborough. Though records were lost, 1757 seems to be the accepted date for the Second Baptist on County Road, Lakeville (for until 1853 Lakeville was part—a vital part, of Middleboro.) Then came the Third at Rock and South Middleborough in 1761 and the Fourth, or Old Pond Meeting House, on the shores of Assawampsett in 1797. The Mullein Hill Church on Highland Road was established by members from these first three churches. It is of interest that Deborah Sampson was a member of the Third Baptist. She was severely reprimanded by that body for dressing as a man to fight and receive wounds in the War of The Revolution as Robert Shurtleff.

One of the Committee chosen to pick a site for the Pond Meeting House was Captain Job Peirce, father of Col. Peter H. Peirce and Major Levi Peirce. It was Major Levi Peirce who built both Central Baptist Church and Peirce Academy. He was encouraged in this decision by his father.

Capt. Job Peirce was a veteran of both the French & Indian War and the Revolution. Shipwrecked while returning from the war in Canada he was given up for dead by his relatives and the townspeople. However, with no communications possible, he arrived in New Bedford unannounced many months later. Walking to Middleboro on that Sunday morning he went directly to church, instead of to his home. We can imagine his surprise to hear the minister in the midst of preaching a sermon to his own memory—and then to learn that a monument had been erected in his honor!

The first of three Central Baptist churches was built on the site of the present church in 1828—the same year that this church was built, and both had the same celebrated architect, Deacon James Sproat. I recall a story my father was fond of repeating; in prayer meeting one evening during the early days of Central Baptist as the congregation was earnestly striving to encourage their new Pastor, one ardent and vocal deacon noted for his lengthy prayers, had droned on at great length—finally, with a great flourish bringing his plea for the Pastor to a dramatic close with these words: "Oh Lord, you keep him humble and we'll keep him poor." It would almost seem that a poverty stricken pastor was a qualification of merit in those days.

Central Methodist Church was formed in 1823, with the members first meeting in the Old Town Hall at the corner of South Main and West Grove Sts. Some eight years later the first building was erected at Fall Brook, the site being chosen as the most central for the membership. Just one hundred years ago in 1869 the present imposing church building was erected. Over the years various alterations and enlargements have been made, adding to the beauty and usefulness of the structure. Recent acquisitions of adjacent and attractive properties are filling the needs of this denomination's continuing growth. The South Middleboro Methodist Church was built upon the site of the old Baptist Church and was reorganized in 1847.

In 1850 thirty or more Roman Catholic families were residents of our town and had become accustomed to traveling to Taunton to attend Mass. With an actively growing membership came the desire to worship in Middleborough. For a time Mass was held in various homes. Later they also worshipped in the Old Town Hall and for ten years Mass was celebrated in the spacious hall over the Peter H. Peirce store. Many of us remember the first church, built in 1880, where the present Sacred Heart Church and attractive Rectory stand. In 1885 the Society was made a separate Parish. In order to meet the growing needs of the Parish, a Convent, Parish Hall and Youth Center have been added. The Church of Sts. Martha & Mary on the shore of Assawampsett now cares for the needs of many who formerly drove to Middleboro for Mass.

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The Church of Our Savior (Episcopal) was organized in 1889 by eleven members of the denomination. Having no building of their own the first class was confirmed in the Central Congregational Church. Until 1898 services were held in Peirce Academy, which stood on the site of the Post Office. The present stately and beautiful 15th Century Gothic church is made of granite blocks in the shape of a Cross. At a cost of $40,000 it was given through the generosity of another member of the Peirce family—Mr. James E. Peirce. He now rests in a crypt of the church he built and served as Treasurer so faithfully until his death. In the last few years a new spacious Episcopal Parish Hall has replaced the one that served the people for many years, but was unable to meet the needs of a growing church.

Also in 1889 the First Unitarian Society was organized at a meeting held in the District Court Room of the then New Town Hall. Twenty-two members were present for the important occasion and Eugene LeBaron was chosen as the Society's first President. In 1891, encouraged by a gift of land and a $10,000 gift of money, a church was built on Pearl St. near Center St. The land was given by Enoch Pratt of North Middleborough and Baltimore—who had given among other gifts the Pratt Free School in North Middleborough. The money was given by an unnamed donor. For almost twenty years services were conducted there—then in the words of faithful member Henry Burkland, "the building was moved lock, stock and barrel" to the current location at the corner of South Main St. and Nickerson Avenue.

Now I could wish time might have permitted a more complete record of these churches and that more recent church organizations might have been included. I could wish too, that woven into these thoughts might have been the emphatic truth that the church occupied a vital and extremely important part in the lives of our forebears. These early citizens of Middleborough found great strength, courage, hope and peace in the churches of their choice—qualities that were necessary in meeting the problems of their day—problems every bit as difficult for them as are ours today.

Although there seems to be a trend on the part of some current authors to debunk everything decent, there is ample historical written proof verifying that an abiding faith in God was the very cement that bound and strengthened the firm foundation upon which our country was built. And so today, in this dark and troubled world, I'm sure we can do no less than emulate our Founding Fathers by seeking the strength, the courage, the hope and peace we so earnestly desire—and which can be found in the churches of our choice.

COSTUMES IN HIDING

The Museum has been given some especially lovely old-time costumes that deserve to be taken from their boxes and displayed for the enjoyment of Museum visitors, but the Museum lacks the dress forms on which to exhibit them. If any of the antique dress forms are discovered in your attic, won't you please make a present of them to the Museum and enable these beautiful costumes to be brought out of hiding?

A UNIQUE HOME

The B. J. Thomas House, Highland Street

by Lyman Butler

This house is located on Highland Street just beyond the cranberry bog. The picture, taken quite recently, shows considerable change from the old dwelling. To my knowledge, this particular house is the only one of its kind in the vicinity, as there is no front door in the building. Built many years before there was a railroad to the Cape, what is now the front of the house was then the back, as Highland Street originally went north of the building and came out about where the library is now. The railroad right-of-way cut off the old road at the curve and the present one was then built. The owner at that time was not pleased to have the house reversed so he did not make a front doorway on the other side, but used the side entrance to get to the street. The old roadbed is plainly visible in the rear of the house. In the mid- 1800's, there was a saw mill on the property just below the house. The barn gradually deteriorated and was torn down. The present owner, named Johnston, has extensively remodeled the house and built a new barn connected to the house by a breezeway. Over the years, many families have lived here, including Grants, Enos, Westgates and others. The house has been so well remodeled it should be here for a long time.

CHANGES IN MIDDLEBORO

by Horace A. Vaughan

(Horace A. Vaughan was a remarkable man. Blind for forty years, this was no handicap for Mr. Vaughan. After losing his eyesight, without help he remodeled his barn at the family homestead on School Street, which included shingling the roof. He lived to be 88 years old and his mind was keen to the end. He died on October 5, 1965, and the following reminiscences were written three months before his death.)

How Middleboro has changed during my eighty-eight years! I think that you will be able to remember the Peirce Academy which stood where the Post Office now is. I understand that the building commonly called "The Bee Hive," has been torn down. This was built as a dormitory for out-of-town students of the Academy. When I was a boy, it was owned by a retired minister named Coombs. He lived there himself and rented a number of apartments. There were, I think, three cherry trees near the sidewalk, and the boys tormented him by climbing the trees and taking the cherries. It will be pos-

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sible to drive through the parking lot, from School Street to North Main Street. The old fire station, which stood next to the Bee Hive, was torn down a few years earlier. The building now used as the Eldridge Funeral Home, was built as a dormitory for the teachers of the Academy. The wooden school house, which stood next to the Methodist Church, where the brick school now is, and where I began my school life, was moved to Center Street, where it still serves as a store. On the other side of the church was the Andrew Cobb Wood house. Across the street were Mr. Frank Baldwin's greenhouses. Mr. Baldwin was Madeline Shaw's (Mrs. Russell Osborne) grandfather. The Andrew Cobb Wood house was, later, the home of his son, Andrew Miller Wood, and of his son, Theodore Wood. The original Baptist Church stood where the new one now stands. One Sunday, when I was eleven years old, I came out of the Sunday School in the Congregational Church, to discover that the Baptist Church was burning. This was followed by the building recently torn down. The Episcopal Church stands where the Reed dwelling house was located. The Bates School was built in 1886, but was not used until the next year. I entered the sixth grade when it was opened for use. It was burned since I came here to live (at the Osborne Smiths on West Grove Street). The house on the corner of South Main and Webster Streets was the home of George Washburn, who became the head of the American College in Constantinople. When I was a boy, the Congregational Church was raised twelve feet and the vestry built underneath.

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE
BOSTON 1872

A recent gift to the Middleborough Historical Museum and a review of a recent book brought to mind another World Peace effort that took place almost one hundred years ago. The World's Peace Jubilee and International Musical Festival was held in Boston in June, 1872, on the site now occupied by the hotel familiarly known as "The Statler." Many years ago, the Boston Coliseum stood on this spot, built soon after the Civil War. After that building was razed, a large hall was built for public gatherings, supplanted later by the Providence Railroad Station. When the Providence Railroad was taken over by the New York, New Haven and Hartford, the old railroad station was cleared out and the space used to present circuses and other entertainments. It was in this auditorium that P. T. Barnum presented Jenny Lind who came to sing at the Peace Jubilee and Music Festival. Another taking part in this great musical event was our own Levi P. Thatcher who helped conduct the chorus of 20,000 voices. The Historical Museum has been presented with a copy of the song book used on this occasion, a gift of Miss Ruth P. Wood.

In a review of the book, "The Americans," by J. C. Furnas, the reviewer relates an episode included in the author's reminescences which occurred at the Jubilee and Festival. An orchestra of 2,000 was featured, and Johann Strauss was brought over from Vienna at a fee of $100,000 to lead the massed instrumentalists through the "Blue Danube." To do so, he stood on a high podium with deputy conductors posted among the 2,000 musicians to watch through opera glasses and relay the leader's beat. A cannon was to signal the first downbeat. The cannon went off prematurely and neither Strauss nor the thousands who were there ever forgot the ensuing musical chaos.

INDIAN ARTIFACTS of TITICUT

by William B. Taylor

The Indian meaning of Titicut is "the place of a great river" and is situated in the northwest portion of Middleboro. This area was the old Indian reservation and was officially deeded to the Indians on June 9th, 1664, by Josias Wampatuck, the son of Chickataubut.

The earliest map of Titicut was found in the Archives Division of the State House, Boston, Mass., and appears in Volume 113, Page 653. It is dated March 30, 1724, and reads as follows: First we begun next to Middleborough at a great horn pine tree on ye bank of Ketiticut River thence ranging south sixteen degrees west about three miles to a heap of stones and a stake on a plain, thence fourth nine degrees west to an old white oak tree at baiting brook, thence north about three degrees and a half westerly about three miles to a heap of stones near Trout Brook, thence the said brook to be the bounds to run to Ketiticut River.

This description of the ancient bounds of Ketiticut plantation plus a roughly sketched map led to several land disputes because of the indefinite boundary markers. In 1853, the southern portion of the Indian reservation between Poquoy (Trout) Brook and Baiting Brook was included with the Sixteen Shilling Purchase and incorporated under the name of Lakeville. Other small tracts of land appear to have been sold by the Indians from the Titicut plantation, especially along the southeastern boundaries. Westons' history of Middleboro notes a revised and considerably smaller Indian reservation.

The southern boundary is located at a point where the present boundaries of Middleboro, Lakeville and Taunton meet. This point is on the Poquoy Brook just east of Vernon Street. From this point northeast, to an oak tree on the south side of Center Street, 30 rods west of Pleasant Street. Then east by another oak tree to what was known as the old English line. This point is very vague and open for interpretation.

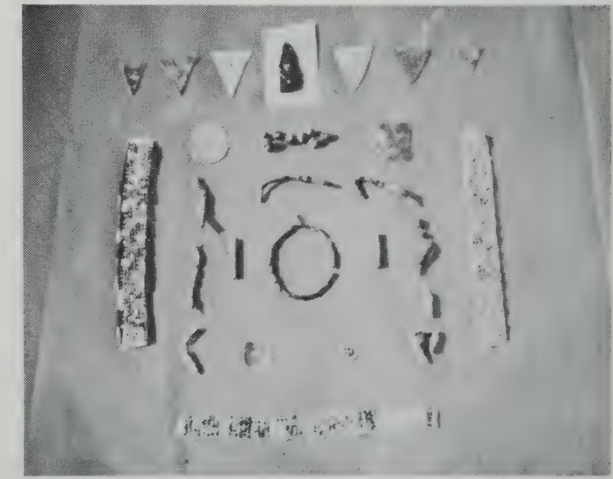

Fig. 1. Copper projectile points, beads, pendants and buttons. At top center is an iron arrow point and several seed beads. On sides and lower center appear three portions of a large glass trade-bead necklace.

However, according to 1855 maps, this eastern boundary appears to be just south of, and including, the Purchade Cemetery[1] on Plymouth Street. From this point north to the Taunton River, meeting at a point east of the Titicut Street (Aldens) bridge and west of where the Nemasket River and Purchade Brook empty into the Taunton River.

This reservation also included the southern portions of Bridgewater, although these limits are not defined. One can assume this to mean approximately ½ mile north of the Taunton River, as an average. The exceptions being Titicut Street (State Farm) and Vernon and South Streets where known Indian sites extend to a mile or more. This assumption is based on many years of collecting relics in these areas.

This first settlement at Titicut was made in 1637 by Miss Elizabeth Poole and several associates. She was the daughter of Sir William Poole, a knight of Colcombe, in the parish of Coliton, Devon, England. Records say she was baptized there on August 25, 1588, and died May 21, 1654, aged 65. Her purchase[2] was between the bounds of Cohanett (Taunton) and the Titicut Weir above Pratts Bridge. She came here for the purpose of forming a settlement and the conversion of the Indians to Christianity. She is credited with being one of the chief promoters of Taunton and its incorporation on September 3, 1639. Most of the original purchase eventually became a part of Taunton.

In 1734, the remaining Indians of the Nemasket tribe at Muttock sold their land and moved to the Titicut reservation. They retained exclusive possession long after other portions of Middleboro had been settled.[3] Here they lived quite peacefully until their extinction about 1770. One of their final contributions to Titicut was the gift of 38¾ acres of land for Titicut parish in 1746. This grant was given by three members of the praying Indians in Titicut—James Thomas, John Ahanton and Stephen David. At least one, James Thomas, was buried in Titicut cemetery.

The various stages of cultural development by the Indians of New England are separated into four major divisions: Paleo, Archaic, Woodland and Historic. The Archaic has two subdivision: Early and Late; while the Woodland has three: Early, Middle and Late. The dates corresponding with each are as follows:

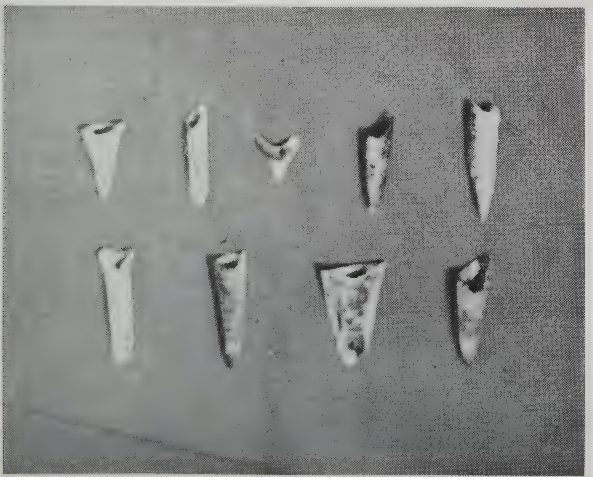

Fig. 2. Eight bone points and shark's tooth from Grave No. 15 at the Titicut site. Shark's tooth was probably used as a projectile point, too.

Paleo-Indian	7000 B.C.
Early Archaic	6000 B.C.
Late Archaic	2500 B.C.
Early Woodland	1000 B.C.
Middle Woodland	A.D. 1
Late Woodland	A.D. 500
Historic	A.D. 1500

The Paleo-Indians were nomadic hunters who followed the herds of mammoths and mastodons. Armed with only spears and clubs man followed these giant animals over vast areas, traveling in small hunter groups. Due to his nomadic way of life, the Paleo-Indian is not considered a native of any one region. The two known Massachusetts sites[4] seem to confirm this way of life, as concentration of artifacts is confined to small areas and the chert material found on these sites is not of local origin (Hudson River Valley, N.Y.).

Sometime between 8,000 and 10,000 years ago, these large Ice Age animals became extinct and our New England Indians turned to hunting smaller game such as the caribou, reindeer, musk ox, seals, and the unlimited supplies of fish and shellfish along our coast. Because of the easy availability of these seafoods, man learned that he could remain longer in one area and not move about as often as he was once forced to do. Thus began the Archaic period.

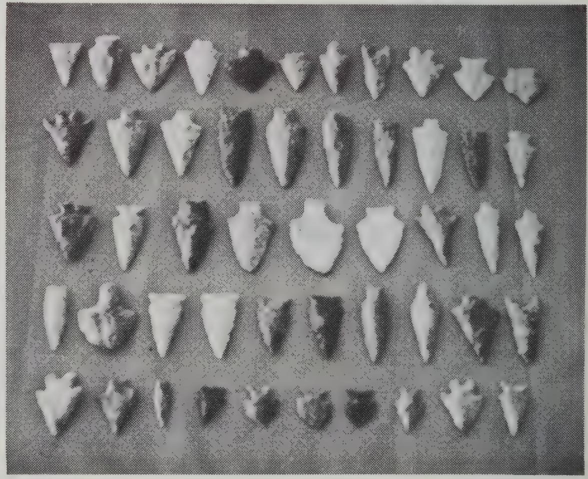

Fig. 3. Small and medium size projectile points showing the most common shapes found at Titicut.

During this period weirs for trapping fish were developed as was the dugout canoe. Berries, fruits, and vegetables began to grow here in the wild state, as the top soil of New England slowly became more fertile. Although hunting still was the number one food supplier, more and more ways of using their natural resources were being discovered. Campsites were still small but used for longer periods of time. The discovery of the bow and arrow led to a drastic change in their hunting habits. Toward the end of this period, man's first industry was started—the manufacture of soapstone bowls and pipes.

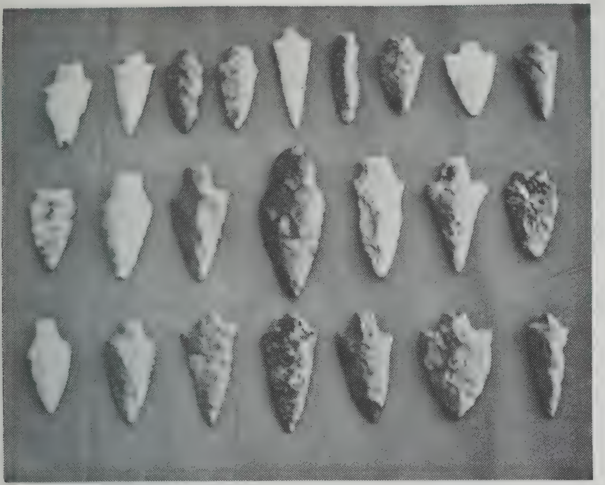

Fig. 4. Large projectile points, most of which are classified as spearheads.

During the Early Woodland period fired clay pottery came into use. This was followed by the spread of agriculture northward from Mexico. As agriculture gradually spread into New England, man's nomadic days ended. Hunting, although still important and necessary, became the secondary source of food supply. Villages sprang up as reliance upon a stable food supply was assured. Crops could be grown, harvested and stored for the long winter months.

More time was now available for the development of language, social customs and religion. Tribes, Federations and Families were formulated.[5] Leaders were chosen and laws made by which the various tribes were ruled. Burial customs became more important and quite elaborate as influence from the great mound building cultures of the Ohio River Valley spread eastward into our area. Artifacts became more varied and reached a high degree of quality in their manufacture.

During the early 1500's, European explorers came to our New England shores. French and English traders began an active and profitable business. The Indians had the furs the white man wanted, while the white man had the metal weapons, implements and beads which the red man wanted. Items such as axes, knives, hoes, kettles, fishhooks, rope, fishline, clay pipes, colored cloth and glass beads were especially coveted. Another important item was copper from which the Indians made arrowpoints, beads, pendants, buttons, pipes, etc.

These Europeans helped change the history of our New England Indians but were also responsible for his decline. In 1617, a great Plague broke out among the New England Indians, which killed 75% of all those affected. Whole villages were wiped out (Patuxets) while others seemed to be spared (Nemaskets). Records tell us so many died that the living were unable to bury all the dead, and great piles of bones were seen by the first settlers. This disease was never positively identified. "Their bodies before and after death were very yellow". Europeans were immune to this disease as they lived among the Indians during the epidemic and were not affected.

In 1633, another epidemic, this time of smallpox, killed off a large percentage of the remaining New England Indians including Chickataubut, the Great Indian Sachem, whose territory included Titicut.

The Titicut Site is located on the Bridgewater side of the Taunton River south of Beach Street and near the old shipyard. From the years 1946 to 1951, members of the Warren King Moorehead Chapter of the Massachusetts Archaeological Society made an extensive excavation of this area. Under the direction of Dr. Maurice Robbins of Attleboro, about one-fourth of this large site was excavated, the rest being under cultivation at the time. Radio-carbon dates confirm an occupation at this site over a period of 5000 years. Therefore, the first Indians were here during the Early Archaic period. As no known Paleo-Indian artifacts have been found here, we will assume that the whole area of Titicut falls into the same period.

There were two (basic) methods of manufacturing stone implements. The first technique concerns the manufacture of chipped artifacts such as projectile points, knives, drills and scrapers. First the artisan selected a piece of material best suited for his purpose. Then he used the percussion method to remove flakes from the piece of material, by striking it with another stone called a hammer stone. The flake is then reduced and roughed to size. This produced the primary chipping and is called a blank. Next by using a sharpened bone or antler tine he completed the finished product by a process called pressure flaking.[6] One has only to look at a finely made piece to gain a high regard for the ability of these primitive stoneworkers.

The second method of manufacture was done by a technique known as pecking and grinding. Tools such as axes, celts, pestles, gouges, plummets, etc., were made in this manner. First a pebble or piece of material of the approximate size and shape of the finished tool was selected. This was roughly pecked into shape with a hammerstone. Then it was finished by grinding or rubbing on an abrasive surface such as sandstone or slate. Often only the cutting edge of a tool is polished, although some of this is due to extensive use.

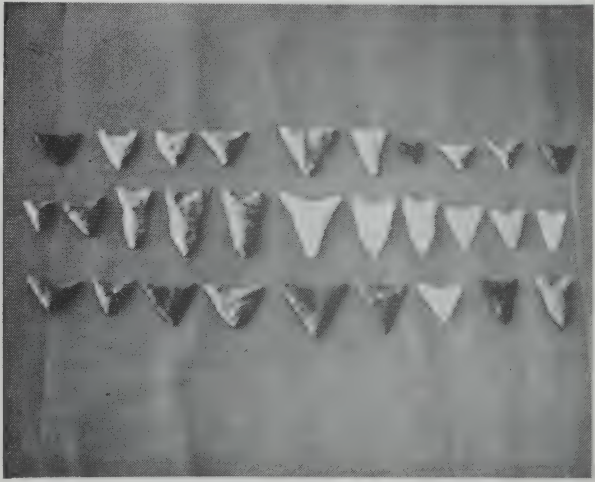

Fig. 5. Small and large triangular points. This is the most common shape found in this area.

New England Indians tended to use locally available stone for their chipped implements. Some of the most common materials used are shown in the table below, as well as the percentage proportions from my collection. Major sources of material supply have been noted although many unknown small deposits probably exist and were used whenever found.

MATERIAL	*PERCENTAGE USED*
QUARTZ[7]	45%
FELSITE	35%
QUARTZITE	5%
SHALE	5%
FLINT and JASPER	5%
SANDSTONE and MISC.	5%

Felsite comes in colors of red, light brown, green, purple, black, gray and varying shades of each. Known deposits occur at Canton, Hingham and Marblehead.

Quartz appears in white, rose, smokey and clear. A quarry is located at Diamond Hill, Rhode Island. Much of our local material comes from glacial cobbles found along our rivers and lakes and the sandy beaches about the Cape. There were probably several small local veins or outcrops available too.

Quartzite is found in brown, gray, pink and white. Large quarries are found in western Massachusetts around Holyoke and locally at Hingham. It also occurs as cobblestones in stream beds, deposited there by glacial action.

Shale is found in Arlington and comes in green, light yellow, gray, black and reddish.

Red Jasper is found at Saugus and Scituate and along the beaches in Marshfield and Duxbury, while yellow-brown Jasper appear as nodules around Plymouth.

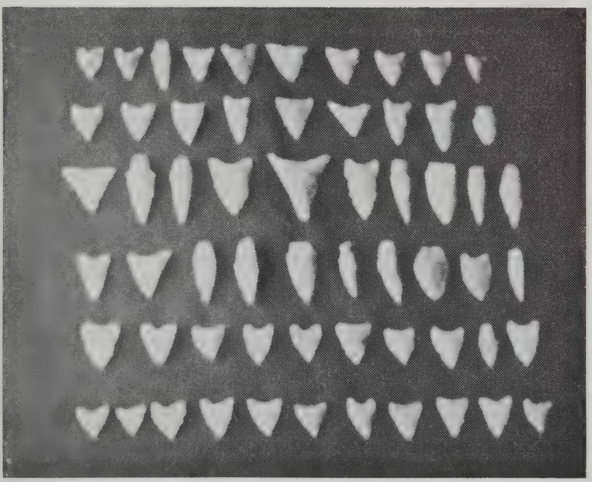

Fig. 6. Quartz arrowpoints, predominantly triangular. Quartz was the favorite material used to make projectile points.

Artifacts from Flint quarries at Coxsackie on the Hudson River appear locally as a result of importation but not often. Only local sources appear as European nodule flint brought to this country as ship ballast and dumped along our coast. Found in black, gray, green, brown and sometimes red.

Sandstone is usually a reddish-brown and is found throughout the area.

Large pecked and polished tools were made of harder materials such as sandstone, granite, quartzite, chert and several varieties of hornblende. Slate or argillite takes a very fine polish and was a favorite for making gorgets, pendents, ulus, bannerstones and other ceremonial pieces. Many of our local implements are of mixed stone materials and are often named for the most prominent component. This has caused a lot of disagreement among collectors. Some rocks can only be identified by the examination of a freshly fractured surface.

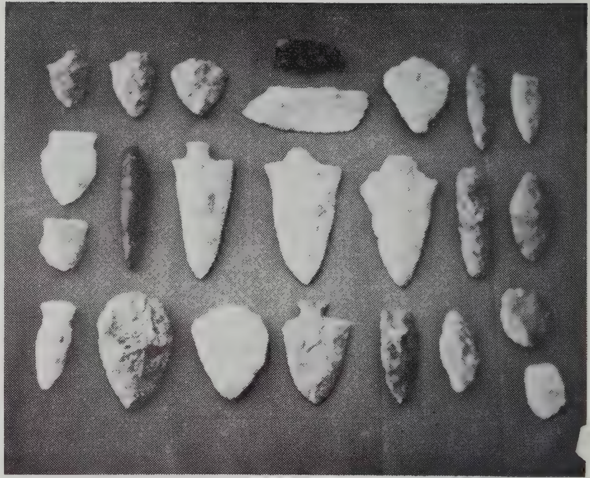

Fig. 7. Some fine knives, the longest being 6". Many of these show careful workmanship and fine chipping.

Copper ore is found in nugget form in the Lake Superior area. During late Archaic times, local Indians obtained some copper in the form of finished artifacts through trade between tribes. In historic or colonial times, natives obtained small amounts of sheet copper from the English by trade. These sheets would be thinned by pounding to make such items as beads, pendents, arrowpoints, pins, buttons, etc. Thicker artifacts such as axes resulted from pounding sheets together and annealing the copper into one piece. After cutting to the desired length, beads were formed by rolling the copper around a wooden or bone core. Arrowpoints were sometimes stamped out by the Europeans for trade with the Indians. Holes in points or pendents were for stringing them in large bundles to facilitate carrying and display. (See Fig. #1)

Bone artifacts are seldom found at Titicut due to their perishable nature. One notable exception was grave No. 15 at the Titicut Site where eight bone points were left as a grave offering and preserved by charcoal deposits. Also found in this grave was the remains of a bow and quiver with eight stone points. Although nothing but organic rot was left, t outlines were very distinguishable. (See Fig. #2)

PROJECTILE POINTS

These are the most common of stone implements and produced in the largest quantities. They were used for hunting food and in warfare. Sizes range from ½" to 6" in length, as a general rule.[8] Many authorities classify anything up to 3" in length as an arrowhead, while longer points are called

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spearheads. No one is exactly sure of the specific function for which each was used. At the Titicut Site, quartz points of approximately 1" were found imbedded in the skeletons of three different Indians, causing the death of each. This proves that size had little to do with killing powers.

No uniform system of classification exists. Some collectors use place names, while others use the shapes of the different bases as a means of identifying points. The system best suited to our area lists fourteen basic shapes as follows:

1. Small triangular
2. Large triangular
3. Corner-notched
4. Small stemmed
5. Eared
6. Long eared
7. Bifurcated
8. Leaf
9. Diamond
10. Fluted
11. Corner-removed
12. Side-notched
13. Tapered-stem
14. Truncated

Different cultures used different shapes, which helps to identify and date points to their proper period. Some authorities believe that certain tribes used certain types of points. While this may hold some truth, I believe the suitability of the piece of material at hand and the arrowmakers own ideas had much to do with the shape of the completed point. (See Figs. #3 thru #6)

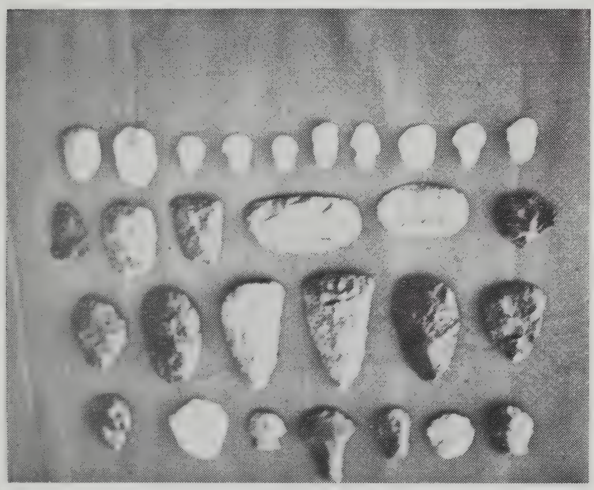

Fig. 9. Scrapers of various sizes and shapes used in the curing of hides to make clothing.

SCRAPERS

One of the most versatile tools of primitive times. Found in sizes of 1" to 10", the scraper was used in the curing of hide for clothing. First a large, coarse, oval scraper was used to deslime the skins of fleshy portions of clinging meat, fat, and bulk from the inner surface of a hide. A dull knife blade such as the ulu was also used as a scraper edge. Then a small stemmed scraper was used to remove the last bits of flesh from the skin. Some hides had the fur scrapped off too, to make rawhide or leather. Many scrapers were held in the hand while others were hafted. After scraping, hides were rubbed with smooth stones to soften them.

There are five types as follows:

1. Stemmed
2. Oval
3. Steepedge
4. Flake
5. Shaft (Woodworking)

(See Fig. #9)

(To be continued in the next issue of the Antiquarian)

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1. This was originally called the Alden Cemetery and was undoubtedly an old Indian burial ground, as remains of several skeletons have been reportedly found there.

2. This land called the Titicut Purchase, "not because it was bought from the Indians residing there, but because it was within the original Indian reservation, which had been conveyed to her and her associates before it had been reserved for the exclusive use of the Indians".

3. In 1643, the General Court at Plymouth forbid the purchasing or hiring of any land from the Indians without consent of the magistrates of the colony. Any whites settling in this region were instructed not to encroach on the territory of the Indians, or in any way molest them.

4. Bull Brook Site in Ipswich and Wapanucket No. 8 in Lakeville revealed presence of Paleo-Indians as both had fluted clovis-type points uncovered.

5. The Nemasket Indians were one tribe in over thirty that comprised the Wampanoag Indian Federation. There were at least ten confederated tribes which belonged to the Algonquin Indian Family or Nation in New England.

6. Artifacts are not made by dropping cold water on heated material as many people once believed.

7. Quartz and Felsite change percentages drastically around the state depending on availability in each area.

8. The exceptions are found with ceremonial remains of cremation burials where knives and spears reach 10" in length, usually deliberately broken as part of the burial ceremony. They are seldom found as surface finds.

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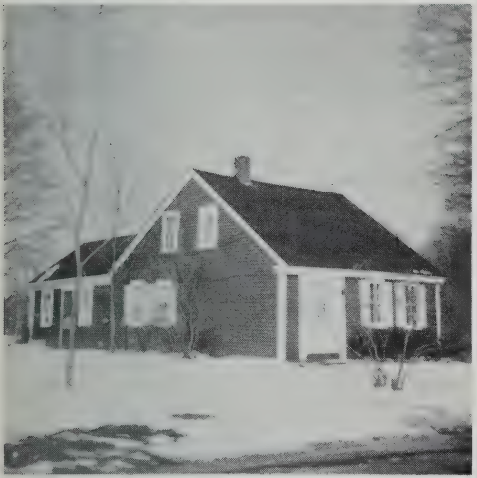
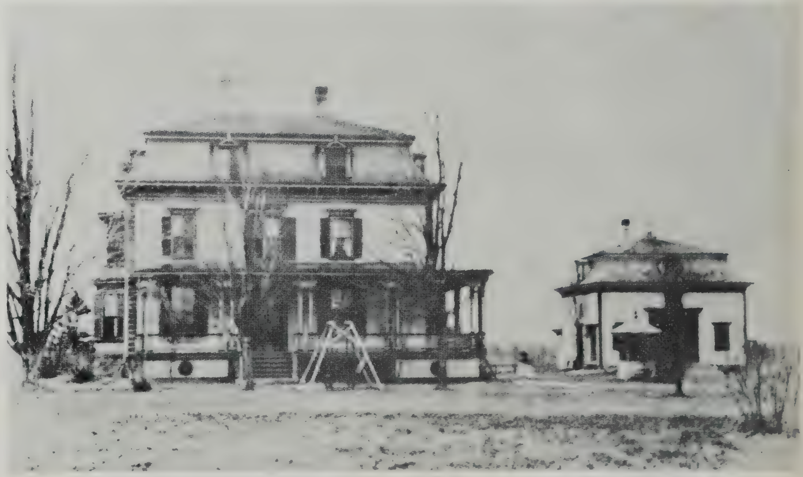


(Left) BIRTHPLACE OF MRS. TOM THUMB

In this small cottage on Plymouth Street in Middleboro, Mercy Lavinia was born in 1841 to Mr. and Mrs. James S. Bump. Lavinia became a protege of P. T. Barnum who made her world famous and also introduced her to Charles S. Stratton (General Tom Thumb) whom she married on February 10, 1863.

(Right) HOME OF GENERAL AND MRS. TOM THUMB

General and Mrs. Tom Thumb built this house across the street from Lavinia's birthplace about 1875. The interior was built to accomodate the diminutive occupants and furnished with miniature furniture. The house was sold in 1910 and the interior remodeled.



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THE JAMES S. BUMP HOUSE

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LYMAN BUTLER

A winter view of this unpretentious little cottage house located in Warrentown on Plymouth Street was where our famous Mrs. Tom Thumb (Mercy Lavinia Bump) was born. It is one of the older houses in the area and has been well kept up. Originally there was no ell on the building, this part of the house having been moved across the road from a considerable distance, located near what was known as Bump's swimming hole on Nemasket River. The cellar hole is still visible. Mrs. Tom Thumb lived here until P. T. Barnum persuaded her to join his troupe where she met and eventually married Charles S. Stratton (General Tom Thumb). Shortly after their marriage, the little couple erected a house directly across the street, the interior scaled to their diminutive size, which they kept until Tom Thumb passed away. After Lavinia married Count Magri, the big house was closed and the Count and Countess resided with the Sylvanus Bump family in the white farm house on the corner of Plymouth and Summer Streets. This dwelling has been cut in half, one section moved next door, and the remaining half made into a modern house. At this time, the property was owned by the George Barney family. Later, Albert Jacques purchased the building and lived there many years. It is presently occupied by the Brooks family.

SUMMERS AT THE MIDDLEBORO HIGHLANDS

by GORDON WINSLOW SMITH

(During the last years of her life Miss Mary L. Hillman of New Bedford spent considerable time in writing her reminiscences. The following extracts are taken from a section entitled "Recollections of Over Eigthy Years at Middleboro Highlands." Miss Hillman and her sister, Alice, were the daughters of Charlotte Hillman, the sister of Dr. James F. Shurtleff's first wife, Nellie. James and Nellie Shurtleff had three children: Alfred, Lucretia B. (Thomas) and Jennie G. (Smith). Dr. Shurtleff's house is the one now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Kasimierz Bobrowiecki. The house across the street, where Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Cook now live, was then owned by Anna Flansberg, sister of Mrs. Hillman and Mrs. Shurtleff. It was in this latter house that the Hillmans stayed during their summers in the country.)

Great-grandmother Elizabeth Strowbridge Pierce Hinds left her beautiful old house at the Highlands to Great-aunt Jane Snow, who lived there with her husband Dr. George Snow the rest of her life. The first thing I can remember was sleeping in a high feather bed in what was called the middle room upstairs one cold night in winter. I think it must have been when my sister Alice was born and I was just four years old.

When we were quite big girls we spent all our summers there.

Grandfather Otis Harlow and wife Maria (Hinds) had one boy, Frank, and five girls to grow up, Anna M., Charlotte N., Sarah Jane (who died after a brief sudden illness), Eleanor (called Nellie) and Mary Ella.

Anna Maria married John Flansberg. He had been to sea for whales, but bought a farm and settled down in Middleboro Highlands in Aunt Jane Snow's lovely house. They never had any children.

Eleanor married Dr. James F. Shurtleff who came to the Highlands after Dr. Snow died. They also lived in Aunt Jane's home for years until she gave him a large piece of land opposite her home on which to build. Eleanor died before the house was finished, and Uncle James had a succession of housekeepers. There were three children. Aunt Anna had to help out, and finally Dr. S. married a school teacher, Lettie Harrington. She died when her baby was born, and then more housekeepers. Finally he married Aunt Mary Ella, and she outlived him a good many years.

After Uncle James moved across the street to his new home, our family began going to the Highlands every summer for all summer. Father commuted weekends either by train and we took him to Tremont, or by a bus which ran Monday mornings from Long Plain. He went to a good deal of trouble so we could stay all summer, but he loved the Highlands and spent his vacations there. A good many years later he bought a horse from Uncle James for Alice, and I imagine she used it to meet train or bus.

Aunt Jane wasn't very fond of children and stayed in her own rooms much of the time. Of course she ate with the family and made her famous raised doughnuts which no one else ever equaled. She used a tiny iron kettle and cooked only one at a time. If the first one didn't suit, she put the dough away to rise some more. Once she took us berrying, and after she had found a nice spot, she would tell us that was the place to pick, and she would go to another spot, and we would not see her again.

No story of the Highland home would be complete without a talk about the trees—those in Aunt Jane's front yard and the pine grove on Uncle John's place. The yard in front of Aunt Jane's was almost completely filled with trees, probably set out to protect the house from wintry winds, but they also kept out much sunlight and tended to cause dampness inside. There were arborvitae, crab apple, smoke and larch. When we played grownup we used to hang our dresses on the trees. Father urged Aunt Anna to have the trees cut down, but she said she had promised Aunt Jane never to do so. However, time caused changes. First she had the crab apples cut down, then Otis, the hired man, contrary to orders, cut down the smoke trees, the last anywhere around. Then in one strong gale, several were blown down. Father said, "You would not cut them down, but the Lord is taking them down." She, Aunt Anna, finally had the remaining ones cut down, and had a nice front porch built. Outside the fences and walls to the north were lovely elms. In front of Uncle James's house was a fine old oak. They say oaks attract lightning. That one was never struck, but one of the elms was.

The pine grove was a gathering spot for young and old. Hammocks were hung up, a table was built, where we had some outdoor meals. Uncle James had a man from North Rochester show him how rocks and a fire should be prepared for clambakes, and after that Uncle James put on many clambakes. One year we had friends from the city come out for the bake. It rained so hard Uncle John's carriage house had to be cleaned up for the bake. We children used the pine grove for our play home, and Uncle James dug a square hole, lined it with stones, and there we put food when we had any to play with. When Aunt Anna was growing old, I guess she needed the money, so the pine grove was turned into lumber.

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In the yard south of the house was another spot for fun. There was a large shady oak tree with a seat built on four sides. Uncle John was very fond of us children, but he loved to tease. He had an old black horse we were afraid of, and Uncle led him to where we were playing, and said, "Old Bill wants to kiss you." We would scramble to a spot where tree, seat and fence protected us. Neither he nor the old horse meant to hurt us. We had a fine swing on that tree and a sail-cloth hammock of Uncle John's was attached to the same tree.

THE WELL AND THE WINDMILL

The well at the Highlands was the coolest, deepest and purest anywhere around. It never went dry. The water was drawn up by a bucket and rope on some overhead arrangement. Neighbors on both sides of the street came to get the water in a trough; Aunt Annie used to put butter in a container down the side to keep it cool. Her butter was the finest and she supplied us in the city . . . I guess Uncle John got tired of drawing so much water by hand, so he had a windmill built over the long kitchen and a tank built in the room overhead. All this against Aunt Anna's wishes. An iron pump was installed over the well, and that gave the water a very unpleasant taste of iron. Of course, the water the windmill put in the overhead tank didn't taste of iron, but it was no longer nice and cool.

When Aunt first made butter, the milk was poured into large deep pans which stood on the pantry shelf. Of course, the milk soured and the cream was so thick it could be skimmed off in thick rolls, leaving a thick bonnyclabber which was often made into cream cheese for the table. Finally a creamery was purchased—ice was used and the milk put into large containers. The cream was fine, but not thick and sour, and after it was drained off, the milk was used for cooking and drinking purposes, and I guess the Shurtleff family had all they wanted to drink. All surplus bonnyclabber or milk went to the pigs.

When the pigs were killed, Aunt Anna made delicious sausage meat which we all enjoyed. She used to make marvelous cookies out of the sour cream and added cocoanut. She was a good cook, and made something I have never tasted anywhere else, sugar gingerbread cut in long strips. I guess Aunt Jane was a good cook, but once she was embarrassed when the family could not eat an apple pie she made. She had accidently used salt instead of sugar.

APPLES AND STRAWBERRIES

There were two nice apple orchards, and we children had all we wanted. One day I ate too many, and took a laxative remedy which the grownups had. Guess I thought my pain or whatever the trouble needed a big dose—I took too much and the result was worse than the trouble. I had to suffer until Uncle James came home from his rounds.

Uncle John raised strawberries for market, and one season when the best of the crop had been harvested, he told us children we could pick the rest and sell for ourselves. You can believe we didn't leave many unpicked. We had a crate and a half for market—48 boxes. Horace Ryder, a neighbor who peddled vegetables in Onset, sold ours for us, and we felt rich. I think we received 10 cents a box. That was a good price for us. Poor Horace was pretty slow at his work, and one night after supper he was working in a field and had a fall, fracturing his leg. He was always lame after that. Uncle James called in Dr. Mackie from New Bedford to set the leg, but surgeons were not as fine as now, and had no X-ray to help them.

Cousin Frank Harlow, when he was a lad, used to spend his summers in Middleboro. One time he came to the Highlands, and Mother discovered a pistol in his coat pocket. She hid it, and nothing was said, but when he was leaving Mother returned the pistol and said, "I could not let you have it with so many small children." There were five of us younger than he was.

One time when he was older and had begun to look at the girls, he came to call with a Miss Japan (I don't know her name, but her father owned the Japan Works) driving up in a nice outfit of pony and canopy-top carriage. Lue and I dressed up in our best and went down to see him. He took no notice of two little girls, and we were so provoked we said we would never dress up for him again. I doubt if he ever came for a visit after his marriage to Edith Young, and I was no longer there.

Alfred wasn't much good to play with, but once we dressed up and he put on a hat and coat and drove us down the road, possibly to Ryders'. We played grownup with high-toned names. He was Mr. Rodman and looked very well until he got out of the buggy and showed his bare legs.

Jennie, Lue and I played keep house. Alice was always Lue's child, so Jennie fell to me, and I did not find her very willing to be bossed. One night I had the bright idea it would be nice to sleep four in a bed at the Shurtleff home. I was having hay fever, and would not have been a very pleasant companion. Just as we were going to bed, I remembered I had forgotten to bring over my hay fever medicine and didn't want to go back to Aunt Anna's, so tried to get Jennie to go for me. She refused, and I probably said something unpleasant, for that was the end of our plan. Just as well, I guess, for all concerned.

Uncle John made charcoal and had to keep a hogshead of water handy to pay out on fire which might break out. One day when we had company, Mary Wilbur I think, we were playing croquet south of the house. Uncle John liked to tease us, so when he came up to the well to get the water for his hogshead, he drove his cart over the lawn, and of course the water slopped and stopped our fun.

Summer evenings we used to play games out of doors. One game was played by old and young. The stunt was to be blindfolded, grasp the handles of the wheelbarrow, and then starting in front of Uncle Jame's barn, to wheel the barrow straight across the road into Aunt Anna's driveway directly opposite. The onlookers followed to see that the one blindfolded did not harm himself. Queer, but we always seemed to turn right or left and almost never straight ahead. I remember one night we walked to the right and hit Uncle John's pigsty. We children played "How many miles to Banbury Cross?" We lined up on opposite sides and tried to make it without being caught. Evenings indoors we all played other games together. No radio or T.V.'s in those days, but we had fun in simple ways. Father had a tennis court built on the north lawn which he and Uncle James enjoyed. I never was a success at playing. I could serve the ball, but I was almost always in the wrong spot when the ball was returned.

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We had no Grandmother Harlow. She died during the Civil War, and Mother was only seventeen. So Aunt Anna was always turned to when help was needed. Her door was always wide open to relatives and friends alike.

One year, some time after I lost my father, my health gave out after I had spent eight months taking care of a sweet but very domineering old lady, and turned to the Highlands to get built up. As a matter of fact, I stayed two and a half years. When I was much improved I turned to making jellies to fill up my time and my purse. These I sold to friends in the city in the fall . . .

Sundays were quiet days. Uncle John had time for family prayers. Then Lue and I went with him to the Rock Chapel (a holiness order). There we heard prayers and went to Sunday School, and then we walked up to the old Baptist Church for p.m. service. Aunt Anna had taught a Sunday School class there. She would not go to the Chapel.

Sunday dinner was always looked forward to. Aunt Anna's succotash has never been equalled—shell beans, wax string beans (cooked with pork by Mother who stayed home) and then rich cream added. Never was a dish looked forward to by all, so enjoyed.

Late in the p.m. some of the grownups and the children took a walk down the road and through the woods. I picked black huckleberries by the roadsides for my supper of crackers and milk. Then we had to go to chapel again with Uncle John. Sometimes we carried Father to Tremont to get a train home —he just came for weekends. Once in a while he stayed over night and by five a.m. we drove him to Long Plain to catch some kind of bus for New Bedford.

He, my father, never complained at having to stay at home alone during the week. Those were happy days to recall. The children now would think them dull.

Once I decided we children could give a lawn party and make some money for the Sunday School library. However, Aunt Anna said, "No". She said we must invite all, and there were a few undesireable ones which must be left out. My plans were changed to an evening entertainment to which all grownups must pay 50 cents admission. The affair is very dim in my memory, but Uncle James arrived in an army coat much too tight for him which had been presented to his company by the French at the close of the Civil War. He presented a $20 bill to pay for his and Aunt Mary's admission, thinking that would embarrass us, but one of Aunt's pay guests rushed upstairs and came back with the necessary bills to change it. I can only remember a bit of the program. I think we must have been illustrating nursery rhymes, for Mother had made a costume of black cambric for Lettie (a young sister of Lue's) who was to be the black spider that frightened away Little Miss Muffet. Children today are fed on T.V. and movies, and do not have to use their own imagination to supply entertainment. I think we were happier and better off.

HISTORICAL SITES COMMITTEE

LYMAN BUTLER, *Chairman*

The Historical Sites Committee was appointed at the annual meeting of the Association in June, 1969, by the president, Walter Rudziak. As we have had many younger members join in the last few years who wanted to be put to work, a sites committee seemed a good and interesting way. Each section of town is represented: North Middleboro, Henry Short, who was brought up in South Middleboro but is now living in the northern section of the town; Ruth Gates, in the Thompsonville section; Mrs. Butler and myself for the Green and Fall Brook; Mrs. Ann Lovell for the intown section; and John Vickery of Perry Street for the Rock and Wappanucket area.

The committee has met several times and mapped different locations which have historical value. We have also had joint meetings with the Archaeological Committee with whom we work closely. A very successful trail tour of the Eddyville section of the town was held last fall by these joint committees. Others are in the planning stage. Our map helped the Town Site Committee in making up the Tercentenary tour book. Several spots have been investigated and the archaeologists will take on from there. The report of their committee is elsewhere in this issue.

The committee would welcome information on any spot a member might suggest, even places which may be only suppositions but which might prove to be of real historic interest. Any lead will be appreciated by the committee.

INDIAN ARTIFACTS of TITICUT

by WILLIAM B. TAYLOR

PART TWO

(*Part I in December,* 1969 *issue of Antiquarian*)

KNIVES

One of the most basic implements required for man's survival. Sizes range from 1¼" to 6" in length except for ceremonial knives. They were used to skin animals, cut meat, and many forms of woodworking such as making handles for hafting stone implements and the manufacture of arrow shafts, bows, bowls, etc. All knives have at least one serrated cutting edge except the ground slate ulu or woman's knife. Stemmed blades and ulus were hafted, while others were merely held in the hand. It is usually easy to tell a stemmed knife from a projectile point, as the stem is set off center. Seven basic types are as follows:

1. Stemmed
2. Stemless
3. Leaf
4. Ulu
5. Flake
6. Notcher (Woodworking)
7. Roughing (Woodworking)

(See Fig. #7)

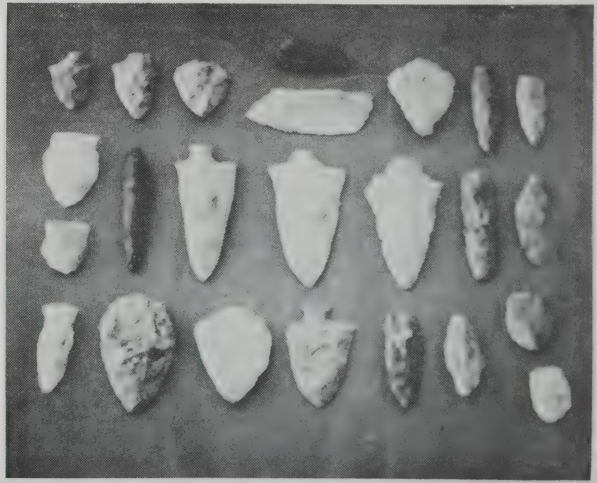

Fig. 7. Some fine knives, the longest being 6". Many of these show careful workmanship and fine chipping.

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DRILLS

Another of man's earliest tools was the drill. While drills were used in woodworking and to perforate bone artifacts, their primary function was to drill holes in stone products such as gorgets, pendents, ulus, boatstones and stone pipes. Found in lengths of 1" to 4", they were also very effective to complete necessary repairs on cracked stone bowls and ceramic pots. This type of drilling is called cone-drilling and is done from both sides of an artifact, meeting in the center. This produces a large hole on the outside, which diminishes to a point where the holes meet. Usually they are hafted and rotated by rolling the shaft between the palms of two hands.

Larger holes such as those in bannerstones are produced by the core-drilling method. Core holes are done from one side only and tend to keep the same diameter. To accomplish this, a hollow cane stick is used with an abrasive such as fine sand fed down through the center.

Using the shape of their bases as a means of identification we have eleven types as follows:

1. Crescent
2. Side-notched
3. T-Base
4. Plain
5. Eared
6. Cross
7. Expanded
8. Diamond
9. Flake
10. Tapered-Stem
11. Pipe Bowl Reamer

(See Fig. #8)

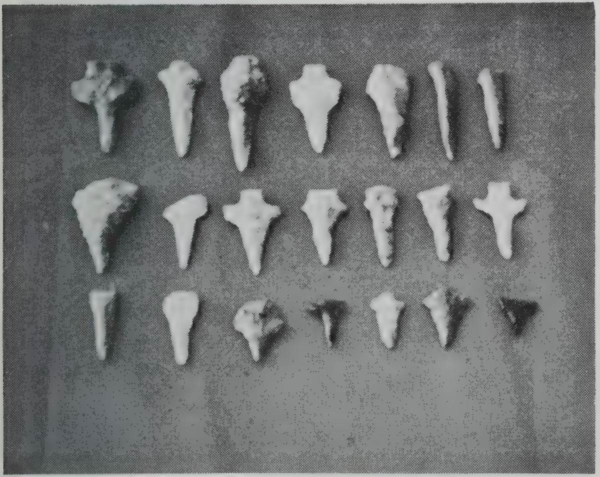

Fig. 8. Drills and reamers used by the Indians to drill holes in many of their artifacts.

GOUGE AND ADZE BLADES

These are woodworking tools and one of the best made implements of our New England Indians. In our area where birch trees were not plentiful or large enough to provide bark for canoes, our Indians used the dugout method of canoe making. A tree of the proper size was first chopped down with an axe and then cut to the correct length. Then the center was hollowed out by burning and removing the charred wood with the gouge. This process would continue until the center was hollowed to the correct depth. Sides were kept wet so they would not burn through.

Gouges are found in lengths of 2½" to 10"[9] and have a well defined hollowed-out bit at one end. Sometimes this hollowed area extends the entire length of the implement. There are four types and all were hafted.

1. Channeled
2. Grooved
3. Knobbed
4. Plain

The adze is similar to the gouge except it usually has a narrower cutting edge and the blade has a flat instead of a hollowed-out bit. (See Fig. #10).

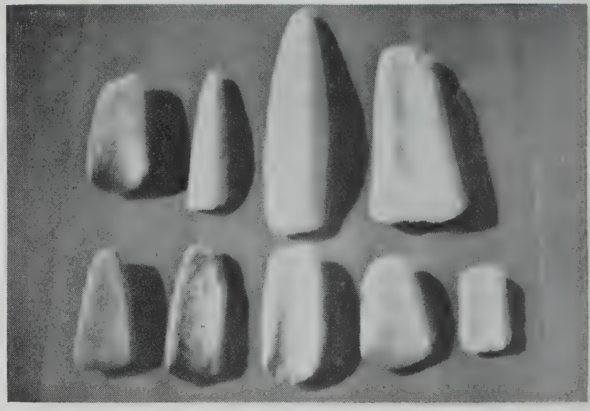

Fig. 10. Nine plain gouge and adze blades used to manufacture dugout canoes.

AXE, CELT AND HATCHET BLADES

This is another group of wood cutting tools. The larger ones were used to fell trees in clearing land for maize fields and making dugout canoes. Small logs were used for stockades and forts and planks hewn for beds, platforms and other purposes. In felling trees larger than 16" in diameter, fire was also used. Smaller sizes were used in making small wooden products and in warfare.

Axes range in size from 3½" to 10" with the full-grooved axe being the most common. An occasional ¾ grooved axe is found in Plymouth Co. The rarest type is the double-grooved axe, two or three of which have been found in Middleboro and Lakeville. Some axes have a fine ground cutting edge while others are found worn, broken and battered from extensive use. There is no doubt that the blades were resharpened whenever necessary.

Celts are found in sizes of 2" to 10" in length and never have grooving. Usually they are polished over the entire surfaces with a honed cutting edge. Larger ones were used in cutting and working wood, the same as the axe, while the smaller sizes were used as implements and weapons. Large celts protrude through the handle while small ones are set into the handle. A remarkable specimen was discovered off Penikese Island in 1956 in its original haft. The oak handle was about 24" long with a small portion missing. The expanded end, in which the stone blade is mounted, is approximately 8" long by 2¾" wide by 2" thick. The celt had been inserted through a carefully made perforation and fastened in place by an unknown adhesive.

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[9] Titicut is noted for the high percentage of small gouges and celts found here. About 50% in the 3" to 4" size.

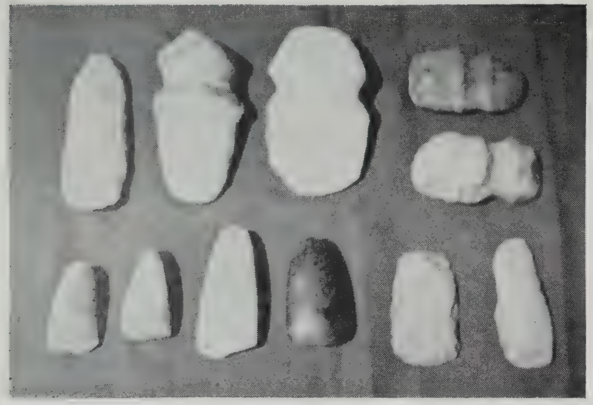

Fig. 11. Axe, celt and hatchet blades, some of which show extensive wear.

Hatchets are small, thin and light weight (3 to 8 ounces), although some are heavier. They resemble small thin axes in shape with chipped shanks and bits often ground to a cutting edge. They are not plentiful near the sea coast but are quite numerous in the western part of Massachusetts, along the Connecticut River. Many collectors call them tomahawks as they are similar to early European metal trade hatchets. Probably they were used both as a fighting club and a woodcutting tool. (See Fig. #11 & 12).

STONE SINKERS

Besides hunting, fishing was an important means of food to our Titicut Indians. They fished both with nets and with hooks and lines. In the spring, shad, eels and herring (alewives) were caught in large numbers. Some were used for fertilizer in their corn gardens, while the rest were dried and smoked for later use during the fall and winter. Four different types of sinkers are found and their probable use noted.

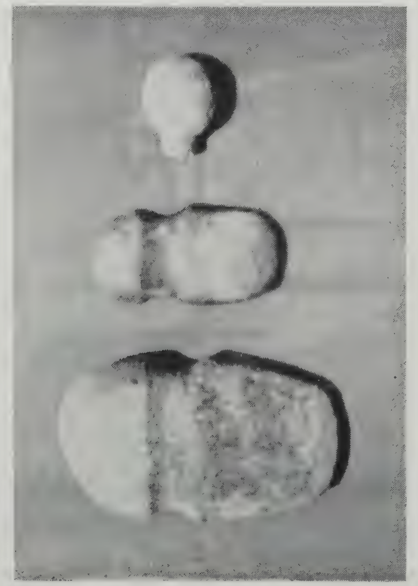

Fig. 12. Two fine axes and plummet found at Fort Hill.

1. Plummet	Line Sinker
2. Grooved Weight	Net Sinker
3. Perforated Weight	Line Sinker
4. Side-Notched Weight	Net Sinker

Some sinkers are very well shaped (plummet), being quite symmetrical, while others are extremely crude (side-notched weight) consisting of nothing but a smooth pebble with two notches roughly chipped out of each end. The fact that crude sinkers worked equally as well as finely made ones led to style changes, using those of easiest manufacture during the latter part of the Woodland period.

Most sinkers are 2" to 4" in length but along the seacoast larger sizes occasionally appear. These are well made reaching 6" or larger in length and often weigh a pound or more. Without question they were used for deep-sea fishing. (See Fig. #13).

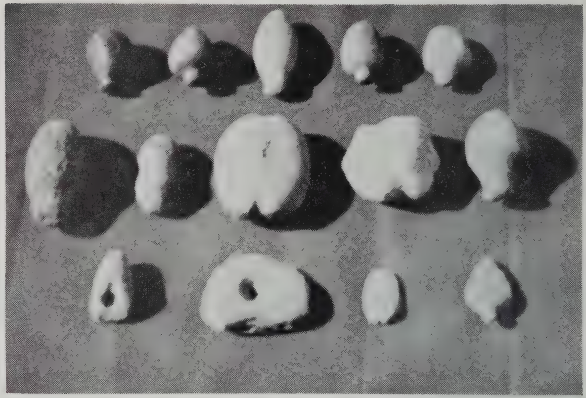

Fig. 13. Four types of stone sinkers used for fishing.

ATLATL WEIGHTS

These items are called bannerstones by most collectors and because of their fine manufacture, high polish and symmetry are among the finest specimens in any collection. They were first thought to be good luck charms worn around the neck, or as ceremonial objects mounted on a pole or staff and used in religious ceremonies. In recent years some burials in the Southeast and elsewhere indicate attachment to the spear throwing stick, called an atlatl. This stick was ususally about 2½ feet long and had a bone or wood hook on one end. The stone weight was attached to the handle of the atlatl away from the hook end. These weights usually have a ½" to ⅝" hole through the center and were attached to the throwing stick for extra weight and to lend some good luck to the hunter in assuring a direct hit with his spear.

Both the atlatl and the spear were held in the same hand with the thrower's forefinger grasping the spear tight against the atlatl weight. Upon release of the spear the atlatl was retained in the thrower's hand. The extra leverage from the atlatl allowed the thrower a range of up to 150 yards. There are four basic shapes common to southern New England although there are several variation of each.

1. WING	4-12" long	2-3" high
2. OVAL	2- 3" long	1-2" wide
3. WHALETAIL	4-12" long	2-3" high
4. BOWTIE	unperforated	

STONE BOWLS

Man's first industry was started over 4000 years ago during the Late Archaic period and lasted over 2000 years until about A.D. 300. There are over twenty known steatite (soapstone) quarries throughout New England. The most important quarry to the Titicut Indians was probably at Oaklawn (Cranston), R.I. However, other large quarries at Horne Hill (Millbury), Mass., Wilbraham and Westfield, Mass could have been used.

Many eating utensils[10] were made there including kettles, bowls, drinking cups, platters, plates, spoons and dishes. Kettles, bowls, plates and some platters usually have two lugs for handles while cups and spoons have one. Although men did most of the work, women did take part in the quarrying operation. It seems quite reasonable that the whole family traveled to the quarry and set up temporary quarters until the quarrying work was completed. Some of these quarries were used over long periods of time as shown by the amount of steatite that has been removed. Man-made craters up to a depth of 8 feet and 30 to 40 feet in diameter have been found. A variety of tools were used at the quarry including end picks, tail-breakers, hand spades, scrapers, shavers, hand gouges, chisels, worn out axes, mauls and hammerstones.

The making of a stone bowl started by pecking out a bowl-form on a steatite outcrop with a large end pick. After pecking away steatite to a desired depth surrounding the bowl-form, a smaller end pick was used to undercut the form and pry it loose from the ledge. This was a delicate operation as the form would often split in two. After the bowl-form had been quarried loose, the shaping began, starting with the exterior. A chisel and pick were used to complete the outside shaping, including the making of the lugs. Next came the hollowing out of the interior of the bowl. The center was carefully pecked out using a pick to remove a lump of stock from the center. This hole was then enlarged until a depth was reached beyond which cracking might occur. The rest of the interior was removed by using the hand gouge, scrapers and shavers, until the walls and bottom were approximately ½" thick. Often this final thinning was done back at the home camp site.

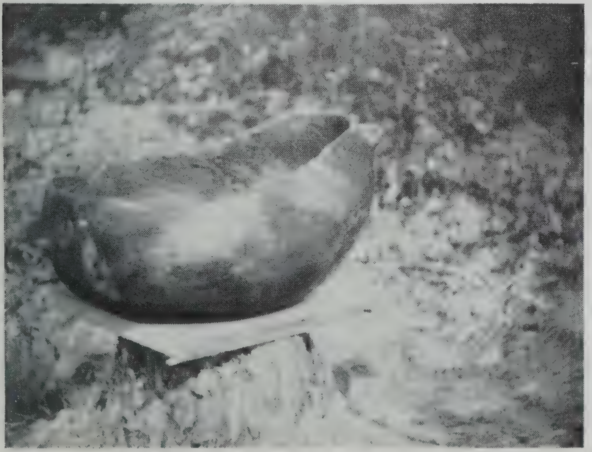

Fig. 15. Large soapstone bowl from Titicut Site. Two sets of small holes appear on the sides showing an attempt to repair this bowl when it first began to crack.

Tail-breakers and spades were used by the women to remove loosened, trampled waste consisting of steatite chips and dust produced from quarrying operations. This was necessary to permit quarrying at lower levels, when surface stock had become exhausted. Loosened tailings were then shoveled into containers and carried to quarry dumps. This industry played a large role in changing eating habits of the period. Before stone bowls food consumption had consisted of solid foods. Now with cooking vessels, liquid foods were added to their diet. Though the design of bowls and their manufacture took hundreds of years to develop, the result was an advancement to a higher standard of living.

Steatite vessels are seldom found whole and fragments are usually scattered by plowing through the years, so as to make restoration useless. One complete vessel was found at the Titicut Site in 11 large fragments. (See Fig. #15). Sometimes cremation type burials are accompanied by steatite vessels. This was the case at the Hawes Site in Lakeville where several "killed" bowls were recovered. One large kettle was 25" long by 17" wide and 9" deep and upon restoration holds 2½ pails of water.

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[10] The heat retaining property of soapstone added much to the value of these utensils as food containers.

(To be continued in the next issue of the Antiquarian)

ARCHAEOLOGY COMMITTEE

Following is a report of the Archaeology Committee:

A fifth cellar foundation recently found at the Old City is made of cut granite on a field stonewall. This type of construction dates from 1730 to 1830. The first four cellars found were made of rubble stonewalls with a field stone hearth at ground level with fireplaces on these hearths made of homemade brick, which are of an earlier period, from the late 1600's to the 1700's.

A field trip to the Old Morton Place, Plain Street, where ex- Vice President, Levi P. Morton, spent some of his childhood with his grandfather, Levi Morton, showed that the site is now a densely wooded forest with many stonewalls separating the old farm plots. We found the house cellar, a large barn foundation, an animal pound and a root cellar.

At the Conrad's Pond area, while locating the early Eddy gristmill site, we found the ruins of a small glass furnace. Some of the items recovered were glass slag, molten glass called "gather" and files which were used to shape and cut the molten glass.

A survey of the Fall Brook furnace yielded a well preserved virgin millsite. At Wareham Street, the gristmill, saw, forge and shovel mills areas are completely destroyed. At the Middleboro Green, we found gristmill stones in various stages of being cut from the native rock.

At the Pratt farm site, East Main Street, we found a boiling spring walled with cut granite and capped with a gristmill stone, and a nearby spring house with a spring running through it. Also, a trout hatchery with the pool and trout runs built of cut granite. This type of granite work dates from the middle 1700's. Beyond the trout pools and runs there is a large natural spring pond. At the lower end of this pond is a smaller millpond where the gristmill stood. Beyond this mill site is a long flat meadow with brook and ditches which at one time was an old cranberry bog. At the lower end of this meadow lies the foundation of the old Pratt icehouse and dry pond area which some of us remember in the 1940's.

These sites are on our historic site list and most have been photographed. Some artifacts have been recovered. Our most recent find is the first gristmill site at lower Wareham Street.

Joseph L. Prinzo
John Wright
Herbert Haley
Lyman Butler

BAYBERRIES

by Clint Clark

One of our most interesting pasture plants, the bayberry, was once so highly valued that New England town meetings frequently were concerned with its conservation. To prevent its extinction, local legislation forbade plucking the berries before mid-September. Those who did so before the specified date were subject to a 15 shilling fine in Colonial times. September 15th was designated as "Bayberry Day," unless it fell on the Sabbath, and therefore was postponed to the following day. On "Bayberry Day," young and old set forth with pails and baskets to gather this fragrant gift of nature.

The early settlers from England called it the "Candleberry Tree" for obvious reasons, although the berries also had other uses and certain medicinal applications. Candles, made in moulds or by dipping, yielded a pleasant incense when extinguished. To heighten the enjoyment of the spicy odor from the smoking candlewicks, the candles were sometimes repeatedly extinguished and re-lit so that the rooms would be perfumed.

Botanists find it interesting to note that the sterile berries form dense, conspicuous clumps, while the fertile berries small and sparse, are inconspicuous and thus tend to be overlooked so that they can carry out their reproductive role. While the origin of their name is uncertain, and the term "bayberry" is most common, it is known that early Swedish settlers in the 1700's called it the "tallow-shrub."

Bayberries are not uncommon locally and flourish abundantly in certain areas on the outskirts of town. Cape Cod, however, is regarded as the region in which bayberries abound and where some forty years ago, the making of bayberry candles was revived on a commercial scale. The Cape, where mechanized industry has never flourished, has always been a place where the natural resources of land and sea provided income and employment. Thus it was possible for the manufacture of bayberry candles to get a start which eventually led to a large and prosperous business. When the candle business began in Hyannis, the Cape, typically, was an area of seasonal employment with "natives" gainfully occupied in catering to the affluent summer trade, but often out of work after Labor Day.

At the time the candle factory opened, autumn found this writer and other year-round residents, engaged in harvesting bayberries. We found them especially plentiful around Barnstable. It was healthful, outdoor exercise, though not particularly remunerative. The price, as we recall, was around 40¢ a bushel. Stripping the plump, gray waxy berries from the bushes left their unique fragrance on hands and clothing. Our work, rather than being drudgery, often took on the carefree air of an outing, especially when we paused under sunny autumn skies to eat our lunch in the fields overlooking the bay.

In Colonial time, hand-dipping bayberry candles was, by necessity, a slow process. Now, almost any product of hand labor in a mechanized society has sales appeal. This has been proven at the Hyannis candle factory, where "hand-dipped" candles are produced and sold in great volume. It would be a minor technical problem to make the process entirely mechanical, but today it remains essentially the same as it was years ago.

In the first step, the wick material comes from a ball of special twine which girls rapidly string onto wooden frames. These frames are then attached to a horizontal wheel, which revolves over a large vat of melted wax. The hand-dipping takes place when the frames are repeatedly lowered into the wax by hand as they slowly turn over the vat.

Having progressed from a modest beginning in which the native bayberries were the source of raw material, the factory today consumes tons of scented wax which comes in large slabs manufactured elsewhere. Rose and pine scents are used, but the essence of bayberry is still very popular.

As a footnote, we recall that one of our domestic chores as a child was gathering bayberries for filling small, square pads made of striped bed ticking. These, when pressed beneath a stove-heated "sad" iron, made the iron glide smoothly, due to a thin coating of melted bayberry wax which, of course, also gave the freshly ironed clothes a pleasant scent.

The tiny blossoms of the bayberry appear early in the spring. Those who know where to find this humble and still highly regarded plant, understand why at one time an important calendar date was "Bayberry Day."

MIDDLEBORO'S ATTIC

The Smithsonian Institute has been called "The Nation's Attic." The Middleborough Historical Museum could be called "Middleborough's Attic," because much of its historical collection has come from local attics, articles identical to those found in most New England attics—old kitchen and farm utensils, chairs, dress forms, pictures, spinning wheels, baby and doll carriages, quilts and all kinds of oldtime needlework, to name a few. But this is just what the Middleborough Historical Association and its Museum stand for; when the Association was founded in 1922 it was dedicated to the perpetuation of Middleboro history. So do not hesitate to offer any of the treasures found in your own attic. They will add greatly to the interest of the historical collection and help perpetuate our town's history.

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TOM THUMB MEMORABILIA

Over the past few months, many gifts have been received for the Museum's Tom Thumb Collection. One of the most valuable of these is a sterling silver snuff box, rectangular in shape, gold lined, and bearing the inscription, "Charles S. Stratton from William Lynn." There are easily discernible hall marks and we hope in the near future to find out more about this small treasure which was presented to the Museum by Mrs. Rhoda Weeman.

A lovely little Japanese tea set, given to the Tom Thumbs by the Japanese Embassy, has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weeks of East Bridgewater, who lived in Dorchester next door to Mrs. Minnie Warren Holmes, a relative of Minnie and Lavinia.

A diminutive black parasol, once the possession of Mrs. Tom Thumb and given by her second husband, Count Magri to the late Charles S. Cummings, M.D., has been presented by Mrs. Mae McLaughlin of Onset, through the courtesy of Carlon Leland.

Albert C. Libby, a former local resident, has been the fortunate possessor of a great many articles that once belonged to the Tom Thumbs and to Minnie Warren. He has very generously presented to the Museum a large number of articles of wearing apparel including dresses, socks, gloves, boots, some table silver and a great variety of photographs and documents concerning the Little People. The collection is in the process of being sorted and catalogued and will make a valuable addition to the Tom Thumb Collection.

The original story of Tom Thumb, in the form of a linen book, one of the Cock Robin Series published in 1888, remembered by many of us as a childhood favorite, is a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Barenholtz, the well known toy collectors of Princeton, New Jersey, who have been very generous in their gifts of toys to the Childrens Room and to the Lawrence B. Romaine Memorial Library.

Donors have been most generous in giving pictures of the Little People to the Tom Thumb Collection. Many of these are the small photographs sold at the performances given by the little quartette consisting of General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt. The autographs on the back of these pictures are not originals, but are excellent facsimiles and add greatly to the interest of the photographs. The donors include Miss Louise White of Providence, R.I.; Mrs. Raymond H. Nourse; Mrs. Richard H. Blair, the picture formerly belonging to her mother, Mrs. H. J. Ellis; one of Mrs. Tom Thumb in her younger days, proof of what a charming and attractive little person she was, received from Mrs. Laurence Nyberg, a former resident, now of Boston; a very handsome tinted and framed photograph, showing one of the Tom Thumb coaches at the Circus Hall of Fame with G. Ward Stetson standing beside the coach, the picture a gift of Mr. and Mrs. Stetson.

Many of these small photographs are duplicates, but they are welcome and are placed in various glass cases in the rooms containing the Tom Thumb Collection.

PERSONALITIES IN MIDDLEBORO'S PAST

by William L. Waugh

JOHN BURT LE BARON

The name LeBaron is closely associated in Middleboro with the iron business, a steamboat that went on excursions up the Nemasket River to Assawompsett Pond and an ice and oil business which still exists in the town.

The LeBarons have a romantic past. The first LeBaron in the New World was Dr. Francis LeBaron, who was taken prisoner in the fall of 1694, when a French privateer cruising on the American coast was wrecked in Buzzard's Bay, near Falmouth. Dr. LeBaron was the ship's surgeon.

The prisoners were to be taken to Boston, but Dr. LeBaron became sick and it was necessary to leave him in Plymouth. During his stay at the town's inn he performed a successful surgical operation on the inn's landlady. Since there was no competent surgeon in the town, the selectmen petitioned the acting Governor, Lieutenant-Governor William Stoughton, that Dr. LeBaron "might be permitted to stay in the town of Plymouth as physician, surgeon and apothecary." The petition was received favorably and LeBaron settled in the town.

Dr. LeBaron refrained from giving any information concerning his background in France, and today, 1970, nothing is known of his French ancestors and family. A romantic story that has resulted in two novels written by Jane Austen have been published. She claims he may have been of a French family of nobility. He remained a Roman Catholic in Plymouth, and is buried on Burial Hill.

John Burt LeBaron was born in Middleboro in 1817. He served an apprenticeship at an iron foundry in Norton, Mass. From Norton, he went to work at Field's furnace in Taunton, Mass. From here he went to Fall River where he was a foundry foreman. Still later he was in Somerset, Mass., superintending the building of a foundry.

In 1855, Mr. LeBaron formed a partnership with Samuel M. Tinkham, of Taunton, and the firm built a foundry in Middleboro, which operated under the name of Tinkham and LeBaron. Mr. LeBaron bought the whole foundry in 1864, and continued in business until 1884, when his sons, John Baylies LeBaron and Eugene P. LeBaron, formed the LeBaron Foundry Company.

John Burt LeBaron was active in other businesses in Middleboro, being an incorporator and director of the Domestic Needle Company and its successor, the Union Needle Company. He was a trustee of Middleboro Savings Bank. He originated the coal business in Middleboro, was a Democrat and represented Middleboro in the State Legislature.

A man of great energy, he put his entire being into his work. At times impulsive and impetuous, he nevertheless succeeded in his business undertakings.

DID YOU KNOW

That Benjamin Franklin brought the news of his invention, the "Franklin stove," to Middleboro in a visit to the town? During this visit, a reception was held for him at the Church at the Green.

That John Alden, a grandson of the John Alden who came over in the Mayflower, owned the first slave in Middleboro? Her name was Margaret.

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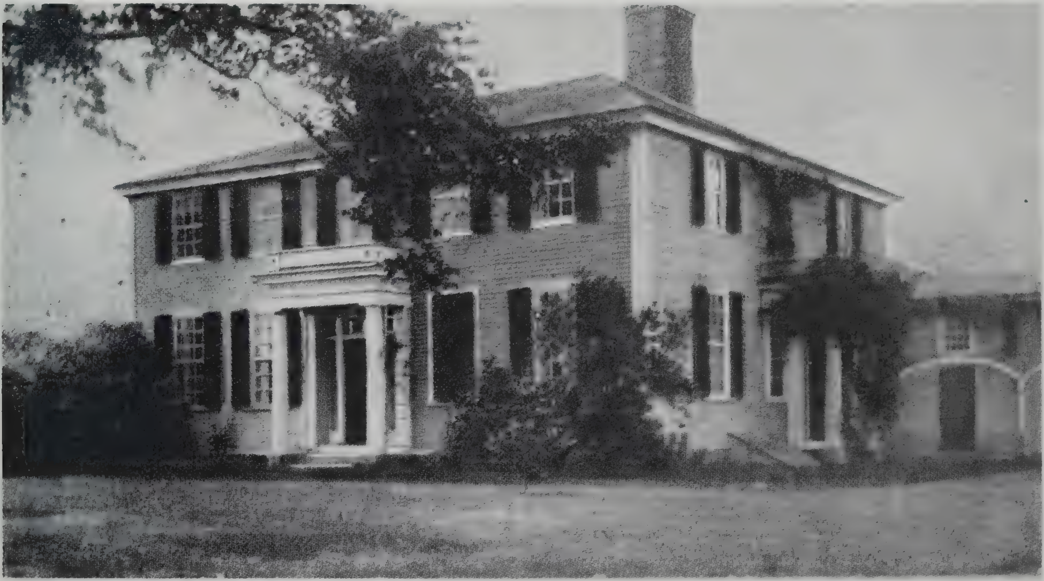

THE "SMALL OLIVER HOUSE"

It will be noticed the house in the above illustration is referred to as the "Small" Oliver House. The Great House was "Oliver Hall," a mansion built by Judge Peter Oliver for his own residence on the brow of Muttock Hill, overlooking the Nemasket River. Oliver Hall was one of the finest country residences this side of Boston. A detailed description is given in the first volume of the "History of Middleboro" by Thomas Weston. When Judge Oliver, because of his loyalty to King George III, was banished from Massachusetts, Oliver Hall was burned to the ground by irate patriots on November 4, 1778.

The "Small Oliver House" was built by Judge Oliver for his son, Dr. Peter Oliver, who married Sally Hutchinson, daughter of Massachusetts Governor Hutchinson. The house was built in 1769; thus, in 1969 when Middleboro celebrated the 300th anniversary of the incorporation of the town, the Oliver house was celebrating its 200th birthday.

Dr. Oliver occupied the house for a few years, after which it was purchased by Judge Thomas Weston who made it his home for nearly forty years. Subsequently, the property was owned and occupied by members of the Sproat family, and later by that of Henry Champion Jones of Boston. In 1945 it came into the possession of another Peter Oliver, descendant of Judge Oliver, whose widow occupies the house intermittently throughout the year. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver restored the house and grounds as nearly as possible to their original design and decoration.

In November, 1947, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver invited the Middleborough Historical Association to hold a meeting in the beautifully restored mansion. On this occasion, Mr. Oliver read the following paper which he had written. We are indebted to Mrs. Oliver for a copy of this history of the Small Oliver House.

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JUDGE OLIVER
and the
Small Oliver House in Middleborough

The small Oliver house in Middleborough was built in 1769 by Judge Peter Oliver of the Superior Court of Judicature for his son Dr. Peter Oliver who, on the first of February, 1770, was to marry Sally, the eldest daughter of Thomas Hutchinson, then Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and shortly to be Governor.

Presumably the building of the house began toward the middle of the year. When we had to replace the sills a few years ago, we found, face up, near the center of the front door, upon the sill, a brand new (or what looked as though it had been brand new when it was put there) penny with the date 1769. It seems reasonable that this must have taken some time to get to the colony from England, so we deduce the spring or summer as the time the house was started. Scratched into the cement of the foundations of the right-hand chimney is the date 1769; and we found it again, under about six layers of wallpaper, in the "best" bedroom closet. Despite the fact that there are a number of references to it as having been built in 1762, and the fact that there have in the past been postcards of it, printed hereabouts, with that date (one of these postcards even adds that the house was seized by the British during the Revolution!), there is no question about when it was built, or under what circumstances. Unfortunately not very much more is known.

It is almost exactly the same in its dimensions as the Wythe house in Williamsburg; windows and fireplaces downstairs and up are the same. The halls resemble each other, the stairs and bannisters are alike, though these turn to the left and those in the Wythe house to the right. In this house the stairs rise from close to the front door, which leaves a larger space in the back than in the front of the downstairs hall. In the Wythe house this is reversed. Here, at the head of the stairs and in the center of the house, a partition makes a small back hall off which open four rooms, two good-sized ones on the sides and two small ones in the middle. The Wythe house does not have the wall setting off the back hall, nor does it have the two very small bedrooms; and in this house it seems as though the present division in the center upstairs was not part of the original plan.

Judge Oliver, who built this house for his son, was the youngest son of Daniel Oliver, merchant of Boston, one-time member of Her Majesty's Council, and his wife Elizabeth Belcher Oliver. He was born in 1713, was graduated from Harvard in 1730, and married, in 1733, Mary, the daughter of William Clark of Boston, for several years a member of the General Court. In 1744 he left Boston for Middleborough, attracted, perhaps, as Weston's history of the town says, by the beauty of the place, and probably also by the attention it had received as a result of a petition of the remaining Indians living here at Muttock, as this part was called, that they be allowed to move farther down river in the direction of Titicut. Conceivably his interest may have been turned a little in this direction by the fact that his grandfather, Captain Peter Oliver, had at one time owned a part of Naushon Island. He purchased first about three hundred acres, including the dam then recently authorized by the town, and the water privilege, and gradually acquired more land. Here he spent the next thirty years of his life.

The extent to which he developed the property is a little hard to discover at the distance of two centuries. A forge was erected on the dam, there was a slitting mill, and an iron furnace known as Oliver's Furnace. There is a story which has been often told about the slitting mill, how at the time the Judge acquired his property here there was only one such mill in this part of the country, and that near Milton. No one is supposed then to have known the method of its operations and the Judge is reported to have offered a substantial sum of money to one Hushai Thomas, a skillful young man of the town, if he would build him a mill to produce nail rods as good as those made in Milton. Mr. Thomas is said to have disappeared from the town inexplicably, and it was observed that his wife and family evinced no fears as to his whereabouts. There is not much detail in the versions of the story, but about the time Thomas disappeared from Middleborough an unkempt and apparently partly demented fellow turned up in Milton, and through friendship with town children gained access to the works. Eventually Thomas came back. The foundations of the slitting mill were laid and the product, when finally operations began, equalled that of any other part of the country. It is said that from this point the situation of the Thomas family showed a marked improvement.

There are a few letters of Judge Oliver's left which show him to have taken an active part in the operation of his property. One in 1756 to the "Hon'ble Committee of War about two howitzers just ordered," reads in part:

> . . . . Had I known of your having occasion for them ten days ago, I could have supplied you, but I finished my Blast three or four days since . . . I have been to a great deal of trouble and Charge to secure Mountain ore to make warlike stores . . . for guns and mortars . . .

He writes of being sensible of the "Risque of making guns and mortars from Bog ore, (so) that I shall not attempt them again with that." In another letter he speaks of "granadoe" shells, and of having "lent Mr. Barker my Pattern for Mortars," and of having sent "vessel after vessel" for material for another furnace which would have made possible much speedier supply to New York of "Stores of such consequence."

The files in London of the proceedings of the Commissioners of American Claims throw some light on the extent of his interests here. He was dispossessed, he wrote, "of an estate real and personal which was competent to the support with decency of his large family."

He describes his private business as having been of a very lucrative nature. The schedule of his estate, which he held eventually in fee simple with his son Peter Oliver, Junior, lists the large forge, 70 feet long and 50 feet wide, "almost new" (the date of this communication is March 11, 1784, and presumably refers to a situation of about ten years earlier); the slitting mill to which they had an exclusive right in New England by Act of Parliament; a saw mill, grist mill, boulting mill, and cider mill; an anchor shop, blacksmith shop, and "machine for weighing carts and their ladings." There was a barn 90 feet long and 40 feet wide for charcoal; there were three hundred and fifty acres of woodland, with two miles of the aforesaid works, worth "twenty shillings per acre"; and one hundred acres of improved land adjoining. There were five dwelling houses, barns, threshing house, and orchard.

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These were what pertained to the business that he had developed and not to the property adjoining his iron works where stood his "large dwelling house, stables and outhouses, garden and orchard," and another "good dwelling house," the whole fenced in with stone walls. He listed separately his land in other parts of the Province, and his interest in a dock called Oliver's Dock in Boston which today is known as Rowe's Wharf.

In a letter from Birmingham in 1787 he says "that most of the iron works in the province were upon a small scale, and generally were owned by a number of proprieters "who supplied them from their own labor and from a swamp ore of little cost. Here, perhaps, he is remembering his experience of thirty-one years earlier of the "Risque of making guns . . . from Bog ore." Most of these operations were winter works and were built on small streams often exhausted by summer droughts. "On the contrary," he writes, "my stream (this is the Nemasket which flows beside us) was supplied from five ponds, the lower one was always reputed nine miles round; the next ten miles long, two others, each four or five miles, and one of about three miles round, all of which could supply me with a constant flow of water. I have often had eight wheels going at the same time, on one dam, and waste water for eight wheels more . . ."

He writes that his works "were also situated so as to reduce my land carriage of ten miles, to water carriage to New York, from whence I furnished myself with pig iron." Several months in the year he could convey his pig iron to within a few yards of his forge by water. He mentions also that he was but fifteen miles land carriage to whence he could convey his goods to Boston by water.

All of this was built up out of his thirty years in Middleborough, but most of the work must have been done before his appointment to the Superior Court in 1756. Even from 1744 he was continuously employed in the service of the Crown, and of the Province as Commissioner of the Peace, Judge of the Inferior Court, of the Quorum, of the Superior Court, as member of his Majesty's Council, and as Justice of the Peace throughout the entire province. During the years he served on the Superior Court he said he traveled 1,100, 1,200 and even 1,500 miles per year to attend the business of thirteen counties.

It may properly be noted that for none of these services had he received any compensation in the form of salary until His Majesty granted him a salary in 1772 as Chief Justice. Even this he did not accept until one of his fellow justices, Judge Trowbridge, was persuaded to refuse a salary as justice from the Crown and accept it only as from the General Court. At this Judge Oliver accepted the offer from the King.

This salary was the bribe for accepting which he was impeached. In 1774, banished, his return forbidden under pain of death, his property confiscated, he sailed for England. It was the end of March when "about 70 sail" set out from Nantasket for Halifax. "Here," he wrote in his diary, "I took my leave of that once happy country where peace and plenty reigned uncontrolled, till that infernal Hydra Rebellion, with its hundred heads had devoured its happiness, spread desolation over its fields, and ravaged the peaceful mansions of its inhabitants . . . Here I bid Adieu to that shore which I never wish to tread again till that greatest of social blessings, a firm, established British Government, precedes or accompanies me thither." He and his son Peter Junior, of this house, were the fourth and fifth generations of the family to have lived in this country. He never returned, nor did any of his descendants, nor any of the Hutchinsons who sailed with them. Mary Sanford Oliver of St. John's, New Brunswick, in 1851 wrote to her cousin, my grandfather, Andrew Oliver, in Boston, 'I have often heard my mother speak of the shipload of Olivers and Hutchinsons who at the time of the Revolution went to England calling themselves "sturdy beggars."

The last years of the Chief Justice's life were passed in England. He compiled and published a Scripture Lexicon which went through several editions, and which was for a time used as a textbook at Oxford. Shortly after his return Oxford gave him the honorary degree of D.C.L. Hutchinson received the same degree at the same time, and is said to have valued it more than any honor bestowed upon him. The event is described in his diary. "After putting on the Doctor's scarlet gowns, and bands, and caps, (we) were introduced into the Theatre . . . presented separately to the Vice-Chancellor who conferred the degrees of Doctor, In Jure, Civile, Honoris Causa." (This was the degree that only recently before had been given to Dr. Johnson, and in our time to Mr. Winston Churchill.) The judge also describes the scene, with the two thousand spectators, "the ladies by themselves in brilliant order . . . the theatre a most noble building . . . the accompaniment of music, orchestral and vocal."

The happiest years of the Judge's life were surely spent here in Middleborough, particularly here, just across the river, on the westernmost of the two Muttock Hills where he lived. This had been the meeting place of the Indians, and when the first settlers ventured west from Plymouth to meet Massassoit, it was probably here that the meeting occurred.

But the Europeans had known a little of this country for a long time before then. In 1524 Verrazzano the Florentine was somewhere in Buzzards Bay for fifteen days and noted the goodly stature and shape of "two kings" that he met. Martin Pring was along the coast in 1603, and after him Captain Weymouth and Bartholomew Gosnold; Hunt was left here in 1614 by Captain John Smith. Demier, or Dermier, who was here in 1618, rescued the nameless French sailor who had been wrecked on the coast three years before. Demier ventured inland, a one day's journey to the westward Nemasket. "Here," he recorded, "I redeemed a Frenchman."

Nemasket, the name of the river, means, in the Indian language, the place of fish; Assawampsett, the pond to the southward from which the river rises, means the place of white stones; Titicut, downstream a few miles, the place whither in 1737 the Indians petitioned to be allowed to move, means the place of the great river. It is at Titicut that the Nemasket joins the Taunton River, and an accout of the Indians in the *Middleborough Gazette* for September 10, 1859, says that John Eliot, in his Bible for the Indians, translated Euphrates as Titicut. This is the sort of reference that the casual historian is reluctant to check lest it turn out not to be true.

The Indians that lived here, the Wampanoags, cast their lines in pleasant places. The meeting place of the sachems on the Muttock hill is one of the few places in this part of the country where there is a view. From there, on a fine day, one

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GENEROUS DIVIDENDS — COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY

can see the salt water at Plymouth, and the country opens away wide and handsome to the northeast. The country here abounds in ponds and lakes, and there are numerous springs of sweet water and good hunting and good fishing. The herring played an important part in the life of the community. The Indians ate the fish in a number of different ways as they caught them, and they also smoked and dried them for a ready supply in the fall and winter.

The rights to take the fish (the ones that run here are alewives) have always been jealously guarded by the towns. The objection against damming the river here came from fear as to what it would do to the run of herring. In some places fish ladders were built over the dams. No subject in the Commonwealth has given rise to more enactments than that relating to the taking of the herring. In the early days each person in the town, for a slight fee, was allowed 200 fish. Widows and spinsters were supplied by the town. In 1706 the price was six pence a load, first come first served. In 1725 it was agreed that 8,000 fish should be accounted a load and that each man that had had no fish the year before should have them first, "provided they have their cart ready at the weir, and not else." They were used mostly for fertilizer—the Indians taught them this—and the rule was one fish to one hill of corn. From this came the expression still heard occasionally of referring to a field as "all herring'd out."

In recent years they have not come regularly, due perhaps to the pollution of the water that seems to come with progress. But last year and this year in April they ran again. Just below the dam here by the road the water was black with them; it gave the impression that one could walk across the top of them. Children reached in and pulled them out. They struggled so furiously up that from time to time they would jump themselves out of the water and onto the banks, where they were low, to the satisfaction of a flock of herring gulls that wheeled incessantly overhead all the time the fish were here. And I watched them last year, when they came to the dam, not jump it but swim up it! This sounds incredible and must be seen to be believed.

Seven Indian trails met here in the lands of the Nemaskets in Middleborough. These are mentioned in early deeds and in many cases became boundary lines; the one from Plymouth passed in front of where this house is and became the public highway; it is the Plymouth Street of today. Mourt's *Relation* describes it as seen by Bradford and Miles Standish on their second adventure, November 30. "The next morning we followed certain beaten paths and tracks of the Indians into the woods. After a while we came upon a very broad beaten path well nigh ten feet broad."

The early settlers as they came a little to the west here were struck by the resemblence of some of this land by the river to park land in parts of England; here it had all been burnt over so that only the tall trees remained. They were surprised by the extensive cultivation. They were only a few years after the great plague which had wiped out so many of the Indians in 1617 or 1619, and they noticed that "here have been many towns . . . the ground is very good on both sides (of the river) . . . A pity it was to see so many goodly fields and so well seated without the men to dress and manure them . . . upon this river dwelleth Massassoit.

Hopkins and Winslow in the summer of 1621 were welcomed by the Indian and given an abundant repast of the spawn of shad and of a kind of bread called maizum and of boiled musty acorns. They found the Indians fishing on a weir; probably where the river widens just across Plymouth Street from here. Their first night they spent with Massassoit; on his bed, in fact, a wooden platform about a foot off the ground, of which the two whites had half and Massassoit and his wife the other half. This was probably across the river on the Muttock hill or a little farther to the east on what is called now Fort Hill, where one of the town high schools stands. They recorded that they found the Indian custom of singing themselves to sleep not conducive to slumber in their case.

The next evening they returned to the weir where the Indians had been fishing. "It pleased God to give them a good store of fish so we were well refreshed when we went to bed."

In 1660 Massasoit died of the plague and left two sons, Wamsutta and Pometican. Hubbard says of Wamsutta, who was also called Alexander, "that he had neither affection to the persons, nor to the religion, of the whites." He plotted against the English, and on an expedition to Marshfield to treat with them he fell sick in Winslow's house, was taken to Governor Bradford's in Plymouth and then, continuing sick, carried to his people "to their wading place at Nemasket." This is about a mile upstream from here. There they embarked in canoes but he died before he reached home.

His brother Pometican became Sachem, and war between the Indians and the whites began and spread throughout this part of Massachusetts and into Rhode Island. It ended with the death of Pometican, shot and then beheaded. He, like his brother, Wamsutta, had changed his name and the war is called after him, King Philip's War.

This was the beginning of the decline of the Indians, unless, indeed, the date be put farther back to the arrival of Verrazzano or perhaps even that of Columbus to the south. Here in Middleborough, by 1793, there were but eight families, poor, improvident, and intemperate; and in 1831 the last of them, Ben Simonds, said to have been a Revolutionary soldier, was buried by the side of Assawampsett Pond in Lakeville. There is a small monument to his memory, still there. Recently his remains are said to have been dug up and taken to Harvard. This may not be so, but it seems unpleasantly likely.

The oldest burial place of the Indians was on the hill across from what was the site of Oliver Hall. Today there is not much trace left of the Indian graves, and there is almost none of Oliver Hall.

About twenty acres of the land that Judge Oliver acquired when he came here in 1744 he enclosed after the manner of an English park. The driveway came in to the eastward on the north side of the hill, and led through an orchard; then dividing, one part toward the river, the other to the south, came round through gardens to the front of the Hall.

There are, so far as I know, no contemporary plans or drawings either of the property or the house, and Thomas Weston's sketch of the life of the Chief Justice, his history of the towns, occasional letters and articles in the *Nemasket Gazette*, later the *Middleborough Gazette*, and certain of the files of the claims of the loyalists which are unpublished but available in London, these are the sources of most of the information here.

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The grounds were planted with shrubs and flowers; John Adams' diary speaks of these. The avenue was lined with ornamental trees. What was called, and what is still called here, Oliver's Walk, made a half circle about the Hall along the edge of the river. In a cleft in the hill to the south of the Hall and halfway between the top and the river there was a spring and spring house which is also referred to as the banqueting house and as the summer pavillion. The spring was used to cool the wine on summer days and a few of the dark green bottles with PO stamped or blown on them still exist. My father has one of them.

In the Judge's diary there is a description of a visit made in England to the country house of Lord Edgecombe, and of a walk there which "filled the mind with pleasure." "But I was in one walk," he writes, "deprived of pleasure for a moment it being so like a serpentine walk of mine on the banks of the river Nemasket . . . (so) that I was snatched from where I now was, to the loss of where I had so late been, in the arms of contentment."

The Hall was built with a steep roof and deep jutting eaves, with walls of white plaster and portico of oak. Its frame is said to have been shipped from England, and the interior decorations, carvings, wainscoting, and hangings made expressly for it in London.

The large hall opened to the east on the river and was wainscoted with English oak. The upper part of it is said have been decorated with hangings of birds and flowers. The ceilings were high. Both Adams and Judge Sewall speak of the pleasure they had in visiting the Hall. Mrs. Norcutt, who was the housekeeper and who lived on here in Middleborough long after the Judge and his family had been banished, wrote, "I remember one day hearing Governor Hutchinson say to Judge Oliver as they were walking in the garden together, "Judge Oliver, you have here one of the loveliest spots in all his majesty's colony."

There are a few little anecdotes about it; that the oaken floor in the big parlor was so polished that on one occasion a maid slipped and spilt tea and cream on the gown of one of the ladies, staining her white satin slipper whereupon the enraged guest from Boston drew off her slipper and spanked her soundly "in a high dudgeon." This does not speak too well for the Boston lady's manners. One night in 1762 there was a notable company gathered when a messenger came riding up the avenue swinging his hat and shouting, "Long live the King! A Prince has been born to the royal house of England." Governor Hutchinson was there that night and his brother-in-law (they had married Margaret and Mary Sanford), Lieutenant Governor Andrew Oliver, who was the Judge's elder brother. This is another recollection of Mrs. Norcutt and she says that Andrew wore a suit of scarlet velvet and short breeches, long white silk stocking with knee and shoe buckles, and that Hutchinson was dressed the same, though his suit was of blue. With this much about the appearance of the family it is perhaps only fair to record the comment in Hawthorne's *American Notes,* on seeing the Oliver portraits in Salem in 1837, to the effect that the clothes of the family are generally better than the faces. And the Governor was not remarkably handsome. He had what, in my family, we call an Oliver nose which inspired the couplet in a Boston paper:

When Hutchinson came the people rose
To clear a place to land his nose.

The library was separate from the house and connected by a latticed gallery and here were the family portraits. In the Judge's list of things in the house he mentions eight portraits. Some of these may have been the small Smiberts here; there are two others belonging to my two brothers and one of the Judge's mother, as a widow, which my father has. A daughter-in-law who lived on here as a widow after the Revolution and died in 1832 is mentioned in an article in the *Middleborough Gazette* of September 10, 1859, as having had a full-length portrait of the Judge. (She also remembered that he was fond of Pope and of Thomson's *Seasons.*) That may have been in the Hall. The larger portraits by Smibert and Blackburn and the Copley miniatures which my father has belonged not to Peter Oliver, the Judge, but to Lieutenant Governor Andrew, his elder brother, who also owned the portrait of the three brothers of which there is a copy here.

Also in the library, in addition to the books and portraits, was on one side the family coat of arms, and on the other, in loyal Tory style, the bust of King George and the banner of England.

The gayest celebration at the big house was probably the wedding reception for Dr. Peter Oliver, Junior, and his bride Sally. There were guests from town and even from abroad, and they were said to have stayed four days. One lady's hair was so puffed and powdered and rolled high on her head that she is said to have sat up all night so as not to spoil her hairdresser's work. Another slept with her hands tied over her head so that they might be white for the approaching reception.

Considering the dangers and uncertainties of the times it is almost extraordinary that any carefree occasion can have occurred. It was only four years before that Hutchinson's house in Milton had been destroyed by the mob. He had been warned of the danger and when he heard of the approach of the crowd he had the house closed and secured as well as he could and sent his family away to safety, determined to face the mob himself.

At the last moment Sally came back, the Sally who was to come to this house as a bride, and protested that she would not leave while her father stayed. "I could not stand against this," he wrote, and withdrew with her. As they left by the back of the house they heard the axes splitting the doors and voices cry "Damm him, he's upstairs, we'll have him!" Part of the inventory of the contents mentions little details that one hates to associate with violence; of his daughter's "ruffles, and laced fly caps, riding hoods and ribbons, capes and petticoates, gloves and shoes, and muffs and tippets and so on." Afterward the house of Andrew Oliver was destroyed; and when the Lieutenant Governor died the Chief Justice was warned by young Thomas Hutchinson that his life would be endangered if he attended his brother's funeral.

To Mrs. Norcutt again is owed the account of Judge Oliver's last visit to Middleborough, of his ride down from Boston to reach the Hall on the edge of the evening, travel-stained and weary. He entered the house, collected a few valuables from a secret drawer and, bidding farewell to his housekeeper, left, not to return again.

For a few years the Hall stayed as it was, but violence had long been expected and, at last, on the night of November 4, 1778, the cry went up that the Hall was afire. The library burned first, and the crowd broke in, trying to lay their hands on what they could. Parts of the hangings in the lower hall of the birds and flowers were torn off, and it is said that for years afterwards the women of the town wore pieces of them in their hair as mementos of the days "when George was King and Oliver was Judge."

Mrs. Norcutt made her way into the great parlor and found a piece of money "about the size of a dollar" in the money closet. She kept it, for she said it always reminded her of that last visit of Judge Oliver, and of his looks, so tired and care-worn. She tried to save Madam Oliver's rosebush, a present from England which grew over the portico, but she could not; the heat was too intense.

In this small house of Peter and Sally Oliver where they lived for the better part of five years there were some happy occasions, surely at least, when their three children were born, Margaret in 1771, Thomas Hutchinson in 1772, and Peter in 1774. When he was at college Peter had lived with Sally's brother, Elisha, and it was through him that he began to see a good deal of the Hutchinsons. He notes in his diary the first time he met her, and refers later to a very agreeable way in her behavior "which I remember pleased me beyond any other of my female acquaintances" though (he added) "I had not the least thought of any connection with her." After the Hutchinson house was destroyed he went to see the family and found Sally "most terribly worried and distrest." That spring he "had obtained leave of her father" to pay his addresses. He writes that the family were very agreeable and says "I found that courtship was the most pleasant part of my life hereto." He seems to have been fond of dividing his life into periods. There is one bright note in his diary that I have always enjoyed. Apropos of his marriage he wrote, "Here ends the happiest period of my life." I have always hoped that Sally never read this.

He does not seem to have shared the regard toward his native land that his father showed to the end of his life. When in 1814 the Massachusetts Historical Society asked to borrow the only perfect manuscript of Hubbard's *History of New England,* which he had inherited, he is said to have sent a surly refusal.

It should be remembered, in extenuation, that these misfortunes, and in his case they were very real misfortunes, came when he was young; and from his point of view the turnings of the times must have been bitter to watch.

It was shortly after this house was built that the reception was held here for Benjamin Franklin. Very little is known about it, by me, at least; but ever since the yellow room here in the front of the house has been called the Franklin room. It was Franklin who, a few years later, was to make public parts of some private correspondence of the Judge and Governor, letters shown Franklin with the understanding that they not be published. Needless to say, they were published. I have never been able to understand why the Franklin party was held here, rather than in the Hall, since it must have been before the incident of the letters; and I have always hoped that it may have been that the Judge would not have Mr. Franklin in the house at any stage of his career.

I have said a great deal about the members of my family. Let me offer in justification a quotation from Daniel Webster:

> "There is a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religion and moral feeling I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligations on a liberal and enlightened mind than a consciousness of an alliance with excellence which is departed, and a consciousness too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it."

I am sorry that I have not had more that I could say about this house and the Peter Olivers for whom it was built. The schedule of his personal estate mentions the furnishings in the house, the linen and silver, china and glass, kitchen furniture, wearing apparel, tongs, shovels and andirons, etc. In addition to the small items he listed "an eight day clock, two dining tables, two tea tables, and 14 leather bottomed chairs, all mahogany, 4 plain chairs, 4 looking glasses, a four poster bed, two bureaus, a double chest of drawers all mahogany, six bedsteads, and an easy chair." I did not see this list until after we had refurnished the house and was amused to see that he included also two pictures of the King and Queen. Without knowing, we had replaced these and even added one of the coronation.

Many of the entries in his diaries are of no particular interest today, and not a few are bitter. "Some of our puppies in town are coming to wait on the Judge," he wrote in June, 1774, and in September again—"Today I was visited by about thirty Middleborough Puppies," and again, he writes of "the consummate impudence" to which he has been subjected. I mention this now in closing only because it gives me a chance to end on a happy note, a headline from the front page of the *Middleborough Gazette* in the middle of November, 1947:

THIS TIME THE OLIVER HOUSE IS NOT BURNED

Historical Association "Mob" meets
with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Oliver.

One hundred and seventy of our neighbors came here that night, and an entirely unnecessary note of thanks, most gratefully received, from the Secretary on behalf of the Society ended: "May God bless this house, and all who dwell therein."

I can appraise this good sentiment only as the earned result of the lives of those who were here during most of th life of the house: families of Sproat, Weston, and of Jones. I only hope that their impress upon the spot, with that of the Olivers of the earlier times, and of us, now, may create a benign condition wherein it may be hopefully asked for the present and the future, that God bless this house and all who dwell or come into it!

HISTORIC SITES TOURS

by Clint Clark

Winter is more or less a season of confinement and this is one of the reasons a walking tour of historic sites last spring proved such an enjoyable excursion for more than one hundred people. Starting from the Middleborough Historical Museum on Jackson Street on Sunday morning, April 12th, the tour was guided by Lyman Butler of the Historical Sites Committee of the Historical Association, and Joseph Prinzo of the Association's Archeological Committee. After viewing the site of the old fort behind the high school, the group drove to the parking area at Winthrop Atkins' plant on East Main Street and climbed Indian Hill on foot. At the summit, commanding a panoramic view of the town, the walkers saw Indian Rock and the imprint of a hand on the rock which legend claims is that of an Indian. This stop in the Star Mill section included a pause at the "wading place" which the state has marked as an historic site.

First sites tour
Indian Hill

The Pratt farm on East Main Street captured the interest of those who had not been aware of such points of interest as the old Indian camp grounds, a boiling spring, and remains of an early spring house. The group also saw the Ellis Weston grist mill site and fish hatchery there, the site of an early cranberry bog, and the pond which for many years was the scene of ice-cutting as one of the late Ernest Pratt's enterprises. At what once was Water Street, near the Electric Light Plant, the tour included the dam and reconstructed fish ladder, as well as identification of old mill sites.

This first spring tour of the year provided exercise and more than a glimpse of the town's historic background. It ended at the Girl Scout House opposite the Museum, with refreshments served by Girl Scouts under the supervision of Mrs. Priscilla Browne.

Encouraged by the response, Mr. Butler announced a tour of Eddyville on April 25th. The turnout on that date was less than for the first tour, but enthusiasm was no less evident as the group left the Museum in a motorcade led by Donald Foye and his antique Ford touring car. Parking near the small green, the group gathered at the Eddy homestead at Plympton and Cedar Streets, where Mr. Butler presented a summary of the Eddy family. The Eddy homestead, he explained, was built in 1803 and now is maintained by an association of Eddy descendants. Other nearby homes of historic origin were pointed out before the party moved on to inspect the Soule sawmill.

Second sites tour
Small pox Cemetery

It was noted that the sawmill still is in fair, restorable condition, with a waterwheel under the building and some of the machinery used in the manufacture of shingles also on the premises. Long Pond Brook, which once served to power this early industry, still tumbles over stones behind the mill and everyone found the spot scenically as well as historically interesting.

Great interest was displayed at the next stop, the so-called "small pox cemetery" at the intersection of Soule and Brook Streets. It was a pleasant surprise for those who remember when the cemetery was neglected, virtually forgotten, and almost completely overgrown with brush and weeds. The weathered headstones tell a story of tragic consequences, being visible reminders of a small pox epidemic in 1777 which struck old and young alike and went unchecked in those days for lack of an effective vaccine. It was pointed out, as a grim reminder, that nearby stands what once was a "pest house," the only way of isolating the dread epidemic's victims.

The next place on the tour was a stop to see the site of the Waterville mill and Savery's Pond on Plympton Street. Here, it is said, William Eddy operated a furnace for the manufacture of hollow ware. There is evidence, too, that a nail and tack factory was located here many years ago. An impressive vestige of the era when water power turned the wheels of industry was a huge iron turbine, believed to have served a lumber and box mill.

Conrad's Pond, at the rear of Ravenbrook Farm, was visited. The party paused in the area of a vanished "industrial complex" which, with Soule and Eddy in partnership, comprised a grist mill and up-and-down sawmill. An intriguing feature of this area was the discovery of bits of what appeared to be furnace-fired glass, and oddly shaped files believed to have been used in shaping glassware. Another massive cast iron turbine seen here has since, through the courtesy of Mr. Rhodes, owner of Ravenbrook Farm, been removed to the Museum grounds.

In total, more than 150 persons took one or both of the historic sites tours; enough to consider them a success and worthy of future consideration.

INDIAN ARTIFACTS OF TITICUT

by William B. Taylor

(Part I in December 1969 issue of Antiquarian; Part II in issue of May, 1970)

PIPES

It is assumed that pipe making came to New England as a part of a culture migration from an area west (Ohio), where pipe making was already an accomplished art. Sometime during the latter part of the Stone Bowl Age (Early Woodland), pipe making became a second important quarry industry. Besides soapstone outcrops at the quarry, a companion stone called chlorite appears. This stone has a lower talc content than steatite and is more uniform in structure with fewer impurities. Harder in texture, it is readily workable and was a favorite selection for the manufacture of stone pipes, although steatite and sandstone were occassionally used too. When the Stone Bowl period ended about A.D. 300, workers continued to return to the Oaklawn quarry for chlorite and steatite stock for pipe making even though manufacture of stone bowls had stopped.

Pipe size was determined by the varying smoking customs of the time. Early pipes were made in one piece with stems usually 2" or less. Later pipes often consisted of a pipe bowl only with a perforation for a wooden reed stem. Stone pipes were manufactured in four styles.

1. STRAIGHT - cigar-shaped
2. ELBOW - both obtuse and right angle
3. PLATFORM
4. BOWL-TYPE

Few pipes have been found at Titicut, but six are known to me. Two steatite elbow pipes were found at the Titicut Site, both broken at the lower part of the bowl and had small stems of 2" or less. An extremely fine bowl-type pipe, 1½" high, made of greenish-black chlorite (Oaklawn) was found on the Seaver Farm, adjoining the Titicut Site, in 1957. In 1969 two exceptionally fine platform pipes were uncovered in a red paint grave on the Seaver Farm. One of chlorite and the other of steatite, these too are thought to come from Oaklawn. Many years ago a fine copper pipe was dug out of a sandpit at Fort Hill but its location is now unknown. (See Fig. # 14 and 1

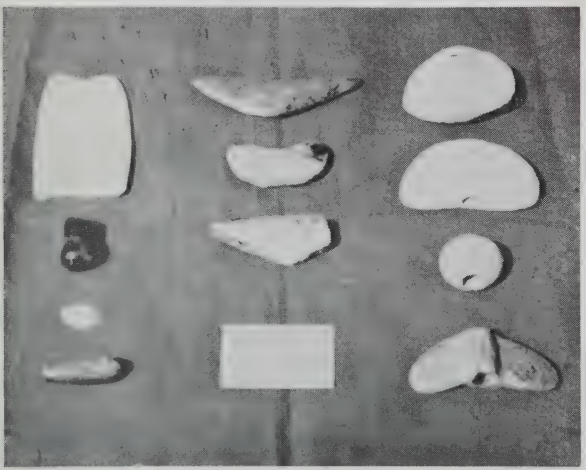

Fig. 14. Three pendents at top left and center. Two small shell pendents at bottom center and left. Stem of elbow pipe and whole bowl-type pipe at lower left. Four atlatl weights on right and a boatstone in center.

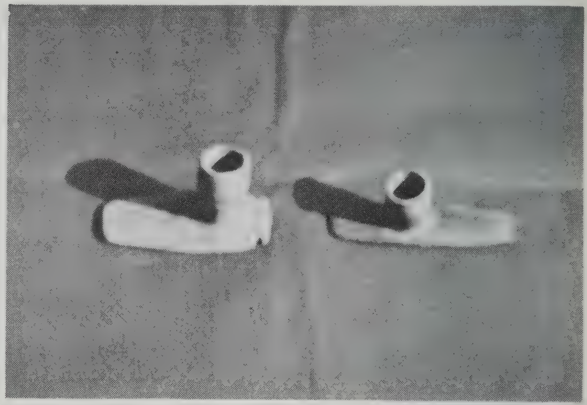

Fig. 16. Two fine platform pipes found in red paint grave in August, 1969.

During Stage 2 and 3 of pottery making, ceramic pipes were made. Most pipes of fired clay are plain in design and are either tubular or elbow in shape. Effigy clay pipes are not of local manufacture and are from New York State (MOHAWK Source). The making of ceramic pipes was probably brought on by the end of stone bowl quarrying as the m searched for a substitute.

Parts of several KAOLIN trade pipes have been found at Titicut. Two restored examples are shown in Fig. #17.

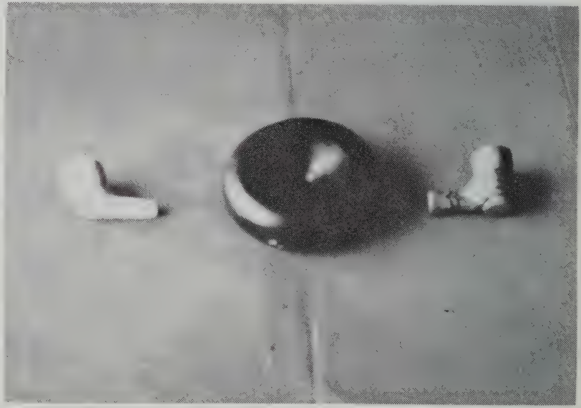

Fig. 17. Two restored Kaolin trade pipes and discoidal in center.

CERAMICS

During the Early Woodland period cooking pots began be made of clay and use of the heavy stone bowls gradually came to an end. Pottery is generally gray or tan in color, being mineral tempered with shell, sand or grit and only during late stages of ceramics does occassional vegetable temper appear. Most pots have a cord-marked surface on the outside and early stages on the inside, resulting from the cord-wrapped paddling used to help hold the clay coiling together. Early

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ceramic pots have a pointed base and conoidol shape, which is similar to the conoidol forms used in Asia and may account for the introduction of this style of pot into New England. The change from stone to clay marked a new culture period when the manufacture of cooking vessels was performed by the women.

There were four stages of ceramic development in New England an dthe probable dates of each noted.

Stage 1 - Earliest - 590 B.C.
Stage 2 - Intermediate - A.D. 400
Stage 3 - Late Prehistoric - A.D. 1150
Stage 4 - Historic - A.D. 1600

Stage 1 - has conoidal shape with prominent pointed base, straight sides and neck with no decoration.

Stage 2 - has conoidol shape with moderately pointed base, straight sides with occassional constriction of neck, and simple scored decoration on top of rim and outside edge made with thumbnail, pronged stick or a shell.

Stage 3 - has a modified rounded base, slightly tapered sides surmounted at times by a narrow collar, usually laminated, and elaboration of design motifs to include geometric figures created with a stylus or dentate stamp. A fine example was found on the Seaver Farm in 1956 and has been expertly repaired. (See Fig. #18.)

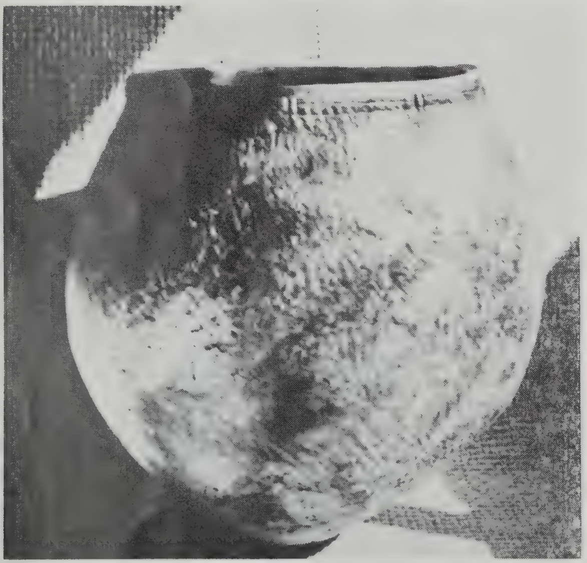

Fig. 18. Fine Stage 3 pot, mineral tempered with ¾" wide laminated collar. This pot is 13¾" high with an 8" diameter at top.

Stage 4 - has a semi-globular bottom, constricted neck surmounted by a pressed-out collar, usually with 4 castellations, multiple uniform decorations on collar of chevron variations and occassional face or corn bosses added. Three small pots were found in graves No's. 4 and 5 on the Taylor Farm in 1954 and one rare example at the Seaver Farm in 1957. (See Figs. #19 and #20)

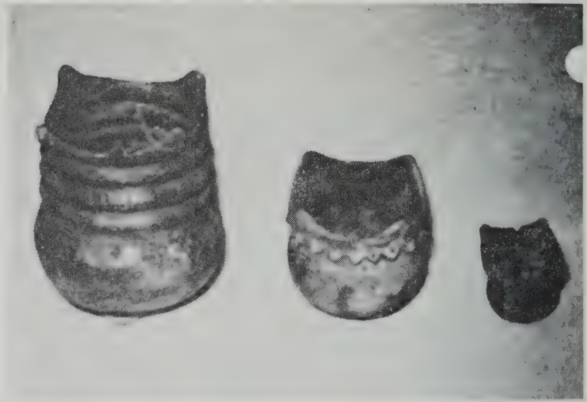

Fig. 19. Three fine Stage 4 pots from graves No. 4 and No. 5 —Taylor Farm. Center mortuary pot is of Shantok style.

AGRICULTURE AND AGRICULTURAL TOOLS

This important industry was started about A.D. 300 and developed into an advanced stage by the time white men arrived here. By fertilizing with fish (herring), crops were successfully grown on the same land for as many as 20 years without rotation. Another reason why villages became quite permanent.

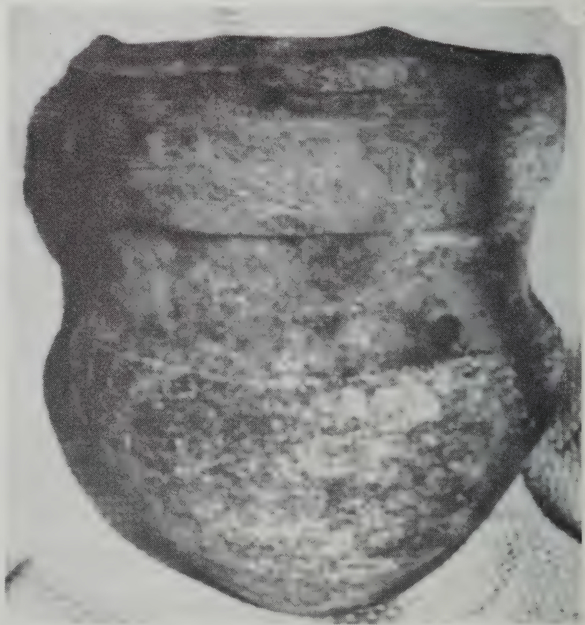

Fig. 20. Rare Stage 4 pot, vegetable tempered with fo castellations and 3¾" press style collar. This pot is 13" high with a 10" diameter at top.

(To be continued in the next issue of the Antiquarian)

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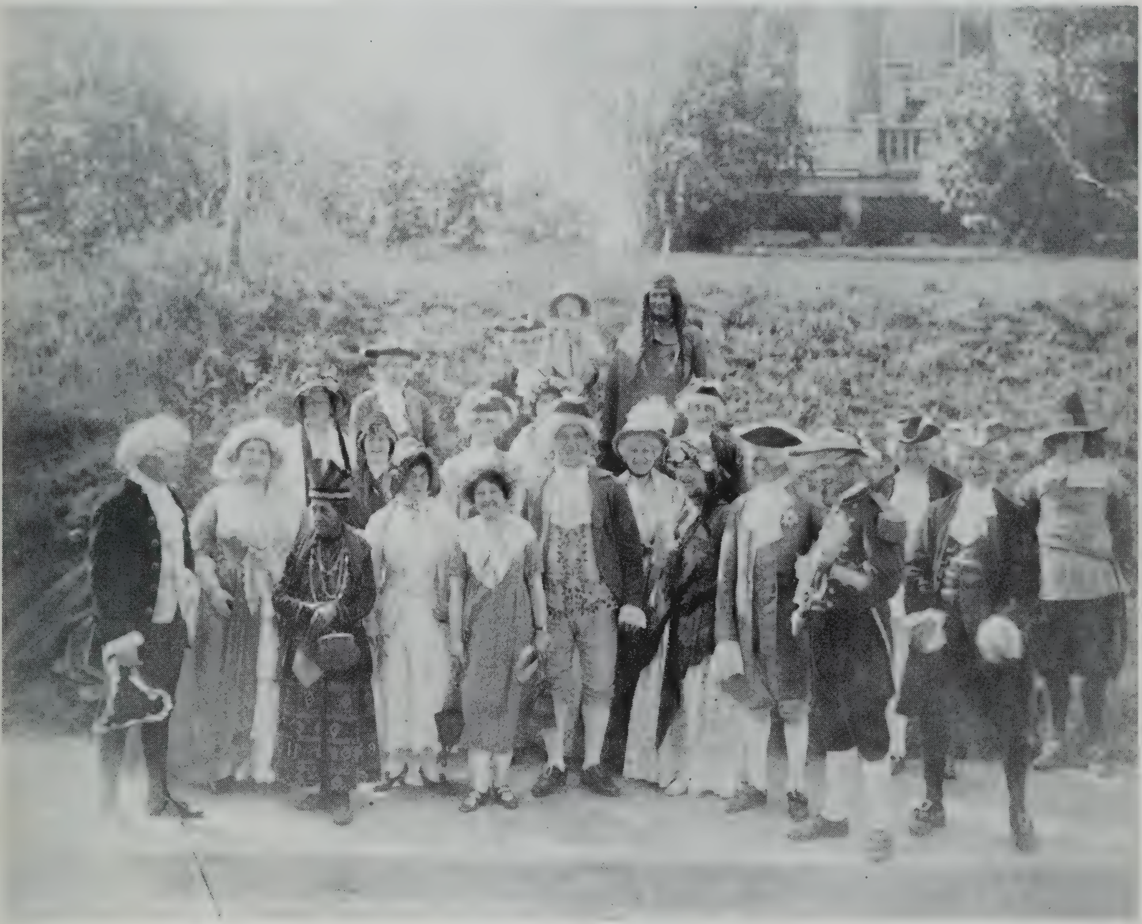

FIFTY YEARS AGO 1920

When Plymouth celebrated the 300th anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, Middleboro entered a float in the parade entitled: "Ye Old Nemasket Choir." The float won first prize of $100 and this money was used to found the Middleboro Historical Society. Beginning with lower left: Guy Polley, New York; Mrs. Guy Polley; Charlotte Mitchell (Princess Wootonekanuske); Nellie Wicher Shaw; Etta Cushing Baker; William W. Gammons; Mrs. Edith Finney; Mertie (Witbeck) Romaine; George Thomas; Albert Roberts, White Plains, N.Y.; John Tinkham. Second row: May Nelson; Mrs. William Jacob; James H. Kennedy; Mrs. Lillian Ball; Melvern Gammons; Chester E. Weston; Kenneth C. Leonard. Third row: Mabel Sears Barber; William H. Barden; Helen Ryder Haley; Bert Cushing.

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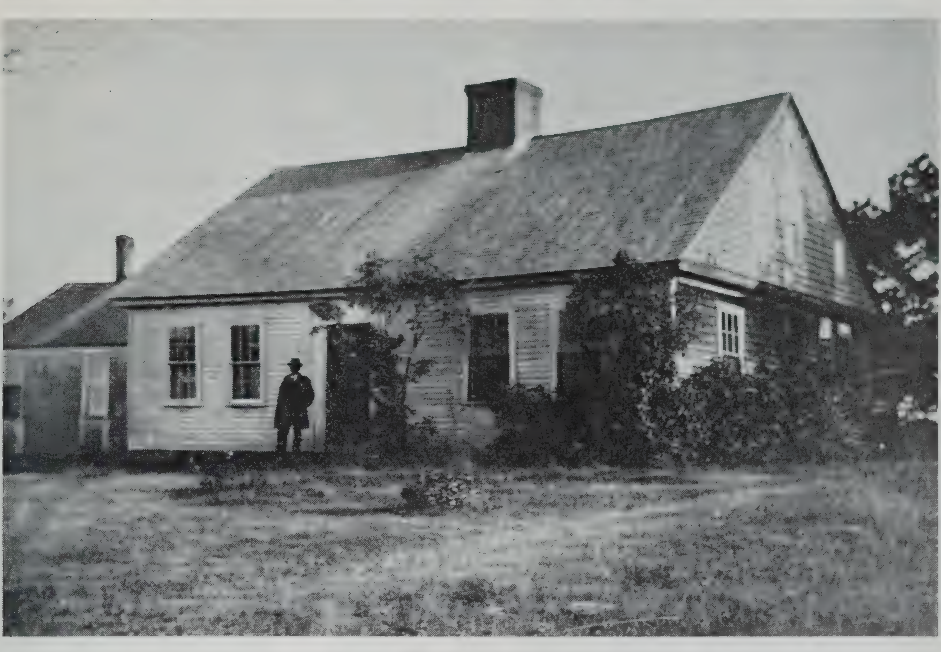

THE BENNETT HOUSE
Built between 1687-1691
Plympton Street, East Middleboro

In the following article, the author, Mr. Harold H. Bennet, of Denver, Colorado, suggests those having copies of the Middleborough Antiquarian of January, 1963, refer to a picture of the old Bennet home in East Middleboro. Because many recent subscribers will not have the 1963 issue, the picture is again reproduced. Standing in front of the house is Grover Bennett, a life long resident of Middleboro, one of the last of the members of the G.A.R. Two of his daughters, Misses Nellie and Jane Bennett, held high positions in the teaching profession and upon retirement became leaders in many civic activities. A third daughter, Carrie, married Henry H. Lightford.

THE BENNET HOUSES AT MIDDLEBOROUGH

by Harold H. Bennet

If you have a copy of the January 1963 "Antiquarian" Vol. V, No. 1, there is a picture showing "The John Bennet(t) home built about 1687 . . .", upon which I would like to comment to clarify and add a bit to the historical sequence of the houses built on the Bennet family farm.

Let us start with the first Bennet in Middleborough.

John (I) Bennet - 1A - 1641-1717 - emigrated from Bristol, England with two brothers to Jamestown, Virginia Colony in 1664. John moved to Beverly, Massachusetts Bay Colony, married Deborah Grover, and after a year in Weymouth, they moved to Middleborough and bought a farm from John Nelson on March 5, 1687. This farm was three miles from Four Corners, and remained in the Bennet family name for 261 years.

There had been a house on this John Nelson farm. Bennet family data says that a defiant Indian was wounded by a shot from a long rifle by John Thomson from the block-house at Middleborough during King Phillip's War. The Indian crawled through the woods to the deserted Nelson House. After being attended by his companions for severals days, he died, was buried nearby, and they burned the house in 1676.

When John (I) bought the farm in 1687, he built the first Bennet House, sometime between 1687 and 1691. Because of his numerous children (7), and many children of the eldest sons inheriting the farm in successive generations, the younger ones, as they grew up and married, had to leave the old farm and house to locate elsewhere and have migrated throughout Massachusetts and the rest of the U.S.A.

John (II) - 2A - 1671-1761, Nehemiah (I) - 3A - 1695-1769, Jacob (I) - 4B - 1725-1799, Nehemiah (II) - 5A - 1753-1799, the eldest sons, owned, lived and died in the first house on the "Bennet Farm."

When Nehemiah (I) died in 1769, Jacob (I), who lived at Mad Mares Neck on the east side of Assawamsett Pond, with his five young sons and two daughters, moved to the old First House on the Bennet Farm. "Later on, when married Jacob's eldest son Nehemiah (II) lived there next to him."

This would be the second house, because in 1792, Thomas (I) - 5G - 1765-1846, a carpenter, with the help by John (VII) - 5F - 1761-1811, the brothers of Nehemiah (II) "built a house near the old house."

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Thomas (I) bought out the heirs of his older brother John (VII) - when he died in 1811, and in 1815 he took down the first house built by John (I), then 128 years old.

The only sons of Thomas (I) were Jacob (IV) - 6T - 1801-1865 and John (XI) 6U - 1809-1892 and "they lived on the farm as of 1861."

The above quotes are from letters from Elisha (IV) - 7N - 1829-1908, who also visited John (XI) out on the farm, and John's nephew Grover (I) - 7AD - 1844-1929 in town in 1890. Elisha said in 1908 that "the house (second) built in 1792 is still standing and occupied but is looking very dilapidated."

I have no information about a third house. When I visited Grover in 1920, he showed me the picture of the house which has been reproduced in the "Antiquarian" of January 1963.

Grover told me it had been burned down in 1907 by sparks from a railroad train. The picture does show Grover in front of it. He was the father of Nellie (III) Bennet(t), (8-FC) - 1869-1963 - last of the Bennet family in Middleboro. She was a distant cousin of mine. Another distant cousin in Middleboro is Mrs. Fred (Ruth Cox) Harriman.

The caption of the picture reproduced says—"three houses east of the intersection of Thompson Street and Plympton Street, Albert Sears built the home where he now lives after the Bennet(t) homestead burned years ago." This was possibly the third Bennet House.

A letter from John (XI) - 6 - u - said "we live in the N.E. part of Middleborough, 35 miles south of Boston, 12 West of Plymouth (Pilgrim Rock or Forefathers Rock), 24 North from New Bedford, 3 from village called Four Corners."

The house shown in the January 1963 issue looks fairly modern. Perhaps more modern outer materials were added to the 1792, second house, or to a third house of ..... date?, burned down in 1907. It could not be the first house of John (I). Therefore, 1687 or 1691 for the first house; 1792 for the second house, and the third or illustrated house later until 1907.

HAROLD H. BENNETT
Denver, Colorado

9th generation of Middleborough descendents in America.

PERSONALITIES IN MIDDLEBORO'S PAST: ISAAC PRATT

by William L. Waugh

Isaac Pratt was born March 6, 1776, in North Middleboro and was descended from Phineas Pratt who came to the shores of North America at Plymouth, in 1623, either in the ship Ann or in the Swallow.

The Pratts were a distinguished family in England and were, according to Burke's "Landed Gentry," "from a remote period, some of knightly degree and baronets."

Isaac Pratt married Naomi Keith in 1804. She was the daughter of Jeremiah Keith of Bridgewater, descended from the Rev. James Keith, who came to Massachusetts from Scotland in 1662, and was the first minister who actually settled in West Bridgewater. Mr. Pratt was educated at a time when it was the custom to go to school only two or three months a year. He spent most of his life on his farm in North Middleboro and operated a sawmill and store there. However, during his most productive years he manufactured nails which were sold by the firm I & J Pratt. The "J" refers to Jared Pratt, Isaac's nephew, who became a partner in the Pratt operation in 1818. The first nails made by the Pratts were of Swedish and Russian iron which was given to local farmers to be hammered into nails, a profitable industry.

In 1816, a man named Jesse Reed invented a machine that would cut and head nails in one operation. In Mitchell's "History of Bridgewater," is the following observation; The first nails manufactured by machinery in the United States were made here; probably the first nail completely cut and headed by machinery at one operation in the world was made in East Bridgewater by the late Samuel Rogers.

In 1821 or 1822, two new partners were added to the Pratt firm and the name changed to I & J Pratt and Company. The Company purchased the right to use the nail manufacturing machine and moved to Wareham after closing the North Middleboro store. Here, in the section of Wareham known as "Parker Mills," they built a rolling mill and nail factory on a large scale. In 1829, they incorporated under the name, "The Wareham Iron Company," with a capital of 100,000. In 1834, the firm was dissolved and Isaac Pratt returned to North Middleboro. It was said of him that more than any other man, he was the founder of industry in Wareham. There is today a nail factory on the same site in that town.

Upon Mr. Pratt's death on December 3, 1864, the following quotation appeared in the Boston Evening Traveler: "Our readers in Plymouth County will read with regret the announcement of the decease of Isaac Pratt of North Middleborough, who died at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. He was industrious, frugal, and unostentatious; benevolent and hospitable; a patron of educational interests, a kind neighbor, a devout Christian, and a public-spirited citizen. For more than seventy years he was an exemplary member of the Congregational Church, and although he adhered to the tenets of his faith with steadfastness characteristic of his Puritan ancestry, he was conservative but liberal in his views. He will be remembered as a fine type of class now rapidly passing away: the sturdy, honest, liberty-loving farmers of the early days of the Republic."

THE SOUTH MIDDLEBORO STRETCH

As told to Lyman Butler

by Leslie Thomas, Sr.

Having been born and raised in the Smith Street section of Rock Village, I can well remember when the "South Middleboro stretch" was constructed. I used to play with other children at the old farmhouse which stands on the corner of Wareham and Smith Streets next to the "Chicken House." At this time there was no road crossing Smith Street, but it continued through the woods and joined what was then Wareham Street some distance east. At that time, Wareham Street made a bend from the old Carver farm and continued on Rocky Gutter Street to a point past the home of Herbert Chase where it branched off to the south and came out at a point near the old Walter Thomas farm, then straight ahead to the corner where stood the Thomas Bros. grocery store, and out to the schoolhouse. The area from the Carver farm to the Thomas farm was a wooded area with no buildings except one at the northern end of what was then Wareham Street.

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The coming of the Middleboro, Wareham and Buzzards Bay electric railway changed much of the scenery. Starting from Middleboro Four Corners, down Wareham Street to the corner of Barden Hill Road, it branched through the wooded area and came out at the top of the hill near the cement water tower and the end of Barden Hill Road. Continuing along the present road to the corner of Cushman and Wareham Streets, the tracks were laid to Rock Village and up Smith Street to the point where Wareham Street is now located. A sharp right turn was made here and a straight line laid to Thomas Bros. store. While building the trolley track, a well defined road was made alongside of the road bed; so good, in fact, that the town fathers decided to build a highway on the road the trolley line used to haul stock. This started at the triangle of what is now Rocky Gutter and Wareham Streets, through the woods crossing Smith Street and continuing to the South Middleboro store. This straight stretch of highway became known as the "South Middleboro stretch" and to this day it is often so named. Now many superhighways go for miles in a straight line, but at that time this section was an innovation. I lived at the Rock when this line was built and started operating in 1901.

I have lived in South Middleboro for forty-six years and have seen many changes, including the cut-off at Wilbur's gas station which goes to the diner. This relieved traffic which would slow up at the sharp curve at Thomas' store. At Houdletts' Corner, the sharp curve back of the gas station was straightened out. I remember the grain store and depot at the railroad crossing on Spruce Street; Frank Wallen was station agent and Jennie Gammons(later Jennie Philips) was post mistress. There was no R.F.D. in those days.

During the old fashioned winters, we could skate from the fresh meadow of Amos Buckman at Highland and Benson Streets, on Black Brook, way to the lakes. I remember when the old trolley car was set up as a diner at South Middleboro after the trolley line closed about 1923. You would never know now as you go over the South Middleboro stretch that at one time it was just a wooded section with nary a house on it.

INDIAN ARTIFACTS OF TITICUT

by William B. Taylor

(Part I, December, 1969 issue of Antiquarian; Part II, May, 1970, Part III, July, 1970)

AGRICULTURE AND AGRICULTURAL TOOLS (cont.)

Crops grown were maize (corn), beans, squash, pumpkins, gourds, melons, tobacco and Jerusalem artichokes. Strawberries, cranberries, blueberries, gooseberries, huckleberries, raspberries, blackberries, wild cherries, wild plums and beach plums were all gathered wild. Acorns, chestnuts, hickory nuts and walnuts were gathered, husked, dried and ground into powder to thicken and flavor their pottage. These were also dried and preserved to use throughout the year. Maize was pounded into meal and baked into bread and cake. Maize, beans and other dried foods were buried in underground storages. Indian women did most of the work including the planting, cultivation and harvesting of all crops except tobacco, which was grown by the men. The task of keeping marauding animals out of the corn fields fell to the children. No plowing was done, just the stirring of soil within the hill. Cornhills were spaced in regular rows or irregularly depending on whether the cornfield was clear or had large trees scattered throughout.[11]

Agricultural tools required for growing and preparing crops were hoes, spades, corn planters, pestles and mortars. (See Fig. #21)

Corn-planter - an elongated stone 4" to 7", roughly shaped with a stubby point. It can be either hafted or held in the hand and was used to make holes in corn hills into which maize seeds were sown.

Triangular hoe - a very crudely made tool, usually formed by knocking a spall from a large piece of material. Judging from the number found, it was widely accepted and usually had a pointed blade and was 3" to 6" long.

Stemmed hoe - a crude but highly effective tool 5" to 12" long with a flared bit, usually thinned by chipping and use. Most hoes have a crook or oblique base at the end for hafting at right angles to the handle.

Stemmed spade - a large stone slab 7" to 14" long, with a thinned blade that can be rounded, pointed or truncated. Usually better made than hoes with a very definite stem for hafting.

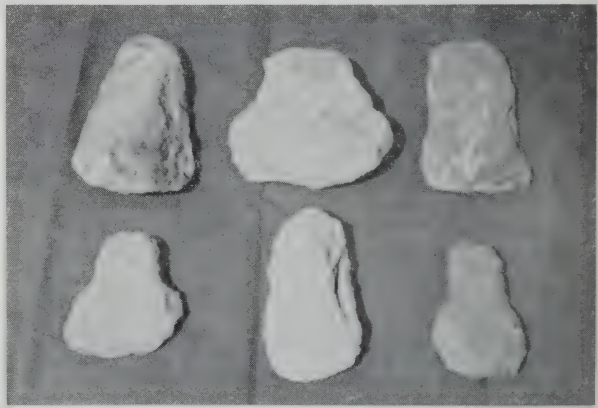

Fig. 21. Six stemmed hoes and spades used to cultivate early gardens at Titicut.

The use of bone mattocks, wooden spades and hoes, and turtle shell and quahog hoes is noted in many early writings. Because of their perishable nature, they have long since disappeared and we can only guess that these items were widely used.

Pestles are cylindrical in shape and are found in sizes 5" to over 28". They often have a fine polish if used for any length of time. A few are found with effigy handles of animals, snakes, birds or man's head, which are highly prized by the collector. Tree pestles were used at Titicut. In this method

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[11] As late as 1940 cornhill remains were visible in Assonet and other areas where the land was never disturbed by the plow. Quite often these old cornfields are now surrounded and covered with trees.

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the maize was pounded by suspending a stone pestle from the limb of a tree, using the spring of the limb to raise the pestle up. (See Fig. #22)

The Muller was another maize grinding tool occassionally used to grind maize in shallow stone mortars. It is made of a natural shaped cobble of convenient size for hand use. (See Fig. #25)

Stone Mortars of various sizes were used. Small mortars were held in the lap and used with small pestles to grind nuts, paint and for bruising bark and herbs to make poultices and other medicines, which were common among our Indians. Larger mortars rested on the ground and were used with large pestles to grind maize. Communal mortars occasionally appear at Campsites too. Early records note the use of wooden mortars, made from a deep hollowed out log, were often preferred to the stone type. However, few wooden mortars or wooden pestles have survived through the years. (See Fig. #23)

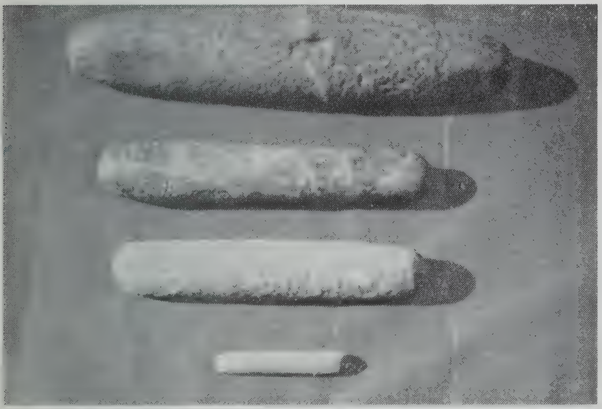


Fig. 22. 16" tree pestle at top. 11½" and 10½" roller pestles in center and 4" paint pestle at bottom.

GORGETS

These ornaments come in many sizes and designs and are usually highly polished with two or more holes drilled through the central area. The exact function of these ornaments is unknown although several theories are offered.

1. As a badge of office or other identification worn around the neck.
2. Worn on the wrist as a protection against the slap of a bowstring.
3. Used in the twisting of cords or to weave cloth or nets.
4. Used on cords that held garments or bundles.
5. As part of some ceremonial function.

Whatever their use, they appear to have been higly prized by their owners. Very few have been found whole at Titicut.

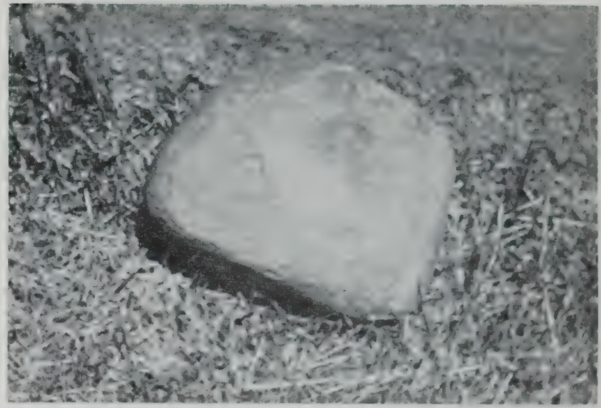


Fig. 23. Small lap mortar which has a dished area on two sides.

PENDENTS AND BEADS

Pendents are a most interesting type of ornament because of the wide variety of sizes, shapes and materials. They are made of stone, bone, shell, copper, animal and shark teeth and were worn around the neck or hung from the ears. Usually they have one hole or a small groove around one end. Many are merely thin pebbles, seldom modified except for the perforation, notching of the edge, or the incised decoration which appears on some of them. One of the finest styles is the whale-tail pendent, which resembles a whale's tail and was probably used during a religious ceremony. Occasionally pendents are found with cross-hatch lines or tally marks or effigy forms of animals, fish, birds or man. (See Fig. #14)

Beads are found in stone, bone, shell, copper, potters' clay and glass. At Titicut, copper and glass trade beads seem to predominate, although bone and shell probably disintegrated long ago. Some seed or berry beads appeared in burial No. 5 at the Taylor Farm. Beads are hard to find on the surface because of their size. Graves provide the majority where they sometimes number into the hundreds. (See Fig. #1 and 24)

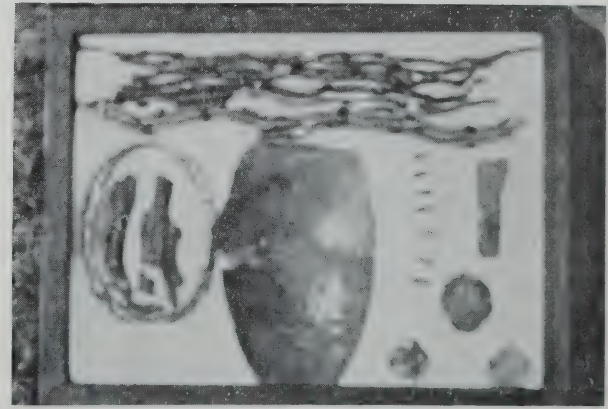


Fig. 24. Copper and seed beads on original string found in grave No. 6 at Titicut Site. Also four copper pendents and large copper spoon in center.

To be continued in the next issue of the Antiquarian

THE GENEALOGY OF JOHN THOMSON

(The following article is taken from a very old book given many years ago to the Middleborough Historical Society by Nathan S. Davis of Buffalo, New York, and received through the courtesy of his nieces, Miss Anne H. Andrews and Mrs. George Russell Shaw of Middleboro. Contained in this small book is much Middleboro history. The Thomson family was a prominent one in the town from John Thomson (Tomson) who ordered the Indian shot across the river from the old fort during King Philip's War, to Cephas Thompson, the famous artist, born in Middleboro in 1809. In this book, eight generations of the Thomson family are recorded.)

John Thomson was born in the north of Wales in the year 1616. It is said his father died shortly after his birth and his mother married again. The name of the step-father is concealed from the memory of man, behind that impenetrable veil of oblivion, which time is spreading over the generations of man. The legal parents became the protectors of the child. He went where they went, and received his scanty education from their lips.

He came to this country in the third embarcation from England. The second, which arrived at Plymouth, was Capt. Robert Cushman, in the Fortune, bringing thirty-five families, the remainder of Robinson's society, Nov. 11th, 1621. The third arrival was two vessels, containing sixty or seventy men, some of them had families, under the patronage of Thomas Weston, a merchant of distinction, in London. Among this number, was the subject of this treatise. They landed at Plymouth early in the month of May, 1622. John Thomson was then in the sixth year of his age.

Whether originally all who bear the orthoepy of the family name were of the same family, cannot now easily be ascertained. The first knowledge we have of the name with any certainty is from the ancient record of heraldry, when aristocracy invented a badge to distinguish the royal degrees of family greatness. Then the name was familiarly known in England, Scotland and Ireland. They each spelt the name differently and were considered as distinct families. They each selected a different badge of heraldry.

Those in the southwestern part of England spelt their name Tompson. There was one descended from this family, settled in the ministry at Berwick, on the Piscataqua River, Rev. John Tompson. Those in Ireland, spelt their name Thompson. Those in the south of Scotland, spelt their name Thomson, and Charles Thomson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress, in revolutionary days. The north of Wales being contiguous to Scotland, we are led to consider the subject of our inquiry a descendant of the Scottish family, and not of the Irish.

The circumstance of his youth, when he arrived in this country, and the limited means of education which he had, would lead us to conclude he did not know his lineage. This conclusion is strengthened from the circumstance, the signature to his will is spelt Tomson. This may not be viewed strange or unaccountable when we bear on our minds the vast number of persons in Europe who then, and even now, have no specific knowledge of their grandparents. Even in our own country, with all the means of education and records, cases may easily be found where a person could not tell from what nation in Europe his progenitor descended. We naturally look amongst the best informed in that day for correct information. In his deed of Spring-hill, his name is spelt Thomson. Rev. John Cotton, the first minister in Halifax, spelt his name in this way; and the records of the town of Mendon spell the name in the same manner. The letter *p* was not introduced into the name by any of his descendants, till a century and a half had rolled away.

Tradition is silent respecting any incident in his life till he arrived to manhood. Then it presents him to us in many events interesting and entertaining. It appears from his will, he was a carpenter. Besides building houses for others, he built one for himself in each of the places he selected as a settlement, and one for each of his sons, John and Jacob, in the latter place. Tradition says he built the first framed Meeting-house in Plymouth, and as a compensation for his labor, the town gave him a deed of a piece of land from the Market-house, back, extending to the herring-brook, now called Spring-hill.

He married Mary Cook, the second daughter of Francis Cook, who was one of the first adventurers in 1620.

John Thomson makes his first appearance as a farmer in Sandwich. He purchased in that part of the town called Nobscusset, where he lived a few years. He thought he could better his fortune for himself and children by moving into the more interior part of the country. He accordingly selected a place thirteen miles west of Plymouth on the confines of Bridgewater, Middleborough, and what was then called Plymouth, now Halifax. Here he built a log house in Middleborough, about twenty rods west of the Plymouth line, where he lived till the house was burned by the Indians.

His settlement amidst a surrounding savage enemy must have been attended with many troubles and fearful apprehensions. He must have felt the need of all the confidence in God that religion could afford, which brought our fathers into this country. He felt the necessity of using every precaution which his ingenuity could suggest, or his wisdom dictate. Oral tradition has handed down to us a few incidents illustrative of this remark.

There was at that day, a stream of water near the west side of the house where fish resorted, but the hand of improvement has caused it to become dry for a considerable distance—and even then nothing but a rill. One morning, he had caught some fish, and his wife had them over the fire cooking; two Indians came into the house in a very morose manner; one of the Indians went to the pot and pulled out one of the fish by the tail, upon which she reproved him very sharply—the other Indian then drew his knife and brandished it at her in a threatening manner—she immediately seized the splinted broom and heroically drove them out of the house. Their behavior was such it excited fearful alarm in her mind. This she related to her husband when he came in, which led them to go that night to the garrison in Middleborough, a distance of seven miles. After peace was concluded, they returned to their farm. Their is another instance related, worthy of notice.

Three Squaws came to the house one afternoon and were exceedingly friendly—they were very officious in proffered assistance and varied acts of kindness; they went with her into the garden, and cheerfully assisted her in picking beans for the next day's repast. This singular behavior she related to her husband on his return—he replied, "we must instantly pack up our things and go to the garrison."

There is an oral anecdote of a policy which he adopted for his preservation from Indian surprise. He agreed with a man by the name of Jabez Soule who had settled in the northwestern part of what is now called Plympton, to entice a young Indian to come and live with them, and learn to work and live like the English. They succeeded in their overtures —the Indian came and lived with each of them alternately, two weeks. They studied to please him by flattery, and in every little competition of strength or agility, by giving him the advantage, or yielding to his superiority. When the Indians agreed to make war on their white neighbors, this young Indian would secretly steal away and join them—his absence became a warning immediately to repair to the garrison. When they had made peace with the English, this young Indian would return and live with them; in this management he ignorantly became their protector. One day, while this young Indian was at work with our ancestor, he observed to the Indian, "I wonder they never attempted to kill me."

"Master," said the Indian, "I have cocked my gun many a time to shoot you, but I loved you so well, I could not."

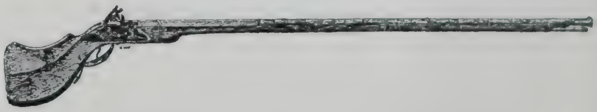
At another time, on a Sabbath morning, while his wife and children had rode to meeting, several Indians came into his house, in a turbulent manner; he was apprehensive his life was in danger—he took his seat in the corner of the room, with his noted gun in his lap—this so terrified these cowardly intruders they soon left the house. Their behavior within and without was such, he was convinced all was not right. He buried his money, and hid his most valuable things in the most secluded places. When his family returned from meeting, they prepared to go to the garrison—they started before it was really dark, they had not gone more than two miles, before the light of the devouring element, taught them the fate of their house. On his way to the garrison, he passed by the settlement of a Mr. Danson in Middleborough, but he concluded not to go till early in the morning; he had rode but a short distance in the morning when he stopped his horse to drink; this gave the Indians an opportunity and they shot him. The rill where he was shot is called Danson's Brook. The next day, our ancestor sent his son John with two others from the garrison, to the deserted farm to take care of anything worth saving; in passing the hollow between the fort and where the Congregational Meeting House now stands, he discovered in the horse-path, a pair of leather shoes, and at a short distance further, a beaver hat, which belonged to Danson. He considered them a decoy, and put his horse in full speed; when they returned, neither of them were there.

The people who were capable of bearing arms, met and chose our ancestor their commander. He formed his men in a solid square, and there were four men in front, and four men deep. He applied to the Governor and Council at Plymouth for a commission; but they considered the company so small, gave him a general commission as Lieutenant commandant, not only of the field, but of the garrison and all posts of danger. Thus commissioned, he equipped himself and company with a gun, a brass pistol, a sword and a halbert. The gun is supposed to have been brought into this country with them. It is of the following description: the whole length of the stock and barrel, seven feet, four and a half inches; the length of the barrel, six feet, one inch and a half; the size of the calibre will carry twelve balls to the pound; the length of the face of the lock ten inches; the whole weight of the gun, twenty pounds, twelve ounces. The whole length of the sword, three feet, five and a half inches; the length of the blade from the guard, two feet, eleven inches and three eighths. Hudebras has very accurately described this sword:

"For want of use it has grown rusty,
And ate into the blade for lack
Of something for to hew and hack."

These two have descended to Capt. Zadock Thomson, of Halifax; Capt. Jabez P. Thomson has the brass pistol; Capt. Asa Thomson has the halbert; the top part of the halbert is broken off—the present state is evidently not original. On the face of it is cut the date of the year when made, 1623.

At the commencement of Philip's War in 1675, the Indians became so morose, the people in the month of June, fled for safety to the fort, which was built near what is called the Four Corners in Middleborough. The Indians would daily appear on the southeasterly side of the river, and ascend what is called the hand-rock, because there was the impression of a man's hand indented on it. There they would be in fair sight of the fort. Here the Indians would present the seat of honor to the people in the fort, and in an insulting manner would slap their hand on it. This they did for several days; there were thirty-five families in the fort, being all who had settled within the town. The people became tired of such daily insults; Lieut. Thomson ordered Isaac Howland, a distinguished marksman, to take his gun and shoot the Indian in the attitude



John Thomson's gun that shot the Indian
(from Weston's History of Middleboro)

of insulting them; this he did, by elevating his gun, and gave the Indian a mortal wound in that honorable part of the body presented to the fort in an insulting manner. Filled with revenge for their wounded companion, the Indians immediately took to the woods; running down the hill to the mill just below the fort, where the miller was at work. The miller discovered them coming, seized his coat and fled; he placed his coat on the end of a stick, as he run through the brush to the fort: held the coat over his head, and suffice it to say, the coat was perforated with several balls before he could arrive at the fort; they then burnt the mill. The Indians dragged their wounded companion two miles and three-quarters to the deserted house of William Nelson, on the farm now owned by Major Thomas Bennet. The Indian died that night, his companions then buried him with their accustomed ceremonies and burnt the house. In the year 1821, nearly one hundred and fifty years after the Indian had been buried, Major Bennet improved this spot of land, and ploughing the same, he discovered interred some of his bones, a pipe, a stone jug, and a knife, all very much decayed under the slow but all-devouring hand of time. Major Bennet, actuated by a laudable design, went a few years past and measured the distance from the old fort to the rock where the Indian was, and made the astonishing distance of 155 rods; nearly half a mile.

In the year 1677 John Thomson built a frame house near the same spot where the former house was burnt, and made a garrison of it. He cased all the outer posts, faced the joists to the inner side of the sills, and laid brick in mortar on the sills to the beams, and leaving a small window on each side to each room. This house occasionally underwent various repairs, and was the residence of the fifth generation. It was taken down in 1838, having been inhabited 160 years.

As yet we have only viewed the incidents of his life in relation to his worldly concerns. We ought not to pass in silence the great object which led him to come into this country. His moral and religious character contains useful instruction to his descendants, and in many respects sharply reprove them for their degeneracy His customary hour of rising in the morning was 4 o'clock, especially on the Sabbath morning. The breakfast repast must be closed, even in summer, on or before the rising sun. He was a regular attendant on the duties of the sanctuary, and by his example he showed that he felt the sacredness of liberty in conscience, and was determined to improve it, as a precious gift of God. After he had made his clearing and moved into his log house, either he or his wife would go every Sabbath to Plymouth, the only place where they had an Elder to speak to them, a distance of more than thirteen miles. We have orally received information, that his wife one year, on two of the Sabbaths in June, after breakfast took a child six months old in her arms, and walked to Plymouth, attended meeting, and returned home the same day.

Nor were his children to the third generation less zealous of enjoying the happiness of sanctuary privileges. It was a common practice among them to make a cheese on Sabbath morning in the summer, provided they could get it under the press before the sun rose, and then they would prepare to go to meeting. His grand children were regularly found among the worshipping assembly, on the Sabbath. It is stated the children of Jacob, his son, started one Sabbath morning for Plymouth, they had to cross a dismal swamp which lay between where Amasa Sturtevant now lives, and where Caleb Loring formerly kept a tavern. They arrived near the swamp before daylight, and were greatly frightened by the numerous howlings of the wolves. They climbed a large rock which was near Amasa Sturtevant's and there tarried in fearful suspense till the sun arose.

Compare their zealous attachments to religious worship with those of the present day, and we should little suspect we were the children of such an ancestor. We certainly do not honor his character, or feel zealous to assimilate his piety. We feel it a burden to walk two miles to meeting instead of thirteen.

He closed his industrious and useful life, June 16th, 1696, nearly eighty years old. He was buried in the first burying ground in Middleborough. His grave remains undistinguished from others, except for a very small stone, which is said to be the second stone erected. Mary, his wife died March 21, 1714, in the eighy-eighth year of her age. Here he and his wife have silently laid nearly a century and a half. It would be an an honorable act, which posterity might view with pleasing emotion, if some of his descendants, in token of respect, should erect a monument over his resting place.

(Epitaph on present tombstone in Nemasket Hill Cemetery:

In Memory of
LIEUT. JOHN THOMSON, WHO DIED JUNE 16TH, YE 1696,
This is a debt to nature due;
Which I have paid and so must you)

HIS DAUGHTERS

MARY THOMSON was born in 1650, she married - - - Taber, and settled near New Bedford, where some of her desendants are now living.

ESTHER THOMSON was born July 28, 1652. She married Jonathan Reed, whose descendants live in Abington and adjacent towns.

ELIZABETH THOMSON was born Jan. 28, 1654. She married Thomas Swift, who settle at Nobscusset, where her father first purchased, and where many of her descendants now live.

SARAH THOMSON was born April 7, 1657; she did not marry.

LYDIA THOMSON was born October 5, 1659. She married James Soule; many of her descendants live in Middleborough and adjoining towns.

MERCY THOMSON was born in 1671. She did not marry. She died April 19, 1756, in her eighty-fifth year of her age.

HIS SONS

ADAM THOMSON died when one year and a half old.

JOHN THOMSON, was born in 1648. He married Mary Tinkham. He died Nov. 25, 1725, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Mary his wife died in 1734, in the sixty-seventh year of her age. He was a Carpenter by profession.

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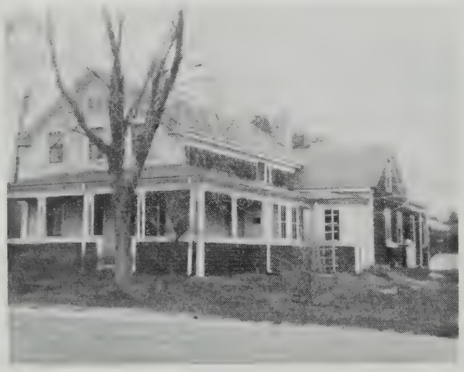
THE SETH HINCKLEY HOUSE

By Lyman Butler

Though this house does not have the distinction of being one of the oldest in town, it has been around since the early 1800's, and is of different construction than many of the so-called Cape Cod houses. I am talking about the house belonging to Ralph Garnier in Warrentown. This place, as well as the original Kayajan house which was burned years ago, were both Hinckley houses. Part of the latter is still being used for storage by the Nemasket Spring Company. In the late 1800's, a family named Warren (no kin of the other Warrens in the vicinity) operated a farm here and also a slaughter house which is sitll standing, though the old barn is long gone. Later, the Warrens purchased what we all knew as the "old store" (Abiel Washburn) at Muttock and remodeled it into four tenements. The Warrens occupied one of the apartments themselves and rented the other three. Meanwhile, the William Quindley family moved into the old Hinckley house. When I was four years old, my folks rented this house which had now been vacated by the Quindleys who had bought the farm next door, (where the Reynold Greenhouse is now). Still retaining its veranda across the front and along the south side with a front and side door, the dwelling is just about as it was when built. Originally a barn was connected to the house with a closed shed which housed the family carriages in the day of the horse and buggy. This made a good place to play when I lived there and incidentally, my mother and father lived in this same house when they were first married.



THE HINCKLEY HOUSE

Warrentown

A MINIATURE FOR THE CARRIAGE SHED

Mr. Richard E. Flynn of Miami, Florida, and his aunt, Miss Charlotte H. McDonald of Middleboro, have presented to the Museum a miniature "piano box buggy" which the late John A. McDonald made for his first grandson, Richard, when he was a small boy. Mr. McDonald was a carriage manufacturer in Taunton, but upon his retirement, moved with his family to Middleboro. Two of his daughters, Charlotte, and the late Mary McDonald, conducted businesses in Middleboro for many years.

The little wagon is an exact miniature replica of the piano box buggy that Mr. McDonald manufactured. As originally made, the carriage had double shafts to be used as a dog-drawn vehicle, but this did not prove feasible and these were replaced with a single shaft. Mr. Richard Flynn is now a grandfather himself, a successful realtor in Miami, Florida, the place from which he shipped the little carriage to be preserved in the Middleborough Historical Museum.

This is the second time the carriage has been displayed in Middleboro. After it was completed by Mr. McDonald in 1915-16, he went to Whitman's store to purchase paint for it. Everyone who saw the little wagon was so intrigued that the store arranged a window exhibit of the carriage and the paint used to decorate it.

A CHAIR FROM OLIVER HALL

The Middleborough Historical Museum has come into possession of a most unusual and valued antique—a chair from Oliver Hall.

When Oliver Hall was burned to the ground on November 4, 1778, so Mr. Weston states in his "History of Middleboro," the neighbors rushed in and took what furniture and hangings they could salvage. Mrs. Northcutt, the housekeeper, told of the terrors of that night, a story related by Granville T. Sproat in an issue of the *Middleboro Gazette*:

> "We had long expected that the Hall would be burned . . . We never went to bed at night without thinking that we should be aroused before morning by the Hall being on fire. And so it was. One night, a little past midnight, we were awakened by a loud knocking at the door, and a cry, 'Get up! Get up! The Hall is on fire' . . . We ran out to the Hall, a good many people had got there, they had broken in the doors and were running through the building, with the hopes of finding something to lay their hands on . . ."

Most of the personal property of Judge Oliver had been removed from the Hall and an inventory made which is now in the Probate Court at Plymouth, Massachusetts. This inventory mentions dining room furniture and "four plain chairs." It may be one of these chairs that came into the possession of the Lorenzo Wood family and has been carefully preserved all these years. It is a side chair, made of mahogany with straight legs, four stringers and a graceful, pierced back. The upholstery is of an ancient dark brown material with a short, stiff nap.

The chair has been for many years in the household of the Alfred Wood family in Longmeadow, Massachusetts, and has come to the Museum through their generosity and the courtesy of a nephew, Lorenzo Wood, Jr., of Middleboro. A valued and especially appropriate addition to the collections of the Middleborough Historical Museum.

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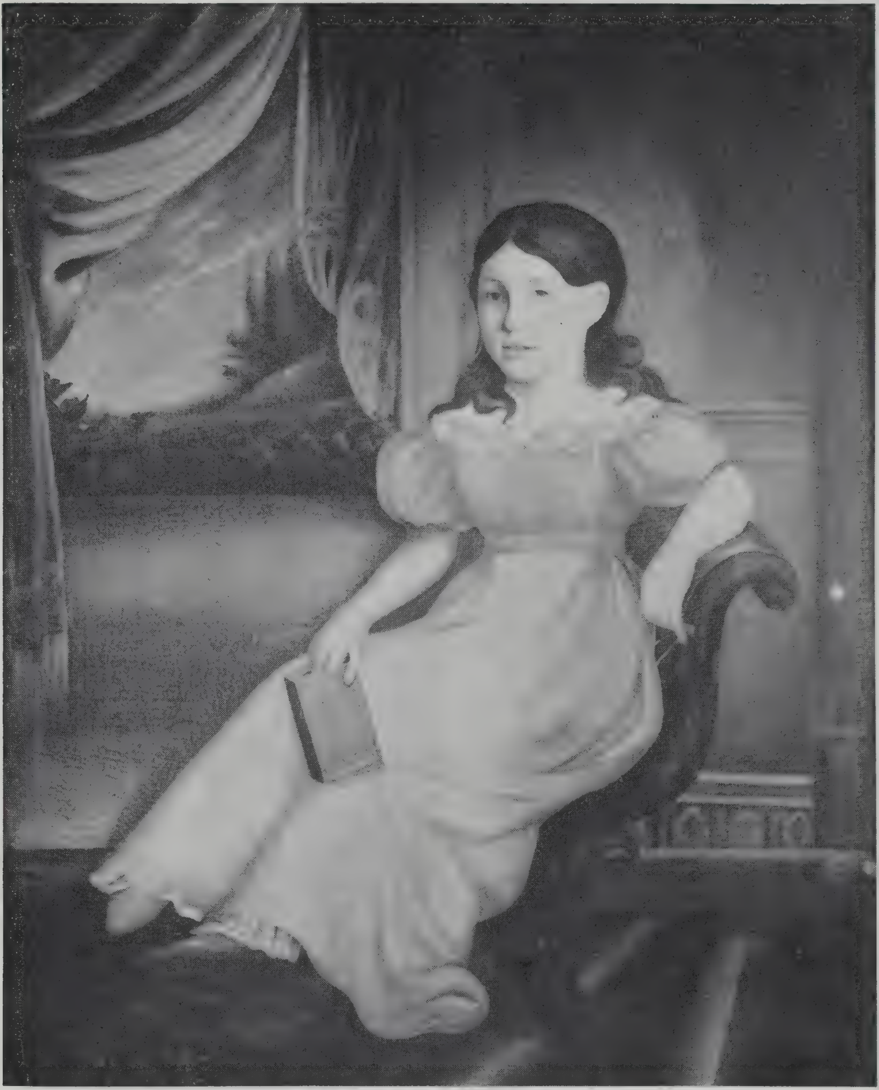

SALLY PEIRCE TUCKER

The above lovely portrait hangs in the Art Museum of Colby College at Waterville, Maine. The painting is not signed, but the date is given as "ca 1828" and the name of the young lady, "Sally Peirce Tucker".

Records at the Middleboro Town Hall state that Sally Bourne Peirce was the daughter of Levi Peirce and Sally, his wife. She was born on January 24, 1801, and married Elisha Tucker November 18, 1819. Four children were born to them; Elizabeth Rounseville; Lois H.; Sally Bourne; and Abigail Anne. Sally Peirce Tucker died on October 17, 1865, at the age of sixty-four years.

The subject of the painting was a member of one of Middleboro's most illustrious families. Members of the Peirce family were generous benefactors to the town and prominent in all town affairs. Sally's father, Major Levi Peirce, was instrumental in the formation of the Central Baptist Church and founder of the famed Peirce Academy, which was named for him.

This was the period when Cephas Thompson was painting portraits of Middleboro residents. Several of the paintings are in the Middleborough Historical Museum and many are not signed. One wonders if this interesting portrait of Sally Peirce Tucker could be by the brush of this local artist who became nationally famous.

We are indebted to Professor Gordon W. Smith of the French Department of Colby College for the copy of the painting.

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THE OLD THOMPSON HOMESTEAD

River Street

The following is one of the many articles on old Middleboro written by Granville Temple Sproat in the middle 1800's and re-published in the Middleboro Gazette in the 1920's. This story of the old Thompson house appeared in the Gazette of February 16, 1928. When reading the article it must be borne in mind that it was written some fifty years before it was republished, and as of today, another fifty years has elapsed.

No picture of the old homestead could be located. It burned in the late 1800's, but in the Antiquarian of February, 1968, appeared a picture of the carriage house which was located on the opposite side of the road and used as a studio by Cephas Thompson, Sr.

This substantial old dwelling was built by Captain William Thompson about the middle of the last century. It was built of solid oak boards and timbers after the style of those days, and might have stood centuries, had it not been destroyed by fire during the year just completed (ca 1875). Within, it was furnished after the old style with antique beaufacts and cupboards and fireplaces with their large paneled mantels. One of the chambers was partially hung with ancient tapestry, brought from France during the Reign of Terror, by one of the exiled families. It had been wrought by nuns in a convent in Paris, and represented the scene of the Lord appearing to Moses at Mount Horeb. It had been beautifully executed. Moses and his flock of sheep were represented as large as life—the burning bush in the distance, with Moses kneeling and covering his face with his hands as he bowed before the presence of the Almighty. The nuns had executed all with needles on canvas; every figure in the piece had been wrought separately, and then woven together, so as to form one complete and symmetrical whole.

THE THOMPSON FAMILY OF PAINTERS

Mr. Cephas Thompson, the portrait painter was born at the old house in 1775. He was, in his day, one of the most distinguished painters of portraits in New England. The love of painting seemed with him to be institutional. "I never remember the time," he used to say, "when I did not love to have a brush and palette in my hand." His father often reproved him for what he called his "childish folly," and would say, "Cephas, don't spend your time so foolishly, painting pictures; they never will be of any use; better be a man and stick to farming." But he perservered through all obstacles and became a proficient in his art, such as few could, at that time, excel. He spent much of his time painting in the South, and was very much patronized and beloved by many southern families of distinction who became his intimate friends, often sending him presents of high value and mementoes of their love and esteem for him. Some beautiful pictures of tropical scenery hung in his drawing room, a present from southern friends; and a silver tankard stood on the mantel shelf, a gift from an eminent southern gentleman. He preserved to the end of his days the warmth and cordial greeting of the Southern gentry, and his love for southern society remaining with him to the close of his life. He used to relate many anecdotes illustrative of life in the south, particularly of life among the slaves, one of which I here relate.

Carriage House of the Thompson homestead on River Street, converted into a studio by Cephas Thompson, Sr., and now a dwelling recently occupied by the late Mrs. Leslie Bryant and her son, Chrystal.

DAT CUSSED GALLINIPPER

The homestead of a Southern gentleman, where he was stopping in South Carolina, was on the borders of a large lagoon, and the mosquitoes were of a size and abounded in swarms such as he had never seen them in the North. Two of the slaves on the plantation were remarkable for their spirit of bravado, and of boasting, before their master, of what they could accomplish in the way of endurance. He said to them one day, "Look, Caesar and Sambo; here in my hand are two bright silver dollars. I will give them to the negro who will strip himself and stand the longest on the banks of the lagoon, exposed to the bites of the mosquitoes." The two slaves eagerly accepted the offer, and started for the lagoon as soon as the shades of evening began to fall. They stationed themselves on the banks of the lagoon, each one determined to receive the prize offered him by his master. After about half an hour one of the slaves, feeling that the mosquitoes were about to take the last drop of blood from his body, and fearing that he would lose the money offered him by his master, came softly behind the other and touched his back with a live coal of fire that he picked up from a log that lay burning near the lagoon. Sambo squirmed and gave a bound and yelled out, "Oh! Golly mighty! Dis am too much. No darky can stand this! I gives it up! I gives it up!" "Yah! Ha!" shouted Caesar triumphantly, "You have lost de money! You have lost de money!" "I know it," replied Sambo, "I should have got it had it not been for dat cussed gallinipper!"

TRICKS OF BOYHOOD

Mr. Thompson used to relate with much gusto the following story of one of the tricks of his youthful days. It seems that he excelled in sculpture as well as painting, and when a boy, he used to carve out curious images in the shape of birds and beasts. At one time he manufactured an image of the Evil One himself, with all the appendages that his youthful imagination had vested him with—large, glaring eyes, a tongue of flame, and horns that would pierce like a dagger. Wrapping himself in a buffalo robe, and sticking this hideous image on his head, he would go forth and stand in the woods near

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the path where the good country people were accustomed to go across lots to meeting on Sunday. He would paw and shake the bushes so as to attract attention and the sight of such an infernal monster, amid the gloom of the woods, would cause the honest church-goers to quicken their pace, and rush through the woods, glad to have escaped the clutches of the terrible demon behind them. They would tell tales of the sights they had seen in the swamp in the rear of the old meeting house, which would cause the ears of all who heard them to tingle, and their teeth to clatter with fear. For had they not been taught to believe in a personal devil, and that he was constantly roving through the earth, seeking whom he might devour? And had he not been seen again and again, by their fathers before them in the days of Salem witchcraft, the remembrance of which had not yet passed from the memory of the older ones of the flock whose parents had often spoken to them of those days, filling all hearts with dread and all lives with fear.

SATAN! AVAUNT!

Young C. had an aunt who was remarkable for her courage and combativeness, often boasting that she was not afraid of Satan or all his imps; not if he should appear in bodily shape to her, as he had often done to others before her. He was determined to test the sincerity of this boasted courage, and one day, when the family were all absent, only himself and aunt at the old homestead, he went into his chamber early in the morning and secreted himself under the bed, taking his devil's head with him, knowing that his aunt would soon be in the chamber to make the bed, and then he meant to test the reality of her courage. Pretty soon he heard her steps ascending the stairs. She came into the room and proceeded to strip off the coverlet from the bed. With the devil's head bound fast to his own, he gave a plunge at her feet as she stood before the bed. She stepped back and saw the horns and the glaring eyes and the tongue of flame. Did she tremble or flinch for a moment at the sight of her infernal enemy? Not so. With one tremendous blow with her foot at the supposed devil, she cried out, "Satan! Avaunt!" and kept repeating blow upon blow, until the imp of darkness was glad to retreat, with one of his horns broken and his devil-ship in a sadly dilapidated condition. Young C. never afterward tried an experiment of that kind on his courageous and devil-defying aunt.

The young boy's tricks were at last discoverd by his father and he ordered the mischievous devil's head to be plastered into the chimney of a new house that he was building, where it remains to this day.

CEPHAS GIOVANNI THOMPSON

Cephas Giovanni Thompson inherited from his father his love for the fine arts and for painting. He early established himself in the city of New York as one of the best painters of portraits in that city. He spent several years in Italy studying and copying the old masters. He brought home with him some rare specimens of ancient art, both in painting and in sculpture. Some of his art treasures he unfortunately shipped on board a vessel that suffered shipwreck and the whole of the costly collection was swallowed up in the waters of the Atlantic.

His wife was a daughter of Samuel Ogden of New York and sister of Mrs. Mowatt, the distinguished actress. Mrs. Mowatt often speaks of her in her pleasant book, "The Autobiography of an Actress." Her sister was her constant companion while they held their splendid old country seat on Long Island; and when misfortune and sense of duty drove her to the stage, she speaks of the last visit she and her sister made over the grounds, among the pets of the dear old place, so soon to be left by them departing, never to return.

JEROME B. THOMPSON

Jerome B. Thompson excels as a picturesque painter; his pictures are full of beautiful delineations of rural life and scenery. His pictures, "The Apple Gathering," "The Watering Trough," "Picnic Scene in Vermont," "Going to Mill," "October Afternoon," etc., are widely known. No living artist has depicted the lights and shadows of American life and humor more faithfully than he and none is more truly popular. His pictures literally talk; they are fragrant with the sweet air of the country. His "October Afternoon" has been reproduced on steel and has been widely circulated. His "Old Oaken Bucket" and "Home Sweet Home" chromotyped, are hanging in many a parlor of the land and have never been excelled.

Jerome B. Thompson visited England by invitation of a gentleman of rank and fortune there, in order to paint a composition piece, incorporating into it, with appropriate scenery, the personages represented in his ancient gallery of family portraits. He completed the work with marked success, and the piece made him very popular among many families of distinction in England.

MARIETTA T. THOMPSON

Marietta T. Thompson, now quite advanced in life, had for many years, rooms in New York City where she was engaged in miniature painting, and where she obtained quite a celebrity in that beautiful department of artistic labor. Her rooms were visited by many distinguished persons, some of them from foreign nations, and her life there was marked by many pleasing incidents, some of them of quite a romantic nature, one of which I relate here.

THE STORY OF THE WANDERING PIPER

Several years ago two gentlemen, both of them of fine musical abilities and of high social standing—both I believe from titled families in Scotland—were sitting at a table with a select party at the house of a friend in the city of Edinburgh. They were conversing and soon fell to disputing on the degree of the love and cultivation of music among the two nations—the English and the American. One of them warmly espoused the English, the other the American side of the question. In the heat of controversy one of them suggested to the other that they should make a musical trip through the two countries, one of them through England, the other through America, and there give concerts, playing on the bagpipes, on which they were both skillful performers, and thus settle the contest by bringing home an exact report of the size of the houses they had drawn, and the money received at their musical festivals. This suggestion was readily consented to by the other, and they both soon after started on their musical career. They were, of course, to travel incognito, only the few guests at the table were to be entrusted with their secret.

One of them landed in London, the other in New York. The latter took rooms in the same house where Miss Thompson has

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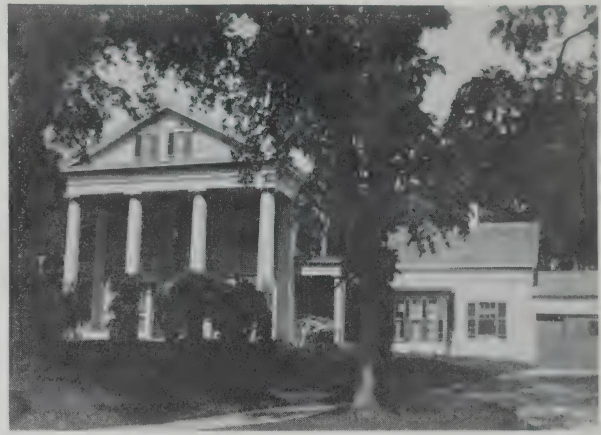
established her rooms for miniature painting. Her attention was soon arrested by the appearance of the Highland musician in his gay Scotch tartan plaid mantle, his plumed cap and his musical bagpipe. She wished to preserve a picture of the wandering musician for her art gallery. But this was difficult to accomplish as he always kept closely secluded in his own room when not performing in public and never appeared with the other guests of the house at the public table. At last, with the assistance of the lady of the house, she devised a plan to carry her wishes into execution. She had learned that the wandering piper was in the habit of visiting the library of the house at a certain hour in the morning to secure a book for his entertainment during the day. She seated herself in the library at that hour and appeared to be busy looking at the contents of a volume as he entered on his morning visit. She arose, and apologized for her appearance there at that hour, at the same time casting a close, scrutinizing gaze at his face in order to get a full survey of his features. She then hastily retired. But the movement attracted his attention and he hastily rang for the lady of the house. "Who is that person that I just met in the library?" he said to her, "a lady with sharp penetrating eyes and a face like that of an Italian countess;" "A lady?" replied the hostess, "I know of none who could have been here at such an hour, unless it be a lady artist, a painter of miniatures who has a gallery in the rooms next to your own." "Send for her," he said. "I should like to speak to her." Miss Thompson came in bringing in her hand the ivory tablet on which she had already sketched the features of the traveling musician. "I see you have done it," he said. "It is too late now for me to demur. I will sit, and you may make for me a perfect picture." This he did. But he always preserved his incognito. When asked what might be his name, his only and constant reply was, "The Wandering Piper."

The Wandering Piper returned to Scotland and took with him a full report of his success in America. It is needless to say that the number of auditors at the concerts exceeded by several thousands those of his English rival.

Not long afterwards the news came of the death of that musical adventurer. He had been killed by a coach being overturned in which he was riding on his way from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Thus ended the rather remarkable history of a Scotch gentleman of rank, traveling through America on a musical tour, without a cognomen, and only known as the "Wandering Piper."

It is to be regretted that a building so rich in old historic associations should at last fall a victim to the devouring element of fire. This it did during the year just concluded. But it fought bravely to the last, disputing inch by inch the power of the destroyer. Being built of solid oak, it would not so easily succumb to the flames. Rooftree and rafter and cornice went down one by one into the pitiless flames, which like a monster roaring for its prey, stood ready to devour them. At last every vestige of the old dwelling had disappeared and the spot on which it stood alone remained as a memento, speaking with a thousand echoing voices, of the long remembered deathless past.

G. T. S.



THE RICHARD SAMPSON HOME

by Lyman Butler

Though this home is not one of the oldest in town, it is surely one of the handsomest. Located on Everett Street in the Purchade area, it has the distinction of having had at least three generations of the original builder occupy it, and only one owner since. Though as a rule I do not tell much of the genealogy of a family, I think a few words about the Sampsons may prove interesting.

Samuel Sampson had built a house a short way north on the opposite side of the street. This in later years became the first State Police barracks in Middleboro, and has been occupied over the years by Antone Silva, the Bigelow family and the Belmonts. It is now owned by George Gamache. Samuel Sampson was a prominent resident of the town and was a deacon at the First Church at the Green. A son, Richard, was born in 1811 and upon marrying, built this beautiful home on Everett Street. Richard had a comparably short life, passing away in 1854, so we can assume that the house was built in the 1820's or '30's. He had a son, George R., who was born a couple of years prior to his father's death. In 1880, George took charge for several years of the Sampson brickyard across the street and over the railroad tracks. About 1900, the brickyard was sold to the New England Brick Company. George remained with the company until 1910. He married Bertha LeBaron and they had two sons: George Arthur, now deceased, and Harry LeBaron Sampson, who is now in his nineties, the last of the Sampsons, although there are two granddaughters.

This beautiful old home has very high ceilings so common in the better homes of the period. The large pillars on the veranda give the house a southern look. George Thomas, the present owner, purchased the dwelling from the last of the Sampsons. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas have done considerable renovating on the inside and have the outside of the house in good condition. They are planning to put back the blinds on the windows as shown in this picture, taken some time ago. A carriage shed and barn connected to the main house give it a compact appearance, and with the veranda, it is a pretentious looking structure.

I am indebted to Mrs. Ruth Rebell for much of this information as her late husband, John, was caretaker of the Sampson place and drove Mrs. Sampson's car after her husband's death.

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Certified Genealogist

This is a new feature page which will appear in each issue of The Middleborough Antiquarian. One column will be about Middleborough—its history, events and residents. In the other column will appear queries relating to people of Middleborough. The rules for submitting queries are clearly stated—please observe them if you wish to see your query published. All correspondence regarding this page should be addressed to The Middleborough Antiquarian, P.O. Box 272, Middleboro, Mass. 02346—and in lower left corner of the envelope 'attention of query editor'.

In 1839 Hayward's "New England Gazetteer" included the following statements about Middleborough. "Located in Plymouth County this is the Indian Nemasket, formerly thickly populated by the people of that tribe, and governed by the noted sachem Tispacan. On the rocks, in this town, are the prints of naked hands and feet, supposed to be the work of the Indians. Here are numerous ponds, several kinds of fish, and large quantities of iron ore is found in the ponds. These ponds, of which Assawamset and Long Pond are the largest, empty into the Taunton river, and produce an extensive water power.

"This town lies 34 miles S. by E. from Boston, 14 S.S.W. from Plymouth, and 10 S.E. from Taunton. Incorporated, 1660. Population, 1837, 5,005. This is probably the largest town in the state; it is 15 miles in length, and about 9 average breadth; it has several pleasant villages. There are 2 cotton mills, 2 forges, an air and cupola furnace, a nail factory, and manufacturers of leather, shovels, spades, forks, ploughs, wrought nails, chairs, cabinet ware, tacks, straw bonnets, and various other articles; total value in one year, $200,000."

Over the years many things have changed. The accepted spelling is now Middleboro—although for legal as well as antiquarian purposes the old spelling of Middleborough is retained. The old Indian names appear now and again but have frequently been altered or modernized in spelling. Distances from other locations have been changed somewhat due to our modern superhighways. Industries, too, are different but we still have the lovely ponds even though the boundaries and approaches are quite different from the days when the Indians camped in the area.

According to Massachusetts laws, Middleborough is large enough now to be identified as a city. However, the citizens still prefer to remain as a town. Town boundaries have changed, villages have become part of the town proper or have been broken off and become part of other areas.

This is Middleborough about midway in its past . . . to learn the true history of a town whose past reaches back to before the days of King Philip's war will be the subject of future articles.

Hayward also tells us—"In 1763 Shubael Thompson found a land turtle, marked on the shell 'J.W. 1747'. Thompson marked it and let it go. Elijah Clapp found it in 1773; William Shaw found it in 1784; Joseph Soule found it in 1790, and Zenas Smith in 1791; each marked it with his initials. Whether the critter is dead or gone to the west, we have no account." Turtles must be creatures of habit and longevity. About 1924 Mr. Townsend carved his initials and the date on a box turtle. Every two or three years he could be found munching away in the strawberry bed . . . as recently as 1968. We didn't see him this year . . . but there's no strawberry bed either.

Just a genealogical hint—I'm sure you realized that the dates on the turtle's shell indicated when these various men lived in Middleboro. It is a starting point for research if you have no better clue.

QUESTION
BOX

The "Question Box" is open to all Association members. All questions are limited to fifty (50) words each - name and address to be included and counted as five (5) words. Every question MUST have a Middleborough connection prior to 1875. Non-members may submit questions at the rate of five cents (5¢) for each word. All questions will be published in order of receipt and subject to availability of space. The editor reserves the right to edit and/or reject any and all questions not conforming to rules.

QUERIES

Seek identity of WILLIAM SHAW b. 1767, d. 1838. His wife was Elizabeth Hastings. It is surmised that he is related to the Shaws in Middleborough. A daughter Persis was born in 1816 possibly in New York state. MRS. VERNON L. LeMASTER, 12202 Peacock Court, Apt. 5, Garden Grove, CA. 92641.

Ebenezer Bryant died at Middleboro, Mass. on 17 January 1802 age 97 cause 'the decay of nature'. Who was his wife ELIZABETH KING? Zilpha (Samson) Bryant, wife of Ebenezer's son, Joseph, died in Middleboro when? C. D. TOWNSEND, RFD 3, Box 120, Middleboro, Mass. 02346.

SILAS WHITE born 1752 died 9 Jan. 1835 at Middleboro, Mass. Married Bethia Washburn. Seek their ancestry also names and details regarding their eight children. MRS. C. D. TOWNSEND, RFD 3, Box 120, Middleboro, Mass. 02346.

AN EXQUISITE PIECE OF NEEDLEWORK FOR THE MIDDLEBOROUGH HISTORICAL MUSEUM

The Museum has recently been presented a very beautiful and unusual quilt made by Mrs. Hattie Kennedy of East Taunton and given in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Bolney V. Reed by her niece, Miss Dorothy Reed, a nurse at St. Luke's Hospital in Middleboro. The quilt is made of silks and velvets, the small pieces joined by a vast variety of feather stitching. On each small section is either a flower embroidered in silk with stitches so fine it looks like a painting, or a tiny painting of a scene or a flower, some historical event noted, such as small likenesses of President Garfield and Vice-President Arthur, or the date of the Boston Fire. Humor is represented in an embroidered picture of cats jumping rope, and another of Romeo and Juliet in the guise of two lovelorn cats. There are butterflies, birds, frogs, people. One could study the quilt for hours and always find something different. In one corner is embroidered the statement, "Commenced, February, 1883"; in the opposite corner, "Completed, September, 1893".

The Museum has had gifts of small coverlids of a similar kind, but never one sized for a double bed. The quilt will be on exhibition at the February meeting of the Historical Association, and will be displayed at the Museum during the summer. The Museum has been the recipient of so many beautiful quilts it might be of interest to have a special quilt exhibit.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL COMMITTEE

An Old Post Road

Working with old maps, we find a direct route connecting most of the old Colonial forge and furnace sites, from Mansfield to the Tremont Nail Factory at Wareham, Massachusetts, beginning with the site at an old coal mine off Route 106 in Mansfield, winding through Easton, through to West Bridgewater where they had a shovel forge (now a park) and then winding through the Scotland section to Titicut at Sturtevant's Corner. Cannon and iron were cast here in the 1700's. From Sturtevant's Corner down Plymouth Street to Purchade, across the woods through the Old City to Old Centre Street, crossing Centre Street to old Taunton Avenue, (Junction of Routes 28 and 44) up Centre again to old Grove Street (near Sheldon Phinney's Mill) then through the west end of Route 28, East Grove Street to the Fall Brook Furnace site, then old Wareham Street (off Rocky Gutter) to South Middleboro and the forge sites in Wareham.

In a direct line from the rear of the Middleboro High School to Indian Hill across the Nemasket River, is an earth dam some 250 feet in length and about 5 feet wide. At the center of this dam are the ruins of Middleboro's first grist mill, prior to 1670. The tumbled fieldstone work and the wheel pit timbers can be seen today. This mill site has been under water since the building of the Star Mills and the removal of the Star Mill dam—1700's to the 1950's. History tells us this mill was burned by the Indians during King Philip's War.

Another Indian Burial Site

The Job Cole place on Barden Hill, Wareham Street, recently removed to make room for new housing, is the site of an ancient Indian burial ground. The house is, or was, built on an elongated glacial moraine. This is one of the favorite places the Indians used for burials. Some eighteen burials were found at my own house on this same moraine which were about 4,000 years old.

Joseph L. Prinzo, *Chairman*
John Wright
Herbert Haley

HISTORICAL SITES COMMITTEE

Since the last report of this committee which was in May, 1970, the committee has held several meetings, mostly with the Committee on Archaeology. We have visited reported sites about which you will be hearing later. In the last issue of the Antiquarian, July 20th, Clint Clark gave a good account of the two spring sites tours which were held by these committees. As Clint was unable to be with us on the fall tours, I will give a brief report here.

The first tour was held October 11th, and drew a large attendance. Twenty-two car loads drove to the Green section of the town where many points of historical interest were pointed out, such as the First Church, Sproat Tavern barn, the school house and the cemetery. Other spots visited were Minnie Warren's grave and others at Nemasket Hill Cemetery, Oliver Mill Park, Warrentown's historical Tom Thumb home, Mrs. Tom Thumb's birthplace, the old Weston Tavern, and other places of interest.

As these tours seem to become increasingly popular, we met and planned another fall tour for November 8th. Places visited this time were the old grinding wheel off Plympton Street, a ride around the back stretch of the old Fall Brook Raceway on Cherry Street, the old Grist Mill, Fall Brook Furnace, the William Barden House, ending up at the site of the first grist mill in town (1679) up stream from the old Star Mill. Over thirty cars were in this group which proves that our old sites are being enjoyed by many townspeople and out-of-town friends. Interested members furnished refreshments served by the Girl Scouts under their leader, Mrs. Priscilla Browne.

Hopefully in the Spring we will have more of these tours as more sites are reported. The committee investigates these sites and if any visible remains can be found, they will be visited on some future tour, Please let someone on the committee know of any spot you may know so that we can check it. The members of the committee are: Henry Short, Ruth Gates, Ann Lovell, John Vickery, Helen Butler and myself.

Lyman Butler, *Chairman*

INDIAN ARTIFACTS of TITICUT

by William B. Taylor

Part I, Dec., 1969; Part II, May, 1970; Part III, July, 1970; Part IV, Oct., 1970

Part Five

POUNDING STONES

Stones are the principal means of chipping other stones into various shapes of artifacts. Percussion flaking was the basic method used in shaping most stone artifacts. Small artifacts required small stones to make them so as not to shatter the object, while other tasks were performed and large artifacts were made with larger pounders. Usually only hard igneous stones were used such as impure granite, quartz, quartzite, sandstone and felsite. Some of the most common types are noted. (See Fig. #25)

Hammerstones—come in all sizes and shapes and were used for many operations. Many are waterworn pebbles which show battering or wear and were usually held in the hand. Size is the important factor in determining the function of this tool. Small hammerstones were used in making small stone tools and artifacts. Medium size cobblestones were used to grind roots, nuts, seeds and the larger bones of deer and other food animals crushed in preparing stews.

Mauls—a large hammerstone with a full groove to hold thongs, which lashed it to a handle in the same manner as the grooved axe. It was used for heavy jobs such as driving stakes or splitting wood into staves for basket making.

Pitted Poundingstones—medium size cobbles which have wide circular pits pecked out on two opposite sides to accommodate the thumb and finger, while being used as a hand hammer. They are often found associated with pottery making and were probably used in crushing and kneading clay, preparatory for the making of ceramic pots.

Pitted Anvils—are large, flat stones with several small pits upon them. They were probably used for holding nuts and acorns, while being cracked in preparing meal. These show no wear from pounding along their edges.

CLUBS

These are basically hunting weapons, probably used to slay downed game. Toward the end of the Late Archaic period, clubs were also used as fighting weapons in warfare. There were four basic types with variations of each. (See Fig. #25)

Hatchet Club—this implement resembles modern hatchets in shape and has a chipped blade that is never ground. This dull cutting edge shows that killing was done by concussion rather than incision.

Pronged Club—these clubs are chipped with a stubbly point or dull prong at the bit end. They have side notches for hafting and resemble small grooved axes.

Ball-Headed Club—this is usually made from a small natural smooth cobble with a groove around the middle for hafting. It appears to have been used more for warfare than hunting.

War-Club Prong—this is a small chipped stone, often triangular in shape, with a well defined point at one end. This was sunk into a deep groove made along one side of a heavy stick near one end and sealed in with pitch. Sometimes rawhide was also used about the prong to hold it in the haft. It was used solely for a war club.

RED OCHRE AND CEREMONIAL DEPOSITS

Sesquioxide of iron or hematite is referred to as red paint and was used extensively by certain cultures of our New England Indians. Small paint cups and paint pestles about 5" long are found indicating the red ochre was powdered and when mixed with grease provided some of the paint used in personal decoration and for adornment of canoes and weapons. It is believed that this mineral came from outcrops near the Katahdin Iron Works in central Maine. That red ochre was brought into our area from a distant source and stored, is evidenced by a large cache of red paint found at Fort Hill in 1954 containing almost two bushels of material.

Red paint is quite common in burials of the Late Archaic and Early Woodland people. This practice continued on into the Middle Woodland period but is not as common. Occasionally it was used by some Historic groups, especially in burial ceremonies of an Indian of importance, such as a chief. Deposits of red paint was also often used with cremation type burials and sometimes small caches of artifacts are covered too. The exact reason for this practice is unknown. One accepted theory is that red paint represented blood, the life fluid, and means "forever".

At the Titicut Site there were five instances of ceremonial red paint deposits. The most important one appeared beneath a stone hearth, in which three flat stones were placed on edge to form a box, with one end open. The cover stone had been inscribed with several figures and covered with a thin smear of graphite. In the cist, buried in red ochre, was a full grooved axe, a plummet and a quartz engraving tool used to cut the pictograph. (See Fig. #26)

A second deposit appeared in an oval pit filled with black powdered charcoal. Three separate red ochre spots stood out. One held a plummet, another a polished whaletail pendent and a fragment of graphite; the third deposit contained no artifacts. There was no trace of calcined human bone in this pit. (See Fig. #27)

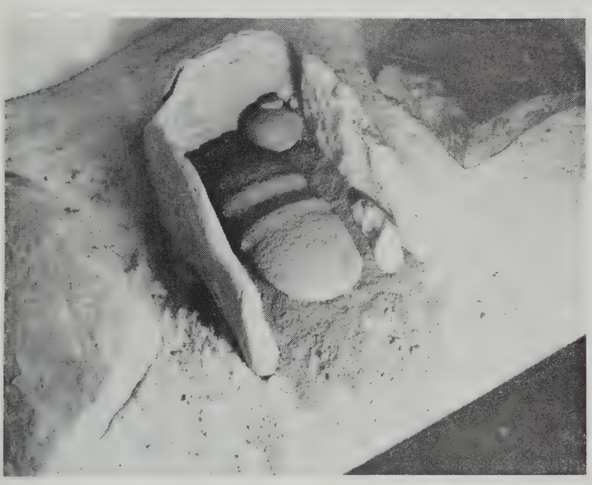

Fig. 26. Reconstructed stone cist showing a grooved axe, a plummet, a quartz engraving tool and cover with pictograph at right.

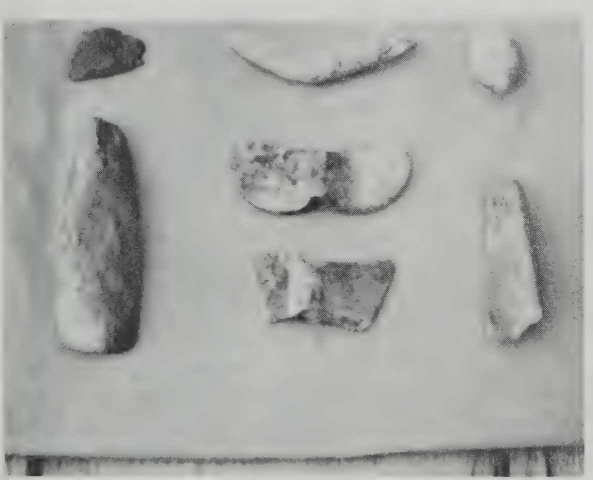

Fig. 27. Red Paint artifacts. At top is a plummet, a whaletail pendent and a piece of graphite. In the center are two wing-type atlatl weights with a gouge at right and an adze at left.

The three additional deposits contained projectile points, scrapers, a knife or a drill and were quite small.

Several years ago two fine red paint graves were uncovered at the Bridgewater Sand and Gravel Company on Vernon Street. One held two perfect atlatl weights(wing type), while the other held a gouge and an adze blade. (See Fig. #27)

In 1969, an exceptionally fine red paint grave was uncovered on the Seaver Farm. This grave contained a slate polishing stone, an Adena brown flint spear, two platform pipes, a conch shell drinking cup and another shell of unknown use. (See Fig. #16 and #28)

CEREMONIAL BLADES

Another type of ceremonial deposit is the cremation burial complex, in which the remains of several individuals were buried in one large grave, along with select grave offerings. These are known as secondary burial pits because the charred remains of the bodies were removed from the crematory and reburied elsewhere. Sometimes this crematory is located in the center of such a complex with a number of secondary burial deposits located around it. Usually these burials are found with red paint and this practice was common during the Late Archaic and Early Woodland period. Items such as grooved axes, celts, gouges, pestles, stone bowls, drills, projectile points and long ceremonial blades appear in these pits, although not all of these artifacts will be present in any one complex. Some of these blades reach 10" in length and are often broken as part of the ceremonial rite. Sometimes these large blades are cremated along with the body and thus burned beyond recognition, while in other graves they are perfect and appear to have been made solely as sacrificial burial offerings. It is not known whether these large blades were meant to be knives or spears, but it is a fact that blades of this size seldom appear as surface finds.

In 1937, a large cremation burial complex was found on the Seaver Farm. This complex held over 400 artifacts, many deliberately broken and burned during the burial ceremony. (See Fig. #29). In 1969, five more large ceremonial blades were found at this same site. Some of these were associated with red paint, while others were not. However, all were found whole and are some of the finest examples of stone chipping to come from Titicut. (See Fig. #28.) This broad blade tradition is believed to belong to the Susquehanna Culture and was brought into southern New England during the Late Archaic period by new groups from the Middle Atlantic region. These new cultural units co-existed with older existing cultures and gradually integrated into one with new characteristics.

BIRDSTONES, BOATSTONES AND BLOCKED-END TUBES

These three items are rarely found in New England, but with the recovery of two examples at Titicut their presence should be explained. All are linked with the Adena Culture of Ohio[12] and brought into our area as a result of migration of small Shaman groups (medicine men) fleeing Hopewell domination of their Ohio homeland. They arrived here sometime during the Middle Woodland period - A.D. 200. Usually these items appear as grave goods of cremation type burials, often accompanied with red ochre. When found on the surface, it is

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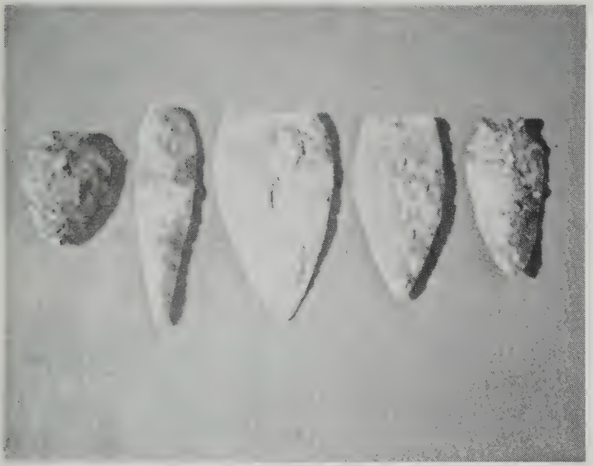

Fig. 28. Five ceremonial blades from graves 3, 6, 8, 8, 2, left to right, found on Seaver Farm in 1969. Adena spear is second from left and 6⅝" long.

assumed that a plow disturbed a shallow grave. The influence of the Adena people in our region is limited and their ideas did not seem to flourish here. Although there is some evidence of local manufacture, no major cultural transformation resulted by contact with these Adena migrants.

Birdstones—usually found in the form of a sitting bird with holes drilled through each end of the base. These perforations are made by two drillings that meet from bottom and end at each basal extremity. Banded slate was the preferred material with the eyes formed by the grain of the stone or by prominent knob-like projections. They were used in some ceremonial function. One accepted theory states that they were worn on the heads of married Indian women as a symbol of pregnancy. Birdstones have been found at Brookfield, Seekonk, Norwell, Duxbury and Dighton (local manufacture). These specimens are beautifully made and represent the highest degree of skill in their manufacture.

Boatstones—made in the shape of a boat with a hollowed out interior. Usually they are made of slate, steatite, sandstone or other soft stone and almost always have two perforations, one through either end of the boat-form. The exact function of this item is unknown. One theory says the hollow portion was used to hold medicine used by Shamans to cure the sick. Or possibly it was tied to the dugout canoe as a good luck charm to give the owner safe journey during his trip. Boatstones have been found at Rehoboth, Plymouth, Norwell and Fort Hill (local manufacture). (See Fig. #14)

Blocked-End Tubes—straight tubular pipes made of slate, sandstone, clay-iron-stone, soapstone and Ohio fire clay. Cylindrical in form, they usually have a large perforation at one end, which gradually diminishes in diameter toward the smaller end. These tubes are thought to be part of Shaman's equipment used during the healing ceremony to cure the sick. The disease was either sucked out or blown away through the tube. A further ritual was the pretense of pulling out a piece of flint, a feather or other object from the patient's body, that was supposed to be the cause of the disorder. Blocked-End Tubes have been found in western Mass. in Holyoke, South Hadley and other sites along the Connecticut River.

With the recovery of the boatstone at Fort Hill in 1954 (cremation burial) and the Adena leaf blade from a red paint grave (Seaver Farm) in 1969, it appears that the Adena people visited Titicut during their northeastern migration. However, there is always the possibility of trade and more recoveries are needed to confirm this theory.

GAMES AND GAMING STONES

Man has had the desire to gamble or find amusement through games of chance since earliest times. Sometimes these games lasted all day with the participants staking their various possessions on the outcome. Several games were played as seen by early explorers and noted by the variety of game stones.

Stone Balls—nearly round balls of stone that have been pecked into shape. Although they are found in all sizes (1" - 4") most are quite heavy and large in size. (See Fig. #30). The game was played by rolling the ball along a trench with the object of making it come to rest in certain hollows which counted differently depending on the difficulty of reaching them.

Dice Stone Counters—are flat and squared (1" - 2") by chipping. They were probably used like standard dice cubes as the two faces are marked differently. Several aboriginal games were played, which required marked counters. The game was based upon throwing the dice stones and placing bets on which marked face would turn up. Some games used only one or two counters, while other variations required more. The objective in all games was the winning of a bet based on the turn of chance.

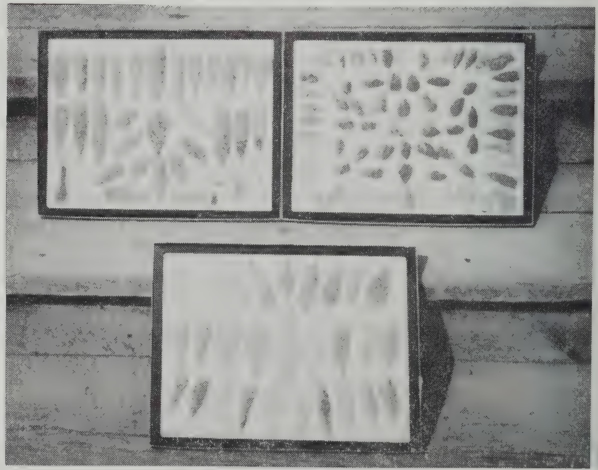

Fig. 29. Three riker mounts from cremation burial complex found in 1937. Beside the projectile points and drills shown, there were several axes, gouges, pestles, and celts, most of which were broken and badly burned.

Continued in the next issue

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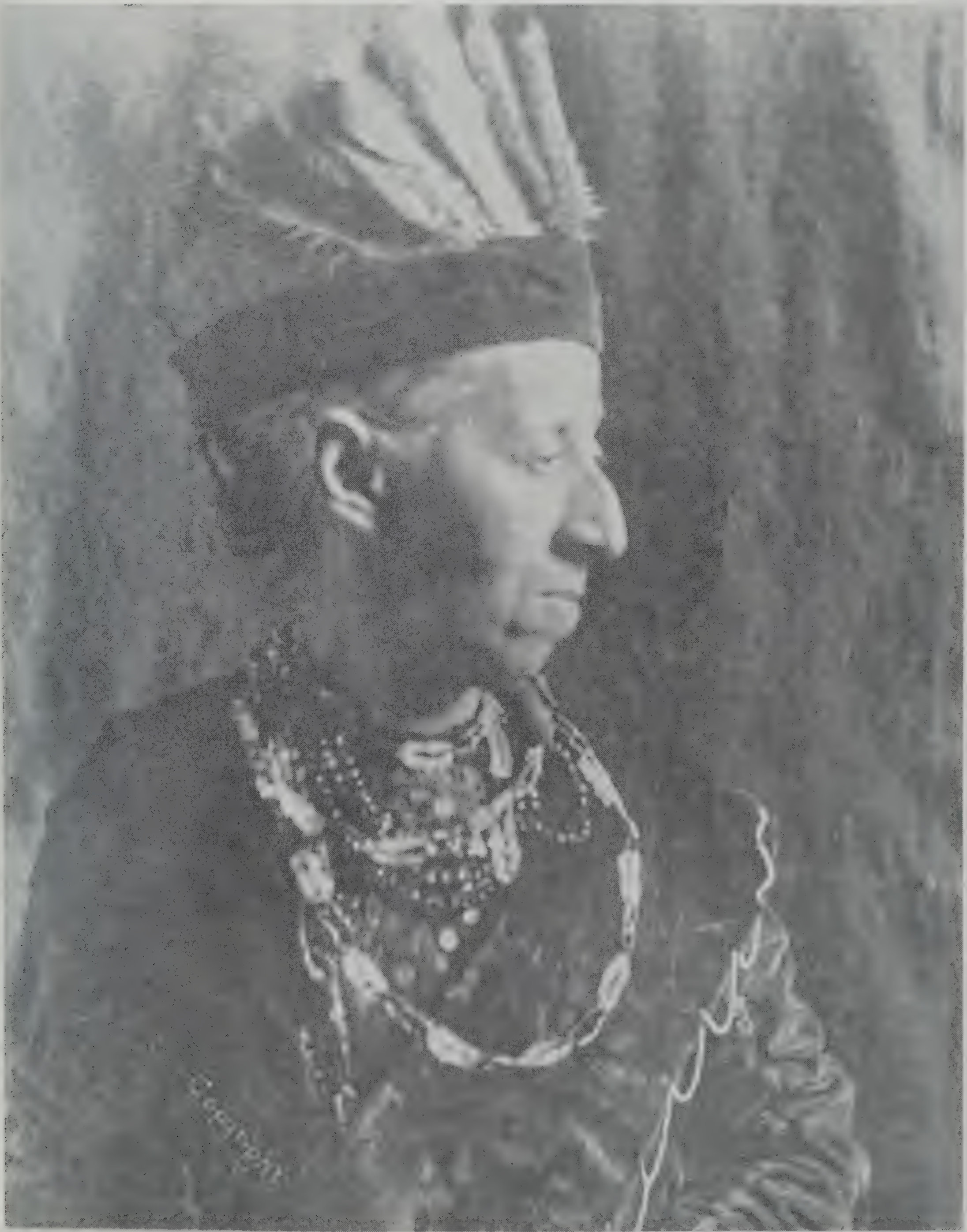

Princess Teweelema, last Princess of the Wampanoag Tribe Photographed, May 1905. Picture given to Middleborough Public Library by Mrs. C. R. Weld, Middleboro. Used by courtesy of the Public Library.

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PRINCESS TEWEELEMA

Considerable space having been alloted in the last issues to the Indians of Pilgrim days and before, it seemed appropriate to devote a few words to the Indians that many of us can remember: Princess Teweelema (Melinda Mitchell) her sister Princess Wootonekanuske (Charlotte) and their mother, Zervia Gould Mitchell, who were the last of the Wamponoags. In the following article, the description of these three women is not as we knew them, described as tall and arrogant, but when the author of the article called upon them, in 1883, they had been at "Betty's Neck" on Lake Assawampsett only four years, and all were young, vigorous women. Undoubtedly the years of continual defeats they encountered in trying to fend off the white man and hold on to the bit of land that was theirs by direct inheritance from Chief Massasoit, and the virtual poverty in which they were forced to live, saddened and embittered them as well as aged them.

When first they came to Betty's Neck in 1879, they lived in the tents in which the travelers found them, but later were able to construct a tiny cottage. From a small vegetable garden they eked out their sustenance, and in later years, Charlotte (Princess Wootonekanuske) was a familiar figure in her Indian costume, visiting the summer colonies about the Lake and going by trolley car to Middleboro to sell her vegetables. The sisters also wove baskets to sell. Princess Teweelema always wore her full Indian regalia when appearing in public, particularly when appearing before the State Legislature to make an appeal for a yearly stipend. At long last, she was granted an annual pension of $300.

Princess Teweelema died in 1919 and was buried in North Abington, Massachusetts, in her Indian costume. Princess Wootonekanuske lived on alone in the lonely cottage deep in the woods until she was eighty-two years of age. She died in 1930. One of her final acts took place in 1921 when she unveiled the statue of Massasoit on Cole's Hill overlooking Plymouth Rock at the 300th anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, an act she preformed reluctantly, because she never forgave the white man for his injustice and treachery toward the Indian.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

In November, 1885, Harper's Weekly New Monthly Magazine printed an article entitled, "An Indian Journey." The journey took the author and her companions from Bridgewater, over the old road to Middleboro through the Indian country so well known to Massasoit and King Philip, up Muttock Hill and past the site of "Oliver Hall," past Lake Assawampsett to Marion, Mattapoisett and Fairhaven. "New Bedford would have repaid a longer stay," but the travelers were eager to reach their goal, Nonquit. On the return trip, a stop was made to visit "the remnants of an old Indian tribe," and thus, in their humble dwelling in a pine grove by the lake, they came upon the last descendants of the great Chief Massasoit: the mother, Zervia Gould Mitchell and her two daughters, Melinda (Princess Teweelema) and Charlotte, (Princess Wootonekanuske).

While much of the article deals with towns other than Middleboro, these places are well known to Middleboreans and it is interesting to read of them as they were over one hundred years ago.

The old inn referred to was doubtless the old Sproat Tavern on Plymouth Street and the church, the First Congregational Church at the Green.

AN INDIAN JOURNEY

It took form and shape in a certain studio standing among green things of September, one afternoon when a wood fire was a happy thing to look at and sit near, and when ideas of long drives over a quiet country were perhaps accented by glimpses without of a level meadow and a vagrant garden full of stillness and color.

From the wide-open door of this studio one can see a path, a flight of steps, an arch of trees, the dense green of box bordering, and then a wide and verdant meadow and pine trees, a fringe of willows and the faint shimmer of a stream in the distance. To the left the meadowlands seem to roll on in contented fertility, but here and there rise belts or curving lines of woodlands, remnants, no doubt, of the old forests of Miles Standish's day. The river takes its own course pleasantly through these, and if you leave the studio and go down a quiet, shady walk and out between the hay-stacks to the road, you may reach in ten minutes the bridge, the rising slope, and the rocky hill-top where, one May morning long ago, a company of gentlemen, with Mr. Standish prominent among them, made a memorable purchase.

We had lingered on this bridge one day, talking in an idle fashion of the early Pilgrim times when that party came from Duxbury to survey the land now known as East Bridgewater, then the fishing ground of old Massasoit and his men, and it was an easy transition from talking of the country to planning a drive across it, when, although perhaps our keenest joy would be in the wild flowers on the wayside, the old houses, old furniture, and 18th century associations we might find, there should still be much of Pilgrim interest. We had no intention, I am sure, of making any aboriginal investigations, and yet we found that everywhere suggestions of the Indian in his most picturesque, as well as warlike moments, confronted us; not the red man of Cooper's novels, exactly, nor the hunted, half-civilized, bedraggled creature of the plains; rather the Indian of legendary lore, the gaunt, bold figure that confronted Captain Standish and his men, the brave, pathetic chieftain who pledged and kept his faith with the white man, and as well the Indian who destroyed villages and tortured captives, yet who left in that fair and fertile region names that are like music in the ears and rhyme upon the tongue, whose haunts yet are to be seen with the glamour of his best hours upon them — silent lakes and dim forest lands, hill-tops and plains that are called by his names, and still have the pensive charm and grace of his sovereignty about them — and whose stories are fast vanishing into obscurity. Indeed, in this very journey they were often dimmed by the more fascinating associations of our own forefathers — an 18th century interior, the sight of an old gown, a high-backed chair, a bit of early English china, putting out, as it were, the light of the wigwam, "the plumage of rare birds," or couch of leopard-skin which belonged to the days of the Indian Princess Wetamoo.

We made no very definite plans, but knew that we should drive from Bridgewater to Nonquit — the latter looking on our map a reasonable destination, and, as we knew, beloved of painters. The rocks where Standish and his friends made the purchase of Bridgewater were really our starting-point. They rise to the left of an old mill and are characterized by nothing specially significant, unless the neighborhood of a fine old house and the outlook of a quiet country are suggestive of days gone by. The story of the purchase is interesting and strongly typical of that time. The colonists at Duxbury and Plymouth were anxious to extend their lands; it was well known among

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them that Massasoit, the chief of Poconocket, valued that part of the country for its fertility and the usefulness of its streams. No doubt, Mr. Standish and his friends Southworth and John Alden rode over through the pine woods and across the fields to make a survey of the ground before they entered upon its purchase. We know that they went on to Nemasket — the Middleborough of today — where Massasoit's wigwam was situated, and had friendly and pleasant interviews with the chief (who, says an old chronicler, "had his face painted a sad red") but it was not until May of 1649 that the purchase of the country, blooming and timbered, and widely fertile, was made.

Miles Standish and the other thrifty Englishmen had decidedly the best of the bargain. They received seven miles of land east and west, north and south, with every privilege of woods and streams, meadows and underwoods, paying Ousamequin, as Massasoit was often called, with a curious collection of articles.

In the only published history of Bridgewater that we came across, the old treaty is given, with its quaint effect marred by correct English and a systematic arrangement. By good luck we had the original paper in our hands, and a strange old document it is, having had a history of its own since that May morning when Standish laid it out upon the rocks in the bright spring sunshine for Massasoit's approval and that of the company of buyers.

It is written on one sheet of the stiff, course-grained paper used in that day, the handwriting evidently Standish's or Southworth's and sets forth in careful terms what the Indians are to give up, and below, written evidently without special deliberation, since corrections are made, are the following articles in place of purchase-money:

7 coats, a yard and a half in each coat
9 hatchets
8 hoes
20 knives
4 Moose-skins
10 yards and a half of cotton

Miles Standish
Samuel Nash
Constant Southworth

Standish has written his name carelessly, at least with less precision than Nash and Southworth, but the name had for us a curious fascination, bringing to mind the brave, strong-minded Pilgrim of that day, with his sturdy common-sense, his courageous heart, his anxious love-making. It seemed easy to picture him foremost in the group. As we drove across the bridge we could fancy how, that crooked "Myles Standish" having been written, he let his gaze sweep the country. We wondered if he thought of the time when his young wife Rose had come there with him, or did he think of how her successor, Barbara, would like this hunting ground of the Indians as home?

We left the Wanacoto Hill, where the treaty was signed, in the golden part of one afternoon, turning our horse's head toward the country known as the Lowlands.

Down this road, beneath these very trees, marched a quickly summoned band of Bridgewater men and lads in the March of 1675. War had burst upon that quiet, unprotected country. King Philip, anxious to avenge his brother's death as well, no doubt, as to profit himself, broke his treaty of peace with the white men, and war was let loose upon the land.

Those war times were certainly a change from the days when the Pilgrims rode peacefully across this country to visit Massasoit and his men in their wigwams at the Middleborough of today. The old chief of the Wampanoags was always called, and with justice, the friend of the Pilgrims. In his old age Massasoit took his two sons, Wamsutta and Pometacome (Alexander and Philip) to Plymouth where, in the presence of the Governor, they swore eternal fidelity to the English.

The story of that time is almost startling in its romantic incident, cast as it is against a background of gray Puritanism, commonplace, uneventful lives of toil, and monotonous activity in field or forge, or at the fireside. It began to be whispered, about the year 1670, that Alexander and Philip, the old chieftains's sons, were only too anxious for an excuse for war. Alexander was suspected of some special intrigue, and Winslow ordered his arrest. The Indian king is described as a man of most majestic bearing, and a pride which was only second to his love of country and his race. To be taken captive to Plymouth fairly broke his heart. He attempted but slight resistance; it would seem that his spirit was too crushed for any outbreak; but at his side marched Wetamoo, his wife, who is described as the most striking feminine figure in that company of Wampanoags. From the first she cherished the bitterest, most vindictive spirit against her husband's captors, and when she saw him sink into illness, her anger knew no bounds. The question of how to end his captivity was soon settled. For it was evident that the Indian chief was dying. He prayed so earnestly to be taken back to Nemasket that his captors could not but yield in the face of the dread messenger of Death. So a melancholy procession set forth.

An old chronicle gives the story of his last hours. It was in sight of the Nemasket River he died.

"They took the unhappy king upon a litter, and entered the trails of the forest. They reached the banks of the river. There they took canoes and crossed over. It soon became manifest that their monarch was dying. They placed him on a grassy mound beneath a majestic tree, and in silence the warriors gathered around to witness the departure of his spirit to the realms of the red man's immortality."

Driving over that still and peaceful country, it seemed almost impossible to realize that two hundred years ago "the roads ran blood" and "the woods were strewn with bones," that the air was full of smoke and fire and the lamentations of women and children, driven forth or tortured in their homes. It seems marvelous indeed that any one escaped who was taken into captivity. Mrs. Rowlandson, the wife of a clergyman at Lancaster, wrote a pitiful account of her captivity, which endured some time before she was taken to Nemasket, where she met King Philip. In on old letter of the time we read that the country looked most "fair and fruitful." In the midst of its bloom were the wigwams of Philip and his sister-in-law Wetamoo. Of the latter Mrs. Rowlandson has much to say in a naive way, she having been the servant of the haughty squaw during her captivity. "A proud and severe dame she was, bestowing every day in dressing herself nearly as much time as any of the gentry in the land, powdering her hair and painting her face, going with necklaces and jewels in her ears and bracelets upon her arms."

Just before entering Middleborough we turned to the right, driving through woods where the roads were scarcely broad enough to admit more than our phaeton. Then we passed on

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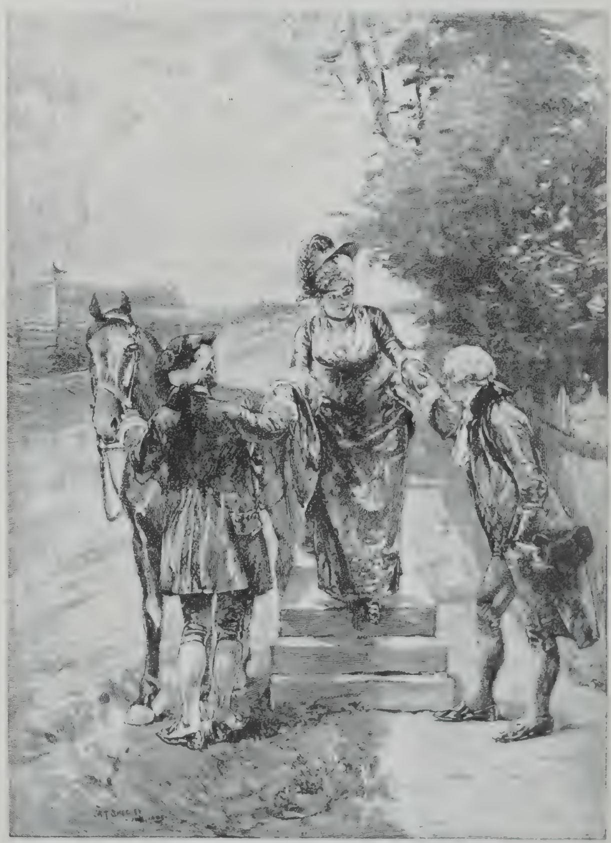
into denser woodland still, where among many odors the fragrance of the clethra was curiously distinct, the lovely pale blossom showing white in the dimness of the wood, and sending forth its sweetness delicately upon the evening air. The pine trees so silent on either side, and all the dimness and quiet seemed full of this subtle, luxurious odor. It gave us a strange feeling of intrusion, as though the woods and that fair sweet blossom were living their own lives for a while, and wanted no touch from any other. In the patches of grass upon the road the yellow evening primrose was opening to greet us, laying back its petals as though ready for the dainty revel of its evening life.

The Middleborough of today, is like a dozen other New England towns, with wide, quiet highways, plenty of shade, and stretches of green or flowers before every door. There are business streets at disjointed angles, where once the wigwams of the Wampanoags stood, and where now, in warm weather, conversation in the shop doorways seems to be the most active employment of the hour; but it was only a gentle hum of talk.

Leaving the woods, we passed Muttock Hill where once the famous mansion of Oliver, the Tory judge stood in all its glory of Gothic arch and English timber, with the rose-trees sent from Devonshire to Madam Oliver coloring its porticoes. The Olivers were a famous family at that time. The judge was known to be a staunch and loyal servant of the English king, and he entertained right royally in the old mansion on Muttock Hill. There was a banqueting hall said to be well worth the name. An old family servant who lived far into this century used to tell of its shining floor and oaken seats, and the glitter of its waxen lights. The chairs were of English oak with crowns carved upon them; the table, a splendid piece of the same wood, with feet like claws grasping a ball. So noted were Madam Oliver's gatherings that the leading ladies in the land thought it no hardship to come thirty miles to attend one. Innumerable are the stories told of the guests at those rollicksome banquets. Of one beauty from Boston it is said that for two nights previous to a ball at the Olivers', she slept with her hands tied above her head to whiten them, and another colonial belle sat upright in an arm-chair, instead of taking her beauty-sleep, that her coiffure might not be disturbed, the hair-dresser having been compelled to do his work overnight. Thither riding on a pillion or in a chariot, came frequently charming Miss Dolly Nash, for whose favor so many suitors sighed vainly, and who dispensed her smiles judiciously, and made the honor of a dance almost like a royal gift. Miss Dolly was a wit as well as a beauty, and had been at the English court six months, so that her "ton" was considered perfect. She wore the newest fashions of 1760, and though she might have been far prettier but for paint and powder, the sparkles of her eyes and the light of her smile were said to be so entrancing that two English officers fought a duel over the question as to which one had received the softest glance of the evening.

At Oliver House, charming Mistress Nash was always led out by the host, and as the floor of the ball-room was noted for its waxen polish (three maids having charge of it) we can fancy that the old judge, a trifle gouty and not very keen in his vision, had to be careful how he stepped, for to blunder, with Miss Dolly's dainty hand in his, would have been unpardonable indeed. We can fancy the scene very readily: the hoops and towering coiffures of the fine dames of Massachusetts, the wigs and satin ruffles of the sterner sex, the wax lights, the darkly shining floor, and the figure of the judge leading forth lovely, imperious Dolly, while every eye turned upon them; even the musicians, who scraped away at the upper end of the room, were not insensible to so much feminine charm, and down upon the scene comes the shout of a horseman who had ridden from Boston, and was galloping up Muttock Hill, swinging his hat and shouting loudly, "Long life to the royal heir of Great Britain!" for that day a ship had brought the news of the birth of George the Fourth.



MISS DOLLY NASH

As we went down the hill we seemed to have a vision of that glowing period, and then to see the lights of Oliver House go out, the fair faces and splendid figures vanish, the laughter, the sighs, the love-making and the witticisms of that gallant day die away forever.

Continued in next issue

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by

MRS. CHARLES DELMAR TOWNSEND
Certified Genealogist

This is a new feature page which will appear in each issue of The Middleborough Antiquarian. One column will be about Middleborough—its history, events and residents. In the other column will appear queries relating to people of Middleborough. The rules for submitting queries are clearly stated—please observe them if you wish to see your query published. All correspondence regarding this page should be addressed to The Middleborough Antiquarian, P.O. Box 272, Middleboro, Mass. 02346—and in lower left corner of the envelope 'attention of query editor'.

In volume IV page 41 of the Plymouth Colony Records is the following statement: "It is ordered by the Court (1 June 1663) that those that are sett downe att Namassakett to belonge to the towne of Plymouth untill the Court shall see reason otherwise to order." This Court Order remained in effect until the year 1669 when this area known as Nemasket originally was incorporated under the name of the Town of Middleberry.

The origin of the name is not known. Since the area was about midway between Plymouth and the home of the Pokanoket Indian chief — this fact may have been responsible for the name. Or perhaps it was named for the town of Middleboro in North Riding of York, England.

Included in this area was the lands which had been known as Assawampsett, Nemasket, the Indian land known as Titicut, the western portion of the town of Halifax and all of Lakeville.

In 1718 the proprietors of the Sixteen Shilling Purchase, together with those who had purchased much of the land in Taunton formerly owned by Elizabeth Poole and her associates asked, to be incorporated into a separate township. It was at this time that Jacob Thomson drew a map of the proposed division.

In 1734 the northeasterly portion of the town and bounded by the Winnetuxet River was set off as a part of Halifax. Jabez Eddy and others petitioned in 1741 to have North Middleboro become a separate town but the petition was denied. Another petition in 1743 was not acted on. In 1744 a petition was passed which established North Middleboro as a separate parish district from the old worshipping at the Green.

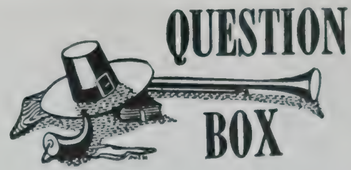
In 1792 and again in 1821 the petitions of the North Middleboro residents were refused. In 1853 a separate town was set off from the original Sixteen Shilling Purchase and incorporated as Lakeville. North Middleboro today is a section or community which retains something if its own identity but is legally within the bounds of Middleboro.

Since 1681 the northern boundary between Middleboro and Bridgewater has been the Taunton River which, incidentally, is less than a mile from our home. The river is also the boundary between Middleboro and Raynham.

Other boundaries have changed over the years from what was established by the early Court. The first settlers were, of course, the Indians. Then came the families from Plymouth and neighboring areas. Since Middleboro is an inland community and not on the seacoast, most of these early settlers farmed for a livelihood.

A census taken in 1781 lists the following: 581 houses, 18 Distill houses, 608 oxen, 1521 cows, 338 horses, 584 coaches, chaises, etc. and 2144 barrels of cider.

When the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth in 1620, the section which became Middleboro was occupied by the Nemasket Indians. The word Nemasket is from two Indian words — Nemah meaning a fish and 'et' meaning place of. The Nemaskets belonged to the Indian nation of Pokanokets and included in the Pokanoket nation also were the Wampanoags of Bristol County in Rhode Island, the Pocassets of Rehoboth, Swansea and Tiverton, the Saconets of Little Compton, the Agawams at Wareham, the Manomets at Sandwich, the Sakatuckets at Mashpee, the Mattakees at Barnstable, the Nobsquassets at Yarmouth, the Monomoys at Chatham and the Nausets at Eastham. As you can see it was Indian settlements in many of our present-day Cape towns as well as in Middleboro.



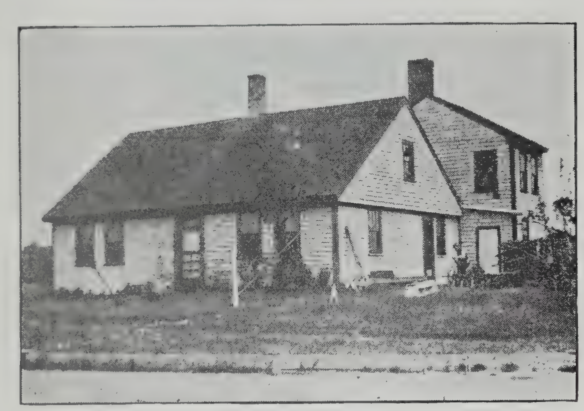
The "Question Box" is open to all Association members and Antiquarian subscribers. All questions are limited to fifty (50) words each - name and address to be included and counted as five (5) words. Every question MUST have a Middleborough connection prior to 1875. Non-members may submit questions at the rate of five cents (5¢) for each word. All questions will be published in order of receipt and subject to availability of space. The editor reserves the right to edit and/or reject any and all questions non conforming to rules.

QUERIES

Seek any information of Rev. Uriah MINER, his parents, children, work et cetera. Was minister Reformed Methodist Church, Middleborough 1830-1835. Where did he then go? He supposedly wrote a hymnal with colleague, Elder Pliny Pratt. Is there one in existence anywhere? MISS BARBARA E. GOWARD, RMT, VA Hospital, Montrose, New York 10548

Zelotes TUCKER, born April 19, 1781, Bridgewater, Mass.; married April 13, 1803, Middleboro, Mass., Sarah Snow, born June 13, 1780, Bridgewater. Seeking proof of their marriage. MRS. R. L. COFFMAN, 2201 McCullough St., Austin, Texas 78703

OLD MIDDLEBOROUGH



"The Light House"

THE ANDREW EATON HOUSE

by Lyman Butler

This old house on the corner of Cherry and East Grove Streets is known as "the Light House." Built in the early 1800's, in 1855 it was owned by Andrew Eaton, later bought by Theodore F. Holmes, who ran the harness shop which later was known as George Benson's shop on Wareham Street. When Mr. Holmes retired from business, he put in a croquet court on the north side of his property in the grove back of where the Viera Greenhouses are today. Later he made a court near his house where the little building now stands. Arthur Boardman and John Burgess, Jr., purchased the property after Mr. Holmes passed away. John Belden, the antique dealer, bought the house and land and carried on his antique business there. He took off the portion known as the Light House and built an ell in its place. Later the property was sold to Mrs. Elizabeth (Weld) Bennett who in turn sold it to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Campbell, the present owners.

THE ANDREW EATON HOUSE
Corner of Cherry and East Grove Streets

As the house appears today, after the part known as "the Light House" had been removed.

While Mr. Holmes had his croquet course, it was a very popular spot with all the Fall Brook people. He never charged anything for the use of the court. Children played in the daytime, and adults played at night with the court lighted by acetelene gas lights. Some of the people who played on this court were my wife, Mrs. Butler (Helen Boardman) who supplied much of this information, her brother Arthur, Arlene (Lougee) Pollard, her two sisters Mary and Stella, George and Lester Leland, Marion (Emery) Leland, Everett Fields, Levi Boardman, Clarence Clark, and other residents of over fifty years ago. Mr. Holmes made his mallets and balls as well as the wickets. Can you picture that spot now?

INDIAN ARTIFACTS OF TITICUT

By William B. Taylor

(Part I, December, 1969 issue of Antiquarian; Part II, May, 1970; Part III, July, 1970, Part IV, Oct., 1970, Part V, Dec., 1970.)

DISCOIDAL STONES

Discoidal Stones—are circular in form and occur in all sizes (1" to 8") with a slightly hollowed out area on both faces, to form a doughnut shaped object. They are made of soft stone such as steatite, sandstone and black slate. Rarely they are made of quartz and when found in rose quartz bring top prices for any relic.

In southeastern U.S. discoidals are quite common and are thought to have been used in the Cherokee game of Chunkey. Played as follows: Each player had a pole about eight feet long with tapering flat points at each end. The participants started off running abreast to each other. One of them rolled the stone disc on its edge ahead of them. Each contestant then hurled his pole in the direction of the rolling stone, as near as he could guess, to land where it would stop rolling. The player whose pole landed closest would win the match. In this manner the game continued most of the day.

Discoidals are rare in New England. To my knowledge only one has been found at Titicut. This appeared in grave No. 2 (Taylor Farm) in 1947 and is 4" in diameter by 1¼" thick made of finely polished black slate. The center is concave, tapering to a ¼" hole in the center. Because of the scarcity of these stones and the fact that an artifact of this beauty would not have been rolled along the ground, I believe it had another use. Another theory of use states the discoidal was put by Indians on the graves of their dead, placing food in the concave surface, for the departed spirits. In this instance it seems more logical. (See Fig. #17)

Flat-Faced Rolling Discs—These stones are similar to discoidal stones except that they have no concave surfaces, both faces being flat. As these are not as elaborate and were more easily made, it seems more reasonable that they were used in the game of Chunkey.

Concoidal—This is the opposite of a discoidal as the sides are convex with a very slight point in the center. One was found at Titicut and is the only one I've ever seen. It was about 3" in diameter by 1" thick at the outside edge, increasing to 1½" at the center. This can be classified as a true problematical and perhaps was used during some ceremonial game.

RUBBING STONES

This group of tools was used in the grinding and polishing of stone, wood and bone implements. Most are shaped by use rather than manufacture.

Whetstone—a slender rubbing stone 6" to 8" long, sometimes perforated at one end for a thong. They were used to grind the blades of gouges and other wood cutting implements. (See Fig. #30)

Shaft Abrader—a woodworking tool with one or more ½" grooves worn by constant rubbing. It was used to smooth arrow shafts. Another type of abrader has a rough surface with a notch in one side. This tool was used like a file on large handles before hafting to remove knots and other rough places while the wood was still green.

Sinewstone—a hard smooth stone of hand size, which has a series of narrow grooves on one edge. This was used to prepare sinews for bow strings and for softening and stripping fiber for cordage. Also effective for soft material work on shell, slate, etc. (See Fig. #30)

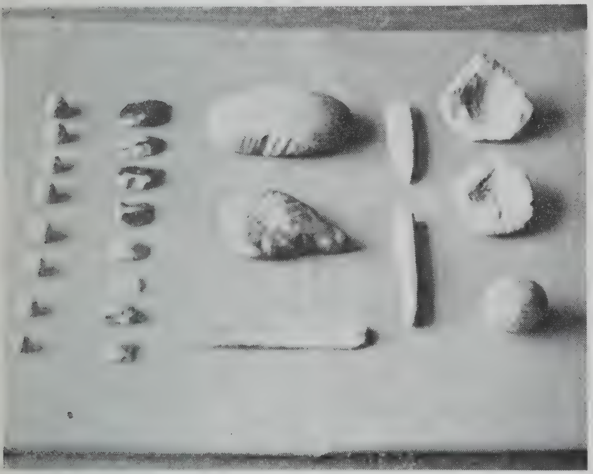


Figure 30

Honing Stone—this is a flat stone that was held in the lap or hand, with several long, narrow grooves, deeper and wider at the center than at the ends. This grinding stone was used to shape and sharpen bone tools such as awls, bodkins, projectile points and points for harpoons, darts, fishhooks, etc.

CORDAGE

In New England it was known to Archaic people. Some of the raw materials used to make cordage were vegetable fibers such as wild flax, milkweed and the inner bark of basswood, slippery-elm, the lime and linden tree. It was first used for fish lines and tie cords of all kinds and later for fishnets, bags, mats and stringing beads. Native women learned the technique of plying or twisting two threads of bast together, which greatly strengthened the cord. Some three-ply cord was also used. Burial No. 6 at the Titicut Site had two-ply cordage with roll copper beads. (See Fig. #24)

DOMESTIC PRODUCTS

The Nemasket Indians at Titicut were expert makers of various kinds of textile fabrics, including most of their furnishings, utensils and personal belongings. Items such as baskets, bags, quivers, burden straps, various types of matting and certain forms of clothing such as capes and mantles all show a high technical knowledge of this art. It is only in burials of colonial times, where disintegration of organic matter is not complete or where small fragments were preserved by contact with copper or brass, that traces of the weavers' art can be found.

At the Taylor Farm the remains of an attractive woven basket appeared in Burial No. 4. This was found on top of a layer of bark that covered the body. Also recovered was a woven fabric section, which was used as a covering around two colonial iron hoes. Another piece of woven material consisted of a rush mat fragment used as a shroud over the body. (See Fig. #31 and #32)

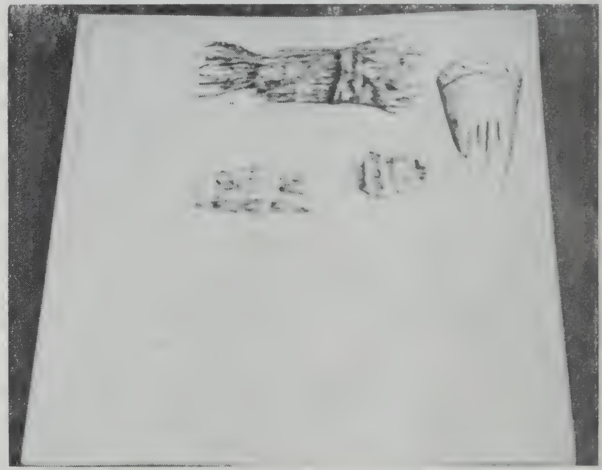


Fig. 31. At top center is an illustration of a mat fragment. Bottom left is a basket section with fabric section at right. At far right is a bone comb from shellheap in Maine.

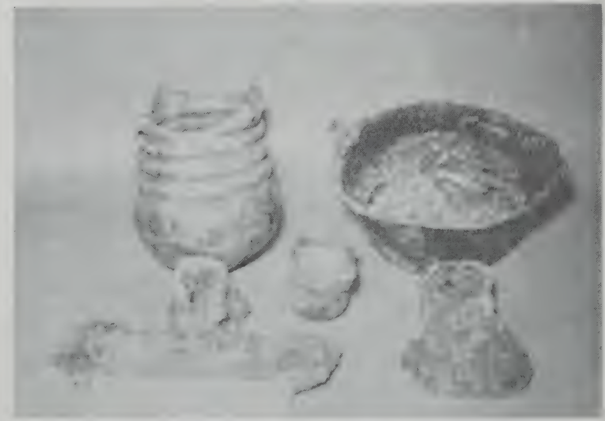


Figure #32 Grave goods from grave No. 4 showing two iron hoes, two clay pots and one copper kettle. Other colonial artifacts from this grave included 3 cape buttons, mirror fragments, one pair scissors and hundreds of glass trade beads. Estimated date of interment was A. D. 1640.

In 1969, a portion of matting was uncovered in a red paint grave on the Seaver Farm. This mat was made of cat-o-nine tail leaves tied together with bast fibers. (See Fig. #33)

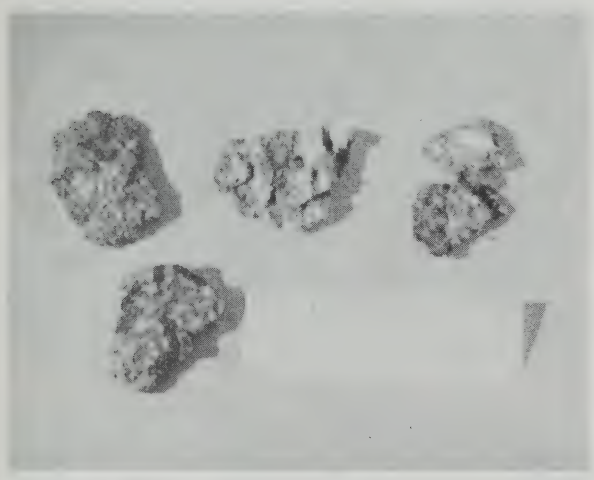


Fig. 33. Mat fragments made of leaves of the cat-o'-nine tail plant and tied together with bast fibers.

Other products of wood, bone, shell, or hide have long ago rotted away except for unusual conditions.[13] At the Wapanucket #6 site in Middleboro, a wooden dish 4300 years old was recovered and restored. It had been reduced to charcoal in a crematory but not totally consumed. This was a well finished dish with shallow hollowing, about 6½" long.

In burial No. 6 at the Titicut Site lay the remains of a birch bark container. This object was folded into a sort of envelope and was in a poor state of preservation. The salts from several brass or copper pendents had penetrated and preserved the container to some extent. Two other bark bundles also were recovered consisting of an inner container of leather (deer skin), wrapped about a portion of an infant skeleton, and bound by strings of tubular copper beads separated by drilled seeds; the whole was surrounded by a layer of milk-weed fiber and shredded cedar bark. Also noted were copper discs, pendents, projectile points and a spoon. (See Fig. #24)

At Wapanucket #1 in Middleboro a brass spoon appeared in a burial with a Stage 4 pot. This spoon was an unusually fine example of hand work hammered out from a piece of sheet brass.

COLONIAL ARTIFACTS

Throughout the Titicut area many artifacts of colonial origin have been found. These items include musket balls, gun flints, powder horns, clay pipes, glass beads, hand cut nails, coins, iron axe, hoe and adze blades and copper points, pendents, beads, buttons, pins and strips of brass. Some of these may have been owned and used by the later Indian occupants of Titicut but most are of more recent provenience. The copper items are definitely Indian as are most of the glass beads. Several iron tools were Indian implements even though they are trade goods. This is clarified when found in Indian graves.

Also noted were a few iron adze blades found near the old shipyard, which show evidence of the ship-building trade that prospered for a short period during the mid 1700's and on into the early 1800's. This industry was started by Captain Benjamin Pratt and was continued by one of his sons, William Pratt. (See Fig. #30, #32 and #34)

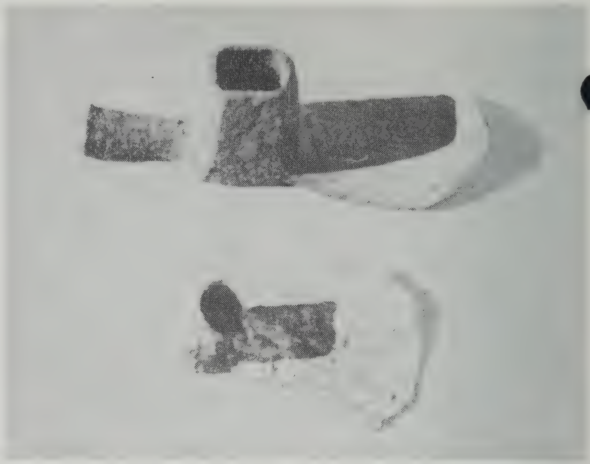


Fig. 34. Iron adze blade at top used during 18th century shipbuilding trade. Iron hoe at bottom was probably used by the Indians.

PETROGLYPHS

Pictographs on rocks are not common in New England. The Dighton Rock inscription is one of America's best examples. Deciphering of these pictographs is necessary in order to make any valid interpretations. At best, however, the true meaning is slightly more than theory. The only known example from Titicut was mentioned earlier as the cover of a stone cist and is a most unusual piece of picture writing. A possible interpretation is offered. (See figure 26A)

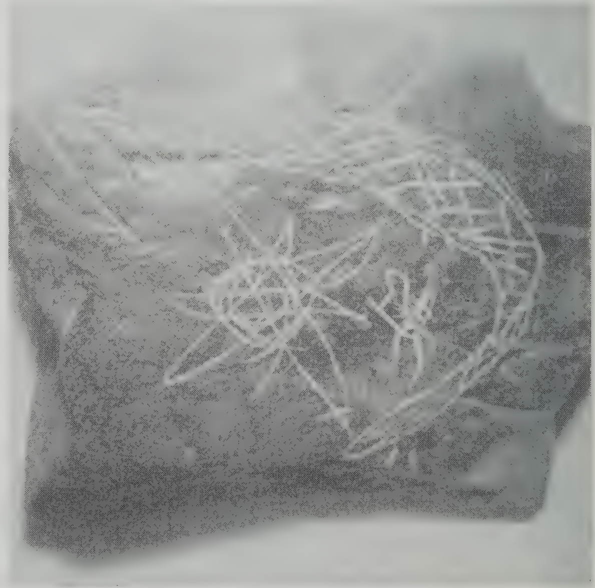


Figure 26A Cover stone of cist with pictograph inscribed on the surface. This is a rare recovery and is perhaps the earliest recorded event from Titicut.

The figure in the center is that of a man holding fishing tackle, while to his left his canoe is shown in three different

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positions around a fixed point. This signifies a canoe in motion, while held fast at a fixed point, meaning that it is tipping over. The curved lines around the axis indicate a high wind, the force which is overturning this canoe. The snake curled around the stone shows that this fisherman belonged to the snake clan.

One can assume that a man went fishing in his dugout canoe, a high wind suddenly came up overturning his canoe and the fisherman drowned. Some survivor cut the pictograph on the stone cover in memory of this event. The body was probably recovered and cremated before being placed in the stone cist during a secondary burial ceremony.

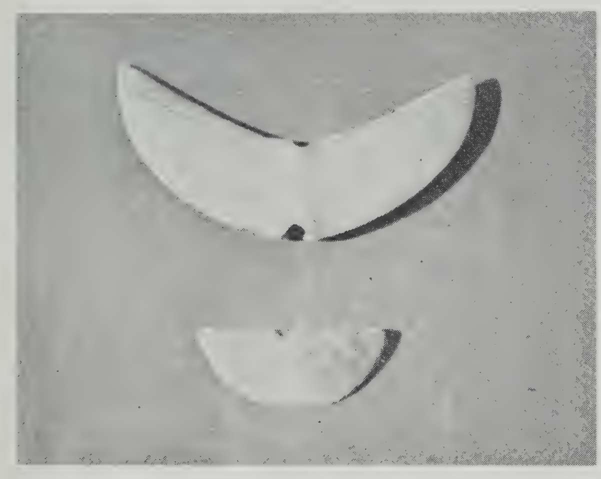

Fig. 35. Two recent finds from Titicut. Remarkable whale-tail bannerstone at top with ulu at bottom.

CONCLUSION

The preceding article has mentioned briefly some of the most common Indian artifacts that have been found at Titicut to date. Many items have not been noted because of their scarcity or perishable nature. All artifacts shown are from Titicut with the possible exception of the mortar. (See Fig. #23)

Over 13,500[14] years ago the fourth and last of the major glacial retreats (Wisconsin) left New England for the last time. This made our area finally and permanently available to man. There is evidence of a tundra phase behind the retreating ice, which lured large animals northward in search of food. Early man followed, probably migrating northward by following the major river valleys. He came into an environment of rapidly shifting climatic zones, flora and fauna, arriving in Massachusetts at least 9000 years ago. Carbon 14 tests confirm occupation at Titicut only 5000 years back. It is only logical to wonder why man did not stop at this beautiful location earlier. The answer is probably that he did, but due to the fact that campsites of Paleo times are small, the evidence has been overlooked. The archaeologist must make his discovery soon, for in a short number of years all evidence will have been destroyed. Progress of modern man moves all too swiftly, as housing projects have already eliminated more than half the known Indian sites at Titicut.

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12. Adena culture centered on middle and upper Ohio River valley in southern Ohio, northeastern Kentucky, northwestern West Virginia, Southeastern Indiana and Western Penn. One of several cultures known as Mound Builders which flourished during Early Woodland period - 500 B.C.

13. In addition to charcoal, copper and brass, other preservatives are salt water and lime found in shell deposits near the ocean.

14. The Archaeology of Dutchess Quarry Cave, Orange County, New York, Pennsylvania Archaeologist, Vol. 39, December 1969 (1-4).

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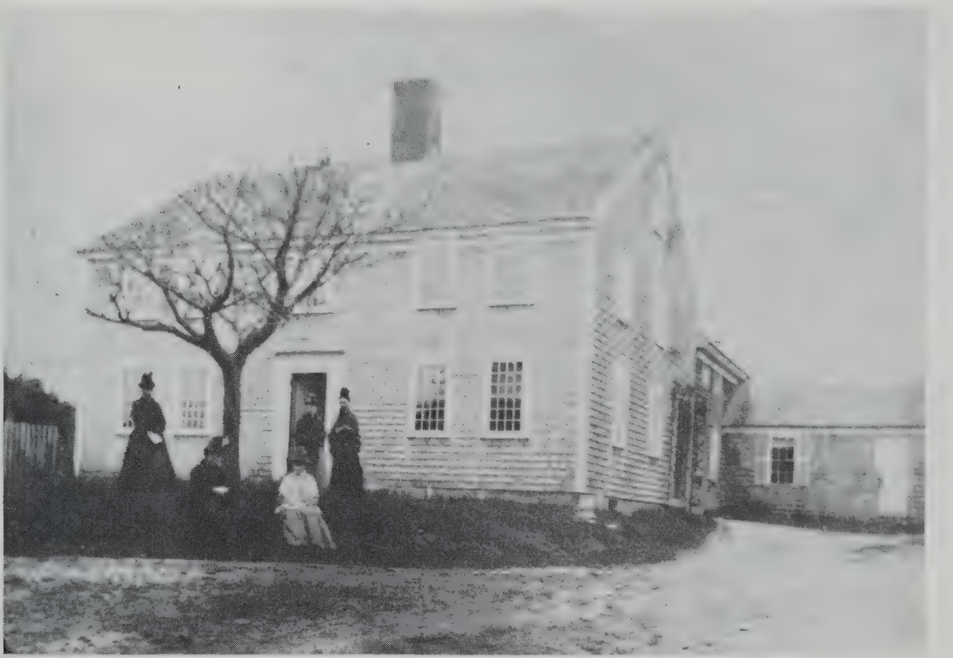

THE PRATT HOMESTEAD
East Main Street

It appears likely that another Middleboro landmark will soon be added to the list of the many already demolished, a farm that has been owned and operated by the same family for about two hundred years.

Ebenezer Pratt, a tanner by trade, with his wife, Beulah, came from Bridgewater in 1777 and purchased from Nehemiah Allen the new "salt-box" he had recently completed. The farm consisted of almost one hundred acres, with two bubbling brooks fed by springs.

The youngest son, Thomas Pratt, married Lydia Macomber and became owner of the homestead. Thomas' oldest son, Simeon Macomber Pratt, bought the farm from his father, and raised the house two stories, so it could no longer be called a "salt-box." Simeon's son, Luther Bradford Pratt, was the next owner, and about 1888 he made more changes in the house. Mr. Pratt is well remembered as he carried on his prosperous farm. The large barn burned in 1898 but was replaced by another one which, at the turn of the century, was filled with horses used by Mr. Pratt in his extensive contracting, sand and gravel business.

Ernest S. Pratt became the owner of the property after the death of his parents in 1930. At this time the principal crop was ice. The Ernest S. Pratt Company was one of the last dealers to sell natural ice. Large ice houses were built to store the ice which was delivered about town by a one-horse wagon. Soon a two-horse team was added to the equipment and when the ice business was closed out in 1954, motorized trucks were being used. Soon after the ice business closed, the large ice house on the farm property burned to the ground.

The great barns still stand, the house, as unoccupied houses are wont to do, is slowly deteriorating and will probably be torn down when the proposed golf course takes the place of the ice and dairy farm.

The Pratt farm and the Pratt family have occupied a prominent place in the development and the business life of Middleboro. It is sad to see yet another fine old home which represents so many years of family history, disappear from the scene.

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GENEALOGY IS HISTORY — HISTORY IS GENEALOGY

by

Mrs. Charles Delmar Townsend, *Certified Genealogist*
Member, Middleborough Historical Association

One of the oddities of being a genealogist is that you quickly recognize the fact that other people very frequently consider you 'different' perhaps even queer but certainly a 'square.' Historians fare a little better but they, too, are set apart from the everyday citizen as being persons with peculiar interests.

Possibly one of the reasons for this is that too few people know the actual meaning of the words genealogy and genealogist. The word genealogy is from the Greek 'genea' meaning descent and 'logos' meaning discourse. Webster's dictionary defines the word as "a history of the descent of a person or family from an ancestor" . . . and the genealogist is, of course, the person who does the research or proves the descent.

It is true, of course, that both the genealogist and the historian have an interest in what has gone on before — the past. It is equally true that the antique dealer or collector also looks backwards as well as forward. We cannot separate the past from the present or the future — each influences the other to become the composite and complete picture.

Probably every one of you who reads this article has had or now owns a dish, a book, a piece of furniture or jewelry — or some other possession — that belonged to a parent or grandparent or perhaps an aunt or uncle. The history of the cameo brooch or the ladderback chair is also part of the genealogy of the family. By identifying or learning one, you learn something of the other.

Without realizing it — your interest in the history of the family heirloom has created for you an interest in your family history. You seek to know WHO owned the brooch or chair, then you seek to learn the relationship to you and perhaps when the article was acquired and from whom and where. The age old questions of who, what, when and where — they apply equally to the antique collector, the historian and the genealogist.

The age of an object will tell you some genealogical answers as well as historical one. A handcarved table or chair made in 1763 certainly was not made by a man born in 1781. In other words you have established a generation gap and also learned that the chair owner in 1795 inherited it from an earlier generation.

Determining historical facts through family possessions, locations of homes and similar information will also help you to learn family history or as it is properly called, genealogy. Have you ever wondered where a grandson's red hair came from when both your daughter and her husband have dark brown hair? Or possibly a child's talent in music when no one in your family can even "carry a tune?" A bit of family history will quite probably tell you.

Once you get over the hurdle that an admitted interest in who you are, where your great, great grandparents lived and so on is a reasonable curiousity and that you are not a 'queer' to be interested in such historical and/or genealogical facts . . . you will be on your way to a hobby or pursuit which can give you much enjoyment.

Knowing where to start is an important factor. As in anything else — you start with yourself and your present location and work backward, generation by generation.

You start remembering the family traditions, the 'stories' about great uncle Joe's trip around the horn, the few lovely pieces of English china being a part of some one's wedding china. Perhaps there is a tale of a grandfather whose house had a 'hidden room' that was used in the underground railroad in getting some of the slaves through to Canada.

By sorting out your facts in these traditions, analyzing them for probability as well as possibility and putting them down on paper, you will find that you have some information which must be proved or disproved. That is where the fun begins and it is fun . . . it is a crossword puzzle with people that must 'fit together' instead of irregular pieces of wood to make that composite picture. Once you create your own interest in the who, what, when and where of yourself, your parents, your grandparents and the other generations to the first settler on the American shores to bear your surname — you will have started yourself on the path of the genealogist and the historian.

One can not live without the other. Some of you become interested in previous ownership of the house you live in, or the beautifully designed mantelpiece or stairs. To identify the builder or the owner you become interested in history and — since one bit of historical fact leads to another — you indirectly become genealogically interested.

An interest in the development of a community, learning the date of incorporation of a town or city, whether or not there have been boundary changes, a renaming of the community and similar facts is of historical importance but the information itself can be most helpful in tracing your own family tree.

I'm sure that by now someone is asserting that digging in family history will only serve to stir up some family skeletons. But what if you do? Is your OWN generation or that of your parents wholly without blame or blemish? There will be "shotgun weddings" from now to eternity . . just as there were generations ago. All the vices as well as all the virtues appeared in the earlier generations as well as in our present-day relatives and friends. But there's so much good in the most of us — that with a bit of toleration and kindness we can acknowledge the "bad boys and girls" that our genealogical pursuit will acquaint us with.

Have you ever wondered why many of the very old cemeteries were constructed on a hillside and frequently a very steep hillside? It has been said, historically, that most early cemeteries were 'gifts' from a wealthy townsman and that in his magnanimous gesture he 'gave' to the town the land which he could not till. Did you know that stone cutters of cemetery headstones in the olden days of our Colonial history were transient persons who went from town to town to ply their trade? A father taught his son and the son taught his son, the grandson. If your interest is history, it is well worth your time to examine the stones in the older cemeteries and note the similarity of the stones in the design, the figures and letters. You will also find some of the inscriptions most amusing as well as enlightening. This is history — yet it is genealogy, also.

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Mertie E. Romaine .... Editor

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Have you ever noticed the change in the style of houses once you have crossed a state line? Roof structure, window styles and placement vary decidedly in different sections of [illegible]e country. In certain areas — particularly in Pennsylvania — many of the houses are of fieldstones. In other areas the majority of the older homes are of brick, in other localities shingles predominate and sometimes it is clapboards. All this is a phase of architectural history yet indirectly it is family history also.

Have you ever stopped to think how many ancestors you have? How many people contributed to identify you as the person you are today? It is true that family traits are passed on from generation to generation. Frequently when there are twins in a family it will be said "they run in the family" and a study of earlier generations of the paternal or maternal line will prove it to be a fact.

We have all been brought up on family comparisons. Doesn't little Josephine remind you of Aunt Lillian at this age? Basically that is a genealogical remark and you, unconsciously and perhaps wholly unintentionally have contributed to the genealogical background of the family.

But the question arises — who is Aunt Lillian? A blood relative on mama's side and her sister? Or are you mama's sister and Aunt Lillian is YOUR mother's sister? It is possible in large families or instances where there have been second or even third wives that a child of ten or twelve years has an aunt or uncle of his own age. It is usual to consider twenty to twenty-five years a generation for quick and/or rough calculating. But it can happen differently and careful consideration and evaluation of facts must be made.

History writers get confused occasionally and attribute certain actions or facts to an individual improperly because they are confused with the several persons of the same name and fail to properly identify the Junior or Senior man. To call a man Junior usually implies that he is named exactly the same as his father and he is John, Junior the son of John Senior. But this is not always the case. It is possible that there are two Jones families in town and both have boys named John and furthermore that neither boy was named for his father. It was customary in Colonial times to call the younger John Jones "Junior." Sometimes further confusion is caused later on when the Junior is dropped due perhaps to the fact that one of the men died or moved to another town. Another problem for genealogists and historians alike is the two men bearing the same name and both having wives named Mary. Just as in the jigsaw puzzle, only one piece (or person) will fit and a bit of history must be learned to determine which Mary is the proper person.

It is always historically as well as genealogically interesting to find out where families went and why. There is a town in Georgia called Midway . . . a minister in Massachusetts became unhappy and left for Georgia with the major portion of his congregation. Thomas Hooker founded Hartford, Connecticut, in the same manner. Many families left Middleboro for Vermont and/or Maine. Vermont was once an independent country, as was Texas. These are historical facts . . . yet they help to pin-point the location of a family and enable us to proceed generation by generation with our family genealogy or history.

Once your curiousity is aroused and you start wondering why your great grandfather had the old-fashioned and somewhat cumbersome name of Ezekiel or the fact that your cousins all had middle names such as Brewster, Vaughan and Phinney — you have — whether you recognize the symptoms or not — started your venture into history and to genealogy. It is not always true that a surname used as a middle name indicates a relationship to that family but it is an avenue to explore. It could be, of course, just a liking for the name.

Interesting historical facts become evident as one delves into the history of a town and searches for clues as to the ancestry of the early settlers and the relationship to other families and to you.

There were many early tradesmen who came to the Colonies and earned their living by working for others. Many became itinerant workers and moved from town to town working at their craft and receiving lodging and food in return for their services.

The Middleborough Historical Museum owns several large portraits as do most museums. They are interesting because they tell us what some of the people looked like and also because they indicate the clothing styles of the period. Frequently they are the work of a local artist — or of an itinerant artist who like his contemporaries, the tinker, journeyman carpenter and others, went from town to town demonstrating his wares or artistic ability.

The artist frequently painted only the faces of his customers. He carried around with him canvasses with the figure of a child or grownup already painted. At the neckline was a huge hole resembling rather closely the old baseball dodger opening that we've seen so many times at the fair or carnival. By using this method of painting only the face, considerable time was saved and the cost to the patron was far less. To identify these portraits and the artist is a historical problem — or is it genealogical?

Quilts also tell a historical fact or two and oftentimes assist in identifying a family member. The type of material used, the pattern or design will assist the collector or the museum director to pinpoint when the quilt was made. It will help the genealogist to learn when, where and who about the quilt. The historian and/or collector is checking the authenticity of the quilt while the genealogist seeks to identify the maker and add another name to the genealogical chart.

Sometimes people show little interest in family history because dates bore them and remind them of schooldays when one had to learn all the dates in the history book — or so it seemed. However, by delving into the occupations of people, the wars they fought in, the travelling to other locations and the reasons why they left home is to make genealogy 'come alive' and do a lot to fill in the spaces on your genealogy chart . . . as well as 'make history.'

In a single day it is quite probable that the average housewife and/or mother will make several historical and genealogical comments to one or more family members. Just the mention of the fact that you were in the same graduating class with Sue Smith clues the genealogist in on several facts . . . where you lived at the time you went to school, a clue to your approximate age as well as Sue's age. If the historian

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is interested in your comment, he has acquired a date 'to go on' to learn more about the school's structure, when it was built and so on.

The historian, the archaeologist, the antique collector, the museum director, the architect, as well as the genealogist, all need facts . . . facts about people, places and things.

Genealogy is far more than a collection of dry dates and some names. If you investigate and learn the history of the people and the community, you will become aware of the struggles and hardships experienced by your pioneer ancestors and you will see them as individuals who helped to create a nation. If the historian wants to make history come alive, then he must identify it with people who did things, who said things and who created our genealogical and historical background. For when all is said and done — genealogy is history and history is genealogy.

AN INDIAN JOURNEY

Part II; Part I in Antiquarian, April, 1971

In November, 1885, Harper's Weekly New Monthly Magazine printed an article entitled, "An Indian Journey." The journey took the author and her companions from Bridgewater, over the old road to Middleboro through the Indian country so well known to Massasoit and King Philip, up Muttock Hill and past the site of "Oliver Hall," past Lake Assawampsett to Marion, Mattapoisett and Fairhaven. "New Bedford would have repaid a longer stay," but the travelers were eager to reach their goal, Nonquit. On the return trip, a stop was made to visit "the remnants of an old Indian tribe," and thus, in their humble dwelling in a pine grove by the lake, they came upon the last descendants of the great Chief Massasoit:, Melinda (Princess Teweelema) and Charlotte, (Princess Wootonekanuske) Mitchell.

While much of the article deals with towns other than Middleboro, these places are well known to Middleboreans and it is interesting to read of them as they were over one hundred years ago.

The old inn referred to was doubtless the old Sproat Tavern on Plymouth Street and the church, the First Congregational Church at the Green.

When the Revolution broke out, Judge Oliver did not hesitate to avow his Tory principles, which so enraged the people of Middleborough that they determined to set fire to his stately dwelling. Some one — whom it is not known — conveyed the news secretly to the judge, who was in Boston, and he rode out under cover of the night, and entering his own home like a thief, stole into the great banqueting hall and the library, and carried away with him whatever of papers and money and jewels he could secrete about his person. He was only just in time. Early the next morning a mob came up the hill, headed by a patriotic young carpenter, and the fine mansion was ransacked and burned to the ground, the judge and his immediate family escaping to England. While there it was said that although he frequently entertained American guests, he never referred in any way to his life among the colonists.

Early the next day we set forth to drive through the town and view Muttock Hill and its fair surroundings by daylight. How amiable and calmly ordered the place looked! The air was deliciously soft and warm — not a hint as yet of autumn in the trees that bordered either side of the wide roads — a gentle lingering of summer everywhere — the last warm kiss of her blooming lips upon the earth that is so soon to stir with autumn winds and colors, and the sky held all the placid blue of June, reflecting in the little shining, gayly wandering river which flows away at one side of the Muttock bridge to emerge in the quiet ponds or lakes; at the other, to reach by noisier pathways the river Taunton, and so add its drop to the widely rolling sea.

It was still early in the day, but we had a good drive before us, and also wanted time for way-side haltings, so we presently drove away from Middleborough, leaving its secluded streets and shady roads in all the quiet of a Puritan Sunday, and out across another bridge, where the river widened in its course and away to the left in the direction of Rochester, Wareham and Marion.

Everywhere along this part of the road the golden-rod was in bravest array, and indeed the land was strongly yellow, what with some late dandelions, the hawk-weed in the hedges, the primroses, and on all sides the golden-rod and the triumphant sunflower. There were only the usual variations, the break in the fields, the change from tall sheaves of corn now bound together, and showing places for the activity of little mice, to level pasture, from closely verdant banks to scraggling fences, where, happily however, the clematis gave a touch of grace and sweetness. "Traveler's joy," I have heard it called, and the name seemed appropriate when the delicate tufts greeted our eyes in some otherwise monotonous line of fence or pathway; and it was on this road, just before entering the woodland, that we met thick clusters of the evening primrose, and remembered that it was long ago sent to England from America. How well worth half an hour it is to watch this flower when it is beginning to open to its evening life! The divisions of the calyx gradually unfold, the flower shows tenderly, and sometimes the final laying back of the petals is accompanied by a little soft, vibrating sound — the laugh of welcome as the blossom slyly looks you in the face. The clover was very thick and very rich in color all along here, which is not always the case in the New England September, and we looked to see if it belied its name of "husbandman's barometer." If rain were coming, we knew there would be a drawing together of the leaflets; but every "leaf of three" we saw lay open, happily, and moreover, there were no signs of rain in the pipe of the robin which greeted us. There was plenty of loose-strife along this bank, and some impatience and wild parsley, fairly luxuriating with its delicate green and white flowers almost in the roadway, and there were some vines of briony, carefully following out their law, and twined from left to right, as instinctively doing Nature's bidding as the poppy in the corn field, which hangs its head when the rain or damp may chill

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it, and springs up again to greet the needed warmth of the sun. But of all the blooming spots before we plunged into the woods again, the most perfect was where a tiny brook [illegible]wed to the right and into which we forded that our horse might be refreshed. At the first glance it seemed almost as though some one — long ago, perhaps — had made a garden there, for on either side in warm reds and yellows and intensest purple, the wild flowers grew together. The cardinal was especially fine, and speedwell, chicory, thoroughwort, clover, and primroses were assembled — a bold and happy little band, narcissus-like reflecting their glories in the stream.

At length we found ourselves in sandier roads, and blown across the waving corn fields, the meadows purpling with hair-grass, and strong of mint and rue, came the scent of the ocean. We were nearing the sea, as every fresh breath told us, and the sun was going to set like a dying conqueror, for overhead the sky held quivering lights ready to flash forth in a blaze of his commander's glory.

I think I never saw a place whose history seemed so unimpressive as Marion's, yet it has the faculty or charm of dispelling all cravings for historical associations. Its background seems to be of to-day, in a quaint setting and, for the rest, there is the beautiful stretch of water, and away to the right, cool, shady walks, with old bits of orchard, red-boughed and green, and the daintiest of wild flowers, above all, the pimpernel, usually found in perfection nearer corn fields. But here, we observed, things grew with a happy license. The sight of the dainty pink-eyed pimpernel, with its petals open, and no hint of bad weather given in its glance, made us think of the old-time idea that the pimpernel was a cure for the blues, it being worn near the heart when time lagged or dull spirits were imminent. We walked out early in the cool of a delicious morning on a road that might have been in the heart of an inland country but for the dancing water visible between the boughs of the trees and in the gaps along the road. Sail-boats were dotting the sun-lit expanse of water, and the festive air of a party just setting forth animated the beach, and made the morning ring with young laughter and light-hearted voices. Who is it that can talk of the perfection of a cloudless sky, we wondered, when we drove away on toward Mattapoisett and Fairhaven. For my part, the serenest blue that ever shone above Lombardy was enhanced by little flecks of clouds, drifts of careless white such as were above us on that journey. To watch them full in form, breaking into curves or tiny points, drifting leisurely, or shiny with spots of blue between, was infinite delight, and the earth seemed in some fashion so respondent, we fancied the warmth and color below looked up at the idle loveliness and movement overhead with a thrill, a vibrating answer to the joyous freedom expressed by that fair autumn sky. Earth and sky seemed certainly to have their revel all to themselves that day. The journey was in and out of dim and quiet woods, along wide roadways lined with verdure, and though we met almost no one, there was less of the sense of absolute quiet which had so strongly marked the first part of our journey. The blitheness of the weather, the whiffs of sea air, the constant recurrence of the thrush's note above us, gave a joyousness to the scene that had all the effect of animation, and when we reached Mattapoisett it was with a sense that the little village rather disturbed some happy communings with nature; we seemed to leave behind us sweet voices and harmonious signs when we entered the street of the town with its rows of shops and houses, its people coming and going, its waterways bustling with activity and its prompt suggestions of old Indian days.

A level road, groups of maple-trees, long lines of oak and elm, the prettiest roads that we had driven over, led us to Fairhaven — a town which in our earlier history was famous for its whaling and fishing interests, and which is still sufficiently suggestive of the same to make it exceedingly picturesque. A long bridge leads from the town to the city of New Bedford, and the waters between were dotted with innumerable ships, many with sails set, others lying in cool spots of the harbor, but altogether between the verdant shores of Fairhaven and the hilly streets of New Bedford presenting a picture of life and color which put an end, it seemed to us, to the quiet of our journey.

There is a great charm about Fairhaven. Its streets are wide as country roads, and yet built up enough to satisfy the demands of the town, with comfortable dwellings, fine gardens, and general air of peace and prosperity. The associations of the town, with its days of shipping and fishing, linger, giving a quaint charm to many households, and no one can long forget the old whaling days, when every other man was a captain, or at least seafaring, and life was reckoned by the length of voyages, the recurrence of storms or calms, the departure and the home-comings of those who went forth across the waters.

Indian traditions, as might be expected, dissolve into mist before the tales to be told or listened to in old Fairhaven, for its history and associations are so strongly of the last century. Wonderful are the attics in this town! Shall we soon forget one in particular where we spent a rainy afternoon turning over old boxes, bringing to light East Indian curiosities, shawls and scarfs, big fans, a gown like that of Copley's "Lady Wentworth," strings of beads, high-heeled boots, but best of all, packets of old letters and some quaint little volumes, note-books and journals, and an 18th century love story in large type on well-margined pages. This attic extended half-way across the L of an old house, and its dormer-windows looked down upon a part of a village street, a wharf, and some signs of shipping. There was an old spinet at one end of it, and when we moved the boxes out of the way, and opened it, what curious little tinkling sounds, like the ghost of some minuet or gavotte, were produced! If one could only overcome a sense of intrusion, how enchanting such investigations, the turning over of old pages, the feeling of the old silks and satins, might be! but in the fast darkening attic, among all those signs of other lives, what strangers and intruders we were like! We wondered very much about the girl who wrote some of the letters and wore some of these garments. She had come hither a bride, and wrote to somebody of a reception given her by her husband's friends. "Everybody is very civil, and I wear my new gowns a great deal," she writes, "When we went to dine with the B----s I was kissed by all present, which was very friendly, I am sure . . . Thank you for the piece of lutestring sent and the bar of sweetmeats. Sallie Tabor comes over from Bedford often, and she has spun a good piece of cloth for me. Joel sent me a shawl of white silk, which the Captain brought from China. I will wear it to church with my lilac satin." In an old book a few months' expenses of a clerical gentleman are put down as follows, primly and carefully written:

Jan.	Oil cake of Hayden	.50
	For spinning done by Polly Nash, 12 runs	1.00
	2 pds butter, beating flax by Scipio	.26
	Pair shoes for self	1.50
	Killing hog by Ashael	.17
	Pint rum at Bardwell's	do
Feb.	Postage for letter	.17
	3 yds broadcloth	10.00
Apr.	Cow bought of Tobey	15.00
	Pruning apple-trees	.67
	A day's work by a woman Taylor	.25
	Equipping John for training	2.25
May	Plough	6.17
	Expenses to and from Boston	2.16

This gentleman's salary and perquisites amounted to something under four hundred dollars, upon which, however, he married, and appears to have lived with considerable comfort and ease; since the balance was in his favor some three dollars when the year closed! Times, however, have changed, although the houses in this part of the country nearly all maintain traces of their first period of architecture, and have about them a look of permanence in home comfort which is very alluring. There are wide, coolly matted hallways, with doors at either end, the one often leading directly to the street, and the other to some sweet old-fashioned garden, with shade trees and box walks, and a tangle of all the flowers known to the days of our great-great grandmothers. The staircases have slender balustrades painted white, and with polished dark wood railings; jars of blue and white brought over from over the seas stand in windows on the landings; upstairs there are tall old chests of drawers with brass handles and claw feet, prim high-backed chairs, and carpets, oftentimes of homespun, whose colors have faded out to appropriate hues. The quaintly carved cabinets, curious wicker-work, and Indian draperies all tell of old sea-going days, and in the drawing-rooms corner cupboards reveal treasures which the young people of to-day are gladly bringing to light. Small old Indian ivories, amulets, and the like, we saw, worth their weight in gold, heaped up in a great shining lacquered bowl, and which decorated one end of a chimney-piece, which of itself was fascinating. The old tiles had been there over a hundred years, and told a Scriptural story in pictures crudely wrought in blue traceries upon a dull white ground. The wood-work in this room was of Indian red, the windows deep and cushioned in faded green , and the walls were hung with old portraits, a stately lady of George the Third's day smiling upon her grandson across the room, whose curling locks and carefully arranged stock and embroidered shirt front were of a period thirty years later. There was a work-box on a shelf in this room full of girlish trifles over a century old; a little book about the language of flowers was tucked in among reels of silk and linen thread; a netted purse, half finished, was in o[illegible] compartment, with some old coins tied up carefully in the end, while in the largest division were a pair of pretty white gloves which the girl who wore them had embroidered, and which, when worn, must have reached almost to the short puffed sleeves she wore.

Fairhaven wakes up wonderfully with the morning sunshine. Before we left we drove out to visit its specially historic site, old Fort Phoenix, of Revolutionary fame. Many are the stories told by old inhabitants of the attack made upon their village in 1778, and some are full of romance and incident. The British troops landed at Clark's Cove, opposite, and marched around to the Acushnet River, and over the bridge and down the east side into Sconticut. New Bedford was in a state of turmoil and fright, and up Union and County Streets the scenes were terrible, but although Fairhaven was well frightened, and some lives and houses sacrificed, yet the little fort gallantly resisted the attack, and it is said the village was really saved in this fashion: Major Israel Fearing was in command, and the day on which the English had determined to burn the village a fisherman risked his life by escaping from New Bedford where he was a prisoner, and getting across to his native town, where he speedily reached the major and informed him of the enemy's plan. The fort was feebly garrisoned, but Fearing was determined to do his best and bravest. In an old notebook loaned us was the following account:

"The men were placed behind houses and stores where the major supposed the British would land. They suffered them to reach the shore with their boats before a musket was discharged, and they were then in great numbers beginning to land, and had set fire to two or three stores within one hundred yards of Major Fearing and his men, who fired upon and routed them. By the screams and tracks of blood it is supposed many were wounded." The people of the village, however, were naturally in a tumult of fright. Captain John Alden's farm was attacked just as he was endeavoring to conceal some of his stores, others suffered with their lives, and many of the inhabitants fled to the woods and whatever articles they could lay quick hands upon.

The fort as it now stands on an eminence to the right of the town presents a rather dismantled appearance so far as its military aspect is concerned, but it commands a superb view of the bay and the ocean, and has a certain character given it by the few guns pointing over the parapet, and the magazine at one side where Major Fearing's ammunition was stored. A grassy road leads up to it, and the entrance is now peaceful enough. We clambered up to the wall, and sat looking down at the beach and the roads and the sail-dotted harbor with great satisfaction and thankfulness for the peace of 1883. In whaling days this shore was a very active one, but seems now to be largely devoted to pleasure seekers, who come and go, picnicking about the grounds of the old fort, whence they can look across at New Bedford, rising steeply, its shores crowded with shipping, its church spires and tall buildings shining in the sun.

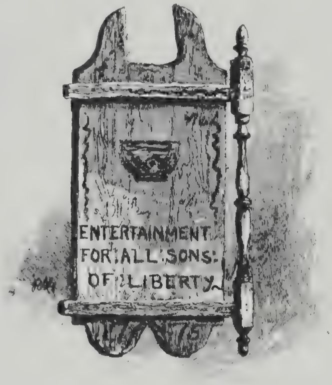
It was late in the afternoon when we drove across the long bridge and into the busy, hilly streets of New Bedford. Through the lower part of the town, its shipping interests were many; every other lounger in shop or house doorway seemed to have been born and bred to a sea-faring life. Portuguese, Italian, and French types mingled freely with the Hibernian and Yankee, giving a tone of Continental life to the New England settlement. But away up in the quieter streets this impression merged into one wholly American. The fine dwelling houses set in the quiet of their gardens, the stores, banks, and public buildings all presented a picture of thrift and comfort and solid domestic prosperity; but New Bedford can tell many a tale of the past when life was anxious and unsettled, in the days when it was all known by the more melodious name of Acushnet, when the Quaker colonists settled there to escape the newer persecutions of their adopted country. We wished that our holiday was not so near its close as we drove away and out upon the Dartmouth road, for New Bedford would have repaid a longer stay. The streets now so busily occupied with commerce are full of interesting landmarks, and in many instances the old houses have not yet given way to the new, while there are records of eventful and typical periods of the country's history which belong to New Bedford, and give the town a permanent character in the Massachusetts of yesterday and to-day.

From New Bedford to Dartmouth village we drove along a wide highway singularly straight, and white in the afternoon light. But for the gayety of the few gardens we passed there would have been little color anywhere, but it was in this region that the sunflower began to grow rampant. Taller and taller were the stalks, and bolder and more given to nodding over fences the great deep-hued blossoms, until one garden seemed in the fast-gathering dusk to have a strange mid-air world of color; but the most light-hearted, careless plant down here was the "ragged-sailor;" tall, slim, and purplish-red, it grew in rows and clusters all along the borders of poorer gardens, and ran wild along some parts of the road. But the sense of color vanished soon, a soft twilight faded into that sort of dusk which is not darkness, and yet gives the effect of a world of dimness — to the woodlands a strange feeling of silence, impenetrable solitude, and density. Ahead of us stretched a long white road, bordered closely on either side by greens, and where it rose and fell in gentle undulations as like an Italian roadway as though we were driving toward the Adriatic. Gateways of open-work in iron carried on this impression, and no sight or sound disturbed it, for by the time we had reached Dartmouth the last rays of sunset had died away; the cool twilight showed us a marshy stretch of water, windmills on a far-away shore, and level lands stretching yellowish and gray to the water's edge, pollards rising in sharp brief lines, a reedy bank shining in one last spot of light, and when we crossed the bridge and were curving to the southward and Nonquit, we felt strongly all the charm of the country we were in — the country Swain Gifford has painted for us so well because he knows its every line and variation.

The next morning, when the fog that screened the water slowly rolled away, we saw a wonderful gleaming, glowing country, stretches of moor and meadow land broken into by beltings of trees and ridges green and brown in spots, or lying golden with the cassia plant like English broom upon them. At the water's edge there were marshy bends, whence seemed to flow forth ripples of light that reached on to the bolder waters where the sun gleamed as on a broken mirror, and the white sails of boats went in and out catching sunlight and shadow in swift succession. But away from this strong effect are bits that bring the pencils of Gifford and Sartain quickly to mind; old roadways with orchard trees, and windmills with the jagged outlet of water, or the cone-shaped roofs of the salt-works rising against the sky, and everywhere in form and color suggesting, as nothing else upon our journey had done, the Old World — Holland, perhaps, or some parts of France. A peasant from the Loir-and-Cher would have "come" admirably in one brown field we passed, where the background was of gray sky and pale green foliage; and crossing the stone bridge toward Dartmouth village there was all the setting of a Dutch picture — the sombre tones mingling with vivid green, the broken lands with windmills active in the distance, and the curve of the water with a boat all gray and brown and dingy green anchored in its one strong spot of light.

We left Nonquit — which is but a small community, a settlement of cottages and studios delightfully grouped together — and drove back to Dartmouth at an hour when everything was smiling and high in key. The dahlias in an old walled garden we had left in dimness the night before hung now like red stains upon the gray stones below. The sky above was daintily rimmed and flecked with white, and as we turned into the village street of Dartmouth, a flock of birds went sweeping over-head, whirring noisily, and seeming to give farewell to the summer-time in exultant mood and melody. The street is irregularly lined with trees; there are houses at intervals, with spaces of tangled gardens between, corn patches, and some placid green spots. Only here and there a human figure came in view; then it moved so idly that no animation seemed added to the scene, and we fell back involuntarily to thinking of the country in Indian days, and when Nonquit, King Philip's uncle, ruled here. Our drive that afternoon carried on such associations, for we passed the Acushnet River, went across Long Plain — the wide and level lands of the Indian — and round into the lake country. Thence from Fairhaven to Lakeville the country is rich and impressive. The road, when Long Plain is passed, leads you to the lakes — Quitticus great and little, Long Pond, and Assawampsett. They inclose all the most famous country of old Indian times in that region, and, with their belts of forest land, lie so silent, so sombre, and so grandly impressive alone that one almost feels that the spell of the red man rests upon them never to be lifted. Even the little steamer that ploughs its way from the Nemasket River to the lakes in summer-time does not take away from the silence and solemnity that incloses them. To the right of Quitticus the hills rise abruptly and densely wooded, but the water's edge is marked by little reedy brakes that lie pale green in the sunlight, and seem only waiting for the Indian's light foot to press, just as the still surface of the water seems to be waiting for the swift touch of his canoe.

From this "country of the waters," we reached Middleborough again one evening about dusk, and the next day set forth for the last portion of our journey. We drove around to the old church which stands upon a green, and is somewhat heavier in form than many buildings of its time. It used to be noted for its many windows and their leaded panes, but these have long since given place to more modern glass. Some of them have been preserved by lovers of antiquity in the neighborhood, and one was shown to us that morning.



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THE OLD SPROAT TAVERN

Nearly opposite the church stands a house which is one of the last links with the Middleborough of Revolutionary times. The building is long and low, and presents an exterior of many windows, a tall chimneyed wing, and a general air of faced reds and yellows on the shingles. It is a comfortable dwelling house now, but in 1775 it was an inn known to every man or woman who rode from Boston to Middleborough or from Plymouth to the great city. And from its upper story was swung the first sign-board which openly proclaimed sentiments of liberty and rebellion; and a daring thing it was in those days when Oliver was judge, and the country half full of vindictive Tories. By the kindness of the present owner we were shown through the house, which has been preserved as nearly in its original form as possible. The parlor retains the wainscot, the great fire-place, and above all for picturesqueness, the deep-seated square windows, the tiny latticed panes of glass. At one side runs a shelf and panel which formerly led into the tap-room of the inn — a small place where the landlord has his "Ain fireside," and comfortably talked politics and had his pipe and his glass with a congenial neighbor. As we stood in the doorway of the tap-room and looked at the dark walls, we thought of the brave and enterprising spirit of mine host, who refused to draw beer for any one who would not acknowledge the justice of the sign-board swung without. The kitchen showed the ponderous crossbeams of 1690, when it was built, with Dutch bricks and English wood-work, and the fire-place was worthy of the Christmas roasts it had given. The front hall and entrance looked like some quaint picture, the slender-balustered staircase winding around and up to a low-ceilinged hall and rooms in the second story.

Our host showed us some old pamphlets and papers which, as he took them from a secretary near one of the deep windows, seemed to have lain there all their century of existence.

We had heard, though vaguely, that some Indians, remnants of an old tribe, had journeyed to Middleborough to work up a claim for land they had upon the government, and on our way to Bridgewater we came suddenly upon their tents. We left the phaeton and went into the pine grove, feeling a little doubtful of our reception. Three women were at work in the only tent which was occupied. Of these, one was an aged, hideously ugly creature, whose shrivelled face and long arms and brown hands were visible out of a mass of coarse red and gray wrappings. At her side was a younger woman busily plaiting straw. But the third, whom we noticed last, because she was half concealed behind a piece of furniture, was, when she rose, the most impressive savage figure one could imagine. Whatever grace or beauty belongs to the Indian type this woman possessed, with a luxury of form and color, a dignity of bearing, a defiance of manner, not marred by the sullenness with which she greeted us. As soon as we spoke she flung herself down upon a loose heap of skins, evidently willing to talk, but determined to do so in a comfortable position. The splendid physique of the woman was more apparent as she rested there in an attitude of the most completely indolent grace, her strong dark arms and hands clasped above her head, the curve of her swarthy cheek, the sullen fire of her eyes, showing to perfect advantage as she indifferently answered our questions. She it was, we learned, afterward, who had organized the movement, and indeed she looked quite capable of any persistent and relentless enterprise. Had they come from far?, we questioned. Oh yes, a long distance; but when this was said we had to revive the conversation, the magnificent young Indian at our feet apparently taking not the smallest interest in our presence or enlightenment. By dint, however, of some purchases we warmed her into some animation, and learned that they meant to stay there until they had accomplished something with their claim. While she talked she looked at us from under her half-veiled eyelids with a curious kind-of contempt, as though she felt our race entirely inferior to her own, and I am not sure but that as we drove away a sense of her superiority did not impress us more than anything else. We talked of it afterward as a curious and fitting ending to our journey.

The lights of Bridgewater in the distance seemed to us almost as though they might have been from the lamps of Pilgrim days. Again we were driving past the hill of Wanacoto; again across the fertile lands of the early settlers. All our journeying might have seemed a dream but for the sudden sense of familiarity with which our horse turned her head toward the gateway which led to home, to the studio in the garden, to the long white house with its many windows alight, and the hospitable door thrown widely open.

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Certified Genealogist

No matter where you live — there are always so-called local names for sections of the community and also one finds that certain surnames appear frequently as names of persons who always have lived in town. Sometimes a knowledge of the older local names given localities will help in solving a genealogical problem by pinpointing an area. Local persons often leave a heritage to the community such as White's Hill, Barden's Hill or the Oliver Mill.

Over the years the identity of the person for whom the area or section was named can often become forgotten but the historical and genealogical fact remains that at some earlier date the White, the Barden or Oliver family had some connection with the area. A true historian or genealogical researcher realizes that learning the given name and family connection of the first settler in these locally named areas will often assist in solving a lineage.

Peter Oliver came to Middleboro from Boston. He graduated from Harvard College in 1737 and in 1744 he moved to Middleboro and bought considerable land in the section called Muttock. It was the furnace and slitting mill which he erected that enabled him to secure large contracts from the Crown. This was undoubtedly one of the major reasons why Peter Oliver was known as an ardent Loyalist. He was a prosperous business man and had built a magnificent home — considered one of the finest country residences outside of Boston — and named it Oliver's Hall.

Feelings and emotions attained prominence and often went out of control in the early days of the Revolution. Those persons who continued to give their support or loyalty to the crown became very unpopular and frequently the local citizens took matters in their own hands and caused damage to the property of the Loyalists. Peter Oliver was also a Judge, and a prominent one, and this also increased the local residents' dislike of the influential and prosperous man who was now recognized as a Tory — an adherent to the Crown.

Of course the obvious happened — the day came when Peter Oliver feared for his life and when the home of his brother in Boston was burned — Judge Oliver recognized that he, too, should leave. He and his family left on a vessel with Governor Gage for London. He never returned to America and died in England in the year 1782. The Patriots of Middleboro in November of 1778 burned Oliver Hall to the ground. Furnishings were either destroyed in the fire or carried off by the townspeople. The beautiful grounds were destroyed from the effects and spreading of the fire and the large area in Muttock which was Oliver property became desolate and unkept.

As time went on other family names appeared in the settlement known as Muttock. Gamaliel Rounseville, E. T. Soule, Abiel Washburn, Colonel Thomas Weston, Philander Washburn, son of General Abiel Washburn, became residents of the Muttock area which at this time was a most active community. Still later we find the names of Hubbard, Bisbee, Doggett and Crossman. General Abiel Washburn and his son Philander manufactured shovels and for many years had a prosperous business in Muttock. The General died on 17 June 1843 and left many descendants as he had a rather large family.

Today Muttock is just a section of the town of Middleboro and state road #44 goes by the restoration of the old furnace and mill site of Peter Oliver. Fortunately for all those who are interested in history . . . a restoration of the old mill has been created. Working under the careful direction of a trained historian and archaeologist . . . the digging at the original site has unearthed sufficient old bricks, timbers and other material to permit a partial construction from the original material of the old mill. A genealogical study of the Oliver family would be equally interesting and would undoubtedly result in the discovery of many blood-ties to the Oliver family of other 'old' families whose names appear in the settlement records of "Olde Middleborough."

QUESTION
BOX

The "Question Box" is open to all Association members and Antiquarian subscribers. All questions are limited to fifty (50) words each - name and address to be included and counted as five (5) words. Every question MUST have a Middleborough connection prior to 1875. Non-members may submit questions at the rate of five cents (5¢) for each word. All questions will be published in order of receipt and subject to availability of space. The editor reserves the right to edit and/or reject any and all questions non conforming to rules.

QUERY

Seek ancestry of RALPH COX of Middleborough who married Hannah Bishop in Bolton, Conn. Jan. 13, 1756. Perhaps Patience Cox who married Samuel Bishop was his sister. Ralph Cox served in Revolutionary War from Becket, Berkshire Co., died Saratoga Co., New York, 1807. MRS. JAMES B. LEONARD, 10 Apple Blossom Lane, Danbury, Conn. 06810

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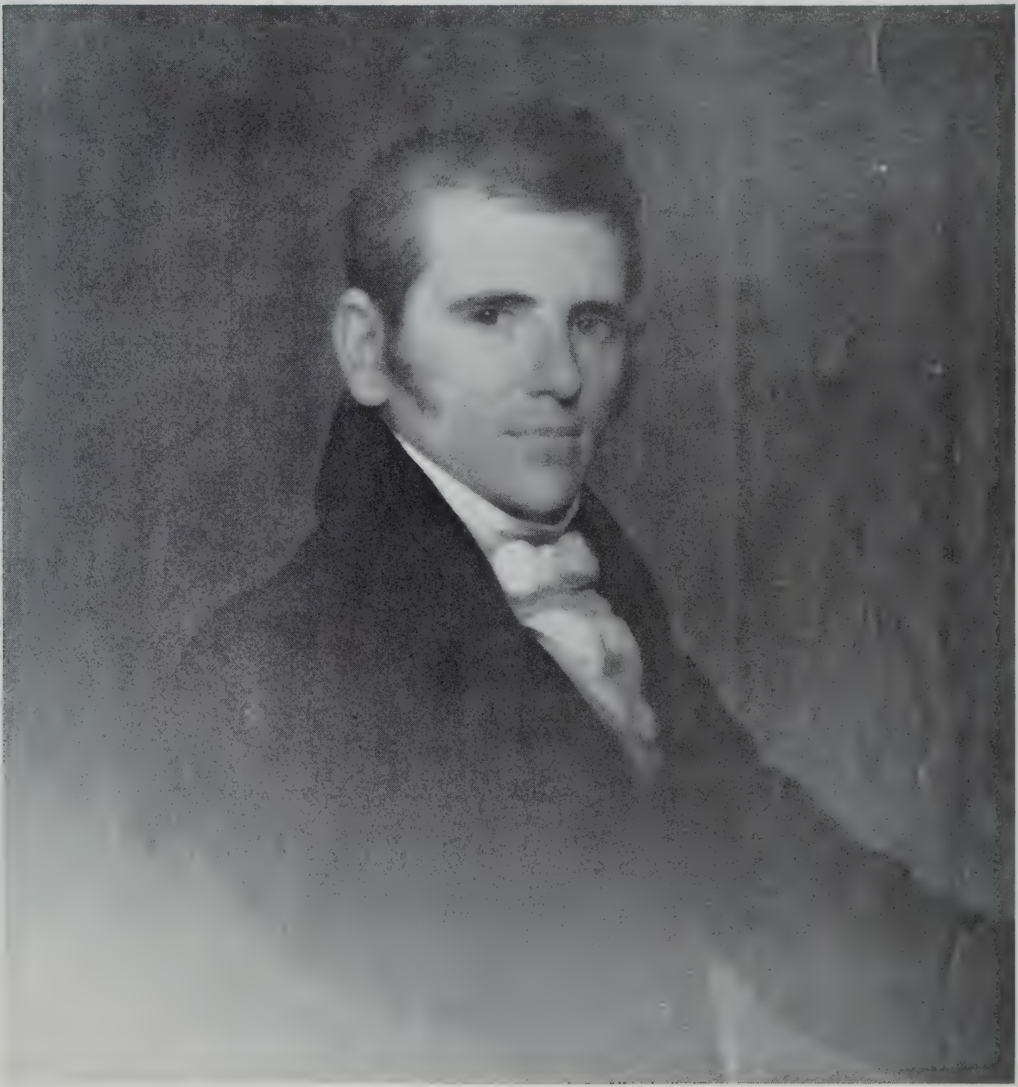

DR. ARAD THOMPSON

This picture of Dr. Thompson is one of the several portraits in the Middleborough Historical Museum painted by Cephas Thompson. Dr. Thompson was a brother of the artist. Born in 1786, son of William and Deborah Thompson, he was one of Middleboro's early physicians. Dr. Thompson was a graduate of Dartmouth College and practiced medicine while residing in the house that stood on South Main Street where the Unitarian Church is now located. He died in 1843.

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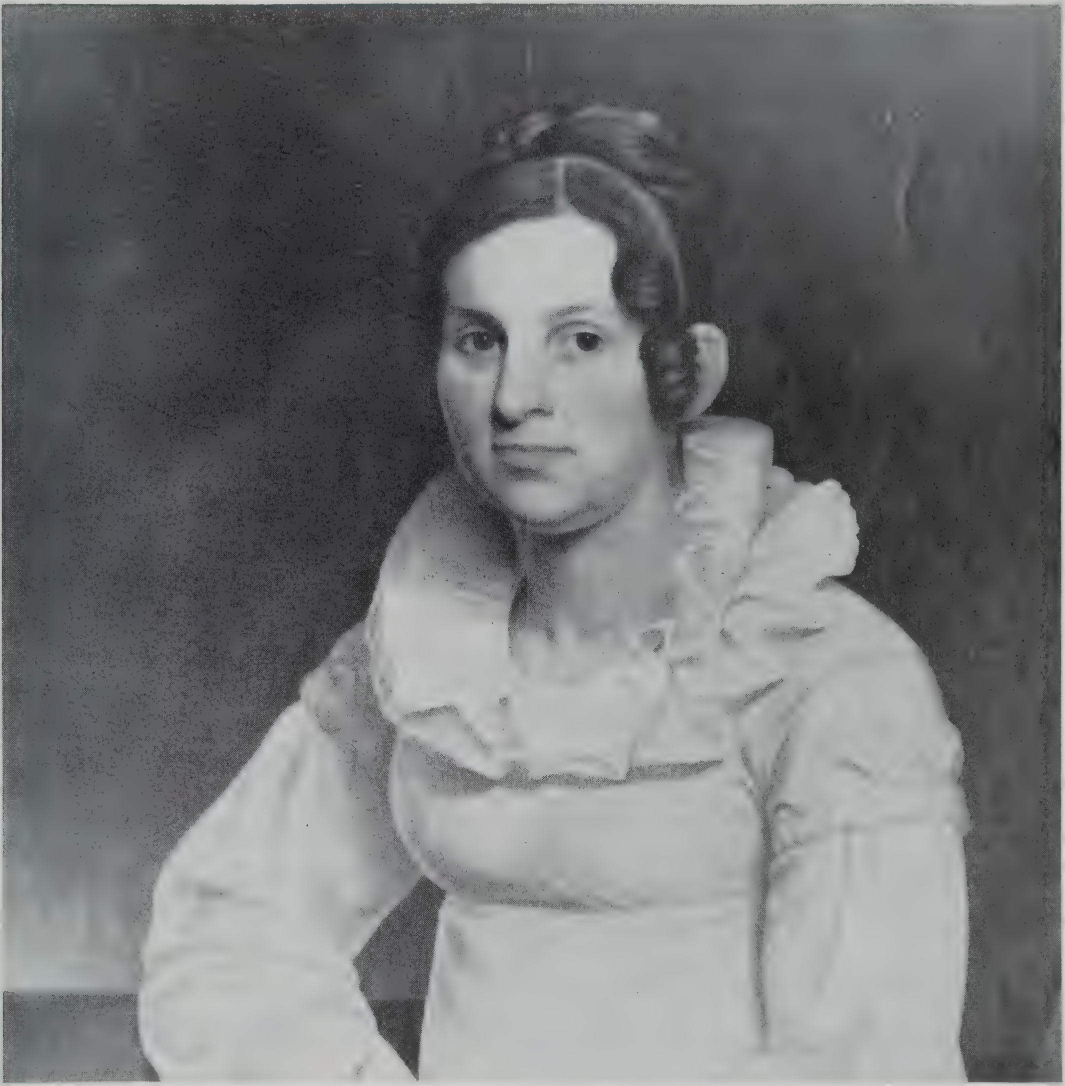

MERCY BOURNE THOMPSON

Wife of Dr. Arad Thompson

Mercy Bourne Thompson was the daughter of Hon. William and Lucy Peirce Bourne. She married Dr. Thompson in 1816 and they had four children: Nancy, Lucy Ann, Ellen, and William Arad. Mrs. Thompson's portrait was also painted by her brother-in-law, Cephas Thompson.

Of interest are two pieces of needlework owned by the Museum and created by Mercy Bourne, one a sampler, worked in 1798, and a large picture embroidered with very fine silk threads, done in 1812 while she was a student at Peirce Academy. These are to be seen in the Textile Room of the Museum.

MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN
Middleboro, Massachusetts

VOLUME XIII 1971 Number 1

Mertie E. Romaine .... Editor

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MIDDLEBOROUGH WELFARE - 1798

We, the four Selectmen of this Town,
*Silvanus, Abiel, Israel, and James,
Do, on this day in seventeen ninety-eight,
Proclaim and post a Sale, a Bondage Sale.
That boy, Job, now his Master's dead
And he but ten, must still indentured be.
His Service is for sale, he must be bound
Till he be twenty-one, one month, one day.
We do not think he'll last this cold year out,
He coughs so . . . So his bond is cheap.
Only the price the Leach may wish to charge;
We'll pay the orphan's coffin. Who'll take Job?
Also, We Four, as Overseers of the Poor,
Signing our names on slips of linen rag
To orders on the Treasury of our Town,
(For Widow Hannah, herring, wood and wool);
Do more than guide its open government.
For we sent Olive Norcut to old Cole,
We clothe her, see that she is amply fed.
We pay him, too, to keep her out of sight;
We know that Cole is cruel, yes, we know . . .
But our young men and Olive must not meet.
And if we meet her, furtively, we Four,
Cole will not talk, he has his farm to keep.
(And send another load of fire-wood
Down to keep young Morcut warm).
These orders for the District Grammar Schools,
English and Latin and the Rule of Three,
Are in our care. We chose our Teachers well,
(To Seth Sproat, in his District, dollars ten).
In these, the young years of our Nation's life,
We shall have good schools — free!
They, the four Selectmen of our Town,
Silvanus, Abiel, Israel, and James,
They have been dead so many, many years;
Their names in pale, browned ink have now no power,
But — "Welfare?" That is what they truly were,
And Middleborough fared well in their day.
They knew each pauper, knew their scanty needs,
Assigned the sums that eased their meager lives;
(To Ebenezer Tinkham, straw and flour.
To Abraham, one coat, and find him work).
And taxed where taxes could be justly met —
(Poll tax, nine dollars — Eli Cobb, Esquire).
Terse orders these — vocabulary short,
But how they speak of lengthy parliament
In Morton's Tavern; can't you hear the talk?
Talk of the burning of Judge Oliver's Hall —
Talk of the Herring-run and native ore —
(Yes, sign that lease for Assawampsett Iron).
Talk of the Indian Settlement and farms —
(To Philip Peirce, ten pence for apple-seed).
And if their signatures mean little now,
Still, there's a life in being carefully read;
In being thus preserved and cleaned and filed . . .
Who, in this day will, many years from now,
Evoke one spark — one glimpse of Present Times
From type-script's modern, antiseptic page;
As they, the four Selectmen of this Town,
Have done — in script.

*Probably Silvanus Mendall, Abiel Washburn, Israel Wood and James Peirce.

by EMILY GORDON

Courtesy of Mrs. Theodore F. Mendall

Mrs. Patrick Gordon was a resident of Middleboro for several years in the 1950's. She was a gifted writer, and an enthusiastic member and worker in the Middleborough Historical Association. While serving as Assistant Curator of the society, Mrs. Gordon spent much time studying the large collection of orders on the town treasury dated between 1770 and 1816. Perusing these fascinating documents, written on narrow slips of paper pinned together by hand-made tinned brass pins, she was inspired to write this poem on a subject every bit as pertinent today as then — "WELFARE."

"WHAT'S NEW?"

by CLINT CLARK

When local police are alerted to the theft of a late model automobile, their investigation often proceeds on the assumption that it was stolen by professional car thieves.

But when the stolen car is of earlier vintage and of comparatively little value, it is a reasonable and oft proven assumption that it was "borrowed" for a "joy ride." Such cars usually are found abandoned, almost invariably with an empty gas tank and generally undamaged.

The latter pattern of theft, when coupled with an incident occurred here in 1911, bears out the common sayings that there's nothing new under the sun and that history repeats itself. To the question, "what's new", our response is, "Nothing is new that isn't also old."

The circumstances may differ, as in the 1911 case which The Middleboro Gazette reported under the headline "Bold Horse Thieves." It is a tale worthy of repeating, as will be seen.

It seems that Allerton Thompson, who was an assessor at that time, drove to the Commercial Club one evening, leaving his horse in front of the building. As he left the meeting at the Club, shortly after 11 p.m., he discovered that his horse was missing.

The genial Mr. Thompson and his well known "old mare" were a familiar sight around town for many years, and one can picture his concern at finding his faithful horse had been stolen.

We might also assume that horse thievery was not uncommon. What is remarkable, however, is that the next morning word was received here that police in Jamaica Plain had in their custody two youths who "borrowed" Mr. Thompson's horse the previous evening.

Actually, the tale became more remarkable, by virtue of the fact that the youths were apprehended while driving the stolen horse and buggy in the city. As The Gazette observed, "That a horse of the age of this venerable animal would be able to cover the 30 miles in this time surely is cause for adding a few dollars to her value next spring."

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MUSEUM NOTES

The Fourth Annual Flea Market for the benefit of the Museum proved to be the most successful of them all. There were twenty-one dealers who set up shop on the Museum green. Almost $1,100 was taken in that day, August 7th, and because expenses are minimal, the net proceeds should add up to almost $1,000. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Eayrs, Chairmen, and members of the Museum Committee extend sincere thanks to all who helped, especially the following: W. Arnold MacKenzie, Lyman Briggs, Clinton E. Clark, and L. Charles Judge who helped organize the fair the night before; Joseph Sinauski who donated the use of his truck and transported necessities for the food concession, also contributing generously of ice and articles of food; those who manned the tables, persuasive salesmen and salesladies; and to members of the Historical Association who donated sandwiches and sweets for the lunch table. The Committee is looking forward to the Fifth Annual Flea Market in 1972 and urgently requests the membership to begin now to set aside furniture, antiques and household articles that the 1972 Flea Market may be as successful as the one of August, 1971.

Two outstanding donations have been received from former residents of Middleboro, both of whom retain a deep interest in their home town. Mr. Albert Libby, now of Brockton, already a generous contributor of Tom Thumb items, has recently given a collection that includes wearing apparel of Mrs. Tom Thumb, a theatre-trunk labelled "Count Magri," and a great many pictures and documents of both the General and Mrs. Tom Thumb and her tiny sister, Minnie Warren. Besides the Tom Thumb collection, Mr. Libby also gave two very fine antique chairs, a hobby horse for the Children's Room, a silver teaset marked with the letter "B", for Bowman, the name of his grandmother to whom the set belonged, and a television for the Flea Market.

Mrs. Margaret (Wood) Hayward, daughter of Edward C. and Katherine S. Wood, now a resident of West Newbury, Vermont, has given a collection of exquisite tokens of an earlier generation. There are beautiful beaded bags, handmade lace, such nostalgic articles as gilded curtain tiebacks, gold shirt studs, watch fobs and other pieces of jewelry, mother-of-pearl card cases, and many other beautiful and fascinating articles of a by-gone day.

Two interesting and much appreciated activities taking place in the Museum are one, the large loom in the Textile Room is being set up in working order and two, some of the portraits and paintings that adorn the Museum walls are being cleaned. The first project is being carried on by Mrs. Eleanor Mason of New Bedford. Mrs. Mason is herself an enthusiastic weaver and volunteered to try to untangle and put in proper order the myriad strings hanging loosely from the frame. This loom originally stood in the old Hell's Blazes Tavern, and was loaned to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cleaveland, former owners of the Tavern. Since the Tavern was tragically destroyed by fire a few months ago, it appears that the loom will be a permanent fixture of the Museum. We hope soon to have actual demonstrations of weaving, and are most grateful to Mrs. Mason for giving of her time and effort toward this end.

The portraits and paintings being cleaned have been exposed to the elements for a century and more. Mrs. Natalie Burnett Hamilton has kindly volunteered to do this work, and what she has already accomplished has made a tremendous improvement in the appearance of the subjects. Mrs. Hamilton is a well-trained artist and knows exactly how this delicate work should be performed. We are indeed appreciative of her interest and her willingness to give the Museum the benefit of her knowledge and skill.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY MRS. TOM THUMB

Following are two letters written by Mrs. Tom Thumb that were included in the several pieces of correspondence and documents recently presented to the Middleborough Historical Museum by Mr. Albert Libby, formerly of Middleboro, now living in Brockton. The letters are not dated, but judging from the writing and contents the first letter would seem to have been written when Mrs. Stratton was in her seventies, perhaps 1910 or 1911.

Middleboro, Massachusetts, u.s.a.

To my dear friends I write that you may know I am still before the public with that love of kindness of heart of one who has learned and lived in public, met people socially at home and abroad. Many years have passed by, yet neither time nor space has made me forget. As a young girl I left home at the age of sixteen, visiting the West only as far as St. Louis, Missouri. Fifty years ago it was, far far away from Middleboro. From there on through to St. Paul, Minnesota (I have a picture of the First Church at St. Paul) traveling up and down the Missouri and Illinois rivers; also the Mississippi. At that period my health was not good, yet I did enjoy the river trips. People were social, the steamboats were filled with passengers. I visited the southern states at the fairs, making friends wherever I went. At the breaking out of the Civil War, I was at Selma, Alabama. It was quite an effort to get North. Going directly home, it was then that I first met Mr. P. T. Barnum. With my father, I visited Bridgeport, Connecticut, and remained overnight at Mr. Barnum's house. In the morning, Mr. Barnum took us to New York City to see the sights, Barnum Museum included. A grand city at that time and nothing like today. We arrived at Thirty-ninth Street in the steam cars when the horses were hitched on and the cars were drawn down to Twenty-seventh Street. The New York railroad station omnibuses going up and down Broadway. Pickpockets on every corner. With all the hustle and bustle, there was a pleasure in it. I did enjoy my New York experience.

I returned home at once. In a few months, or weeks rather, I entered in the show business for good, although I had been in it for years. Mr. Barnum insisted upon my engaging and giving my services to him at the Museum. I did so after meeting Charles S. Stratton, known as General Tom Thumb. We decided to marry on the tenth of February,

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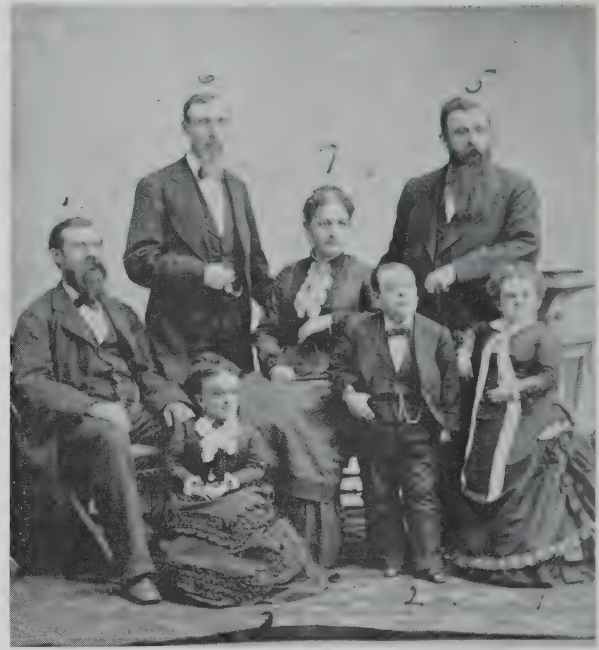
1863. We were married at Grace Church, New York City. The clergyman, or rector, being a close friend of Mr. Stratton, he was pleased to officiate at our wedding. Next, we started [illegible] a tour through the East, West, and Canada, returning to New York and appearing at Mr. Barnum's Museum. In October, 1864, we sailed for London, England, a long tedious journey on the old steamship, City of Washington, very nearly fourteen days crossing the ocean. We remained in England two years and eight months, returning to the United States and our own dear homes for a rest, meeting our loved ones. In the Fall of '67, we formed a company calling it "General Tom Thumb Company," visiting the South, West, and coming East in the Summer, going down in the British Provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edwards Island. Again returning to New York in 1868, March, General Tom Thumb and myself played our own sketches, singing and dancing, giving character acts. At Tremont Temple in Boston, I think we played two different times to immense audiences, the very elite, elegant people. Again playing Horticultural Hall quite a number of times. In 1869, I left New York with our Company: Miss Minnie Warren (my sister) Commodore Nutt, Charles S. Stratton known as General Tom Thumb, and our attendants, for San Francisco, California, being one of the first parties as a company to go overland by rail to San Francisco. Such a change of climate and scenery, everything. It was business, yet there was more pleasure. Business was immense, creating a furor wherever we were. Arriving at San Francisco after touring the far Western states, we sailed for Japan, to China, to Port de Galle, not a port to enter any more. Colombo is where all vessels take harbor in those waters. Then on to Australia, traveling all over by stagecoach, having our own coaches and horses, also one small carriage and ponies. Making many friends, we sailed from Sydney, one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, for Melbourne. From there to Calcutta, India. After making a tour of India, we sailed for Italy, again traveling over Europe. We sailed for New York, U.S.A. Never did Old Glory look so bright and pretty, so grand, as it did when we sailed into New York, our home. Still we kept going, never one thought but that we would always remain the same and be together in the mortal. The time came. The General passed on at our home in Middleboro, July 15, 1883. To me the separation was something terrible, but thanks be to our God, I have learned that there is no separation. Now, dear friends, I am quite certain this will identify me with all those who have known me in years gone by. I am still traveling with my second husband, Count Primo Magri, an Italian. We were married at Holy Trinity church, Forty-second Street, New York City, April 6, 1885. Consequently, we have lived together twenty-six years. Soon I hope to be able to place before the public my autobiography, which I know you will enjoy. With best wishes and love for all, I remain,

Sincerely,

Countess M. Lavinia Magri

(Mrs. General Tom Thumb)



MRS. TOM THUMB'S FAMILY

1. HULDAH PIERCE BUMP
(Minnie Warren)

2. CHARLES SHERWOOD STRATTON
(General Tom Thumb)

3. MERCY LAVINIA BUMP
(Mrs. General Tom Thumb.
Countess Magri)

4. BENJAMIN WARREN BUMP
(A brother)

5. GEORGHE H. WILLIS BUMP
(A brother)

6. SYLVESTER G. BLEEKER
(Traveling companion and
manager of the Tom Thumb Company)

7. MRS. BLEEKER

The second letter appears to have been written at an earlier date. When the four Little Folk were on tour, time hung heavy on their hands because it was necessary for them to be confined in their hotel room when not on parade or giving performances. If they appeared on the streets, whether in the United States or Europe, they were quickly surrounded by crowds of curious and admiring people. In the long hours spent in their rooms, they whiled away the time by doing needlework. Even the two menfolk became proficient in the art of needlework. It is easily understood that the little dog Topsey provided much company and comfort.

Probably few dogs have travelled as much as my Topsey, and always in the car with us. She seemed to understand the situation, and when enclosed in her box, kept discreetly quiet, so when my husband entered a car carrying an ordinary looking "cabin bag," no one suspected that Topsey was snugly coiled therein. Once in the car, and seated, the bag was opened, and then Topsey sat up or lay and slept, or occasionally climbed to my lap, but in no case leaving the space occupied by our seat, and showing no interest in our fellow passengers. Indeed her exclusiveness was phenominal. She was courteous to such people as her master or I welcomed, on rare occasions deigning to lie on the lap of some friend, if at our home, but to strangers or chance acquaintances, she was not cross, but simply indifferent.

Possibly some of this may have been due to the fact that she travelled so continually, and saw so many strangers. For years she went with us everywhere, crossing the ocean several times, and going by train the length and breadth of our own and foreign lands. What she thought of other countries and other languages, she never told, but I always noticed that when we reached home, she turned disdainfully away from her travelling bag, and sprang on the sofa as if to say, "at last I've a place to rest and stretch." When travelling, if the Count opened the bag while waiting for a train to give her opportunity to run about a little, she always hovered near it, and the moment she heard an approaching train, she sprang into it without waiting to be told. It seemed almost as if she feared she might be left behind.

After she had reached the age when she might fairly claim the exemption of "old dogs learn no new tricks," I took her on the stage with me one night, when the Count and I were playing, knowing that I ran no risk of any lapse from her quiet dignity, and feeling that her presence would relieve the monotony of some asides I was to interpolate. She gravely accepted the situation, and learned her cue so quickly that thence forth the call boy found her always ready, and her prompt appearance on the stage was greeted with tumultuous applause. This she calmly assumed to be her right, and made no comment. She mounted to her seat, and as if she comprehended the make-believe of it all, held her place, quiet, yet alert, and listened to the "lines" as if she understood them all. Who shall say she didn't?

One characteristic of hers was developed without any thought or effort on my part. This was her aptness as a watch dog. After dressing, finding it convenient to leave my trunk open, I arranged a small shawl which I carried for the purpose in one end of the tray, and told Topsey to lie there. With her usual perfect obedience, she sprang up and curled herself on the shawl, and I proceeded to my duties "in front." One night, missing my handkerchief, I was about to go back for it when the stage manager suggested that the "call" might come, and he'd go for it. This he did, and discovering it lying loose in the trunk tray, was about to pick it up when Topsey, who had been shamming sleep, lifted her head with a warning snarl, and displayed a set of sharp teeth, that evidently meant business. She knew the manager perfectly well, but she thought too, she knew he had no business at my trunk. *(Note: This trunk is in the Middleborough Historical Museum)*

Topsey was also introduced in a play when I was with another Company. As she appeared in the second act, she would not lie down until after she had been "on", evidently afraid she might miss the cue. Her theatrical experience was bri[illegible] because begun so late in life, for she had reached the old age of "dogdom" when, overcome by infirmities incident thereto, she suffered so much that one who loved her mercifully, put her to sleep and she never knew that he went on the train, and that for the first time in all the years, she was left behind She was buried by kindly hands, and though Peggy, my huge St. Bernard, looked on sympathizingly, she shed no tears over the grave of her tiny rival in my affections.

Sturtevant Pond, North Middleboro, Mass

Sturtevant Pond, North Middleboro

STURTEVANT'S CORNER, NORTH MIDDLEBORO

by

LYMAN BUTLER

Back in my bicycle riding days, quite often on a Sunday afternoon some of the young people would go for a lengthy ride. Sometimes we would leave Muttock and go down through Warrentown, out Summer Street to Bridgewater, then back by way of South Street to Sturtevant's Corner in North Middleboro. By the time we arrived, we were ready for a snack. There was a store where you could get pop and something to eat to go with it. After refreshments, we would go over to the boathouse and watch the canoes and boats coming and going. Some of the gang would hire a canoe and go for a paddle. The river in those days was navigable for a long distance, either way. Too bad the old boathouse had to go, but like all the old pleasure spots, business dropped off until it was no longer possible to carry on. The store remained open for sometime after the boathouse closed, but finally that went, too.

The big estate on the corner was a pretty spot. The Volunteers of America came into possession of the property and ran a summer camp for children. I can remember playing baseball on the lot in front. In the rear was a very pretty little pond with a pier and summer house. It is all in ruins now.

TWIGS & BRANCHES

of

Olde Middleborough

in

Plymouth County

Massachusetts

by

MRS. CHARLES DELMAR TOWNSEND

Certified Genealogist

Commonly called 'the Church at the Green'—the First Church of Middleborough, Massachusetts was organized on the 26th of December, 1694 and the Rev. Samuel Fuller ordained as the first minister. Mr. Fuller died on 17 August 1695 at the age of 70. During his pastorate twenty persons were admitted as members of the Church.

Samuel Fuller was included in the group of 'twenty-six purchasers' of the part of Middleborough which was called later 'the first precinct.' The land was purchased of the Indian sachem, Wampatuck in March of 1662. The purchase was confirmed by the government of Plymouth Colony. Deputies were sent to the court at Plymouth from 1669 to 1675. In 1675 the outbreak of the Indian Wars broke up the settlement and the purchasers returned to Plymouth.

In 1679 they returned to Middleborough accompanied by their minister, the Rev. Samuel Fuller, and a permanent settlement was established. The town of Middleborough contains more than one hundred square miles and is one of the largest (if not the largest) towns in the Commonwealth. In 1680 the town provided a house lot and twelve acres of land for their minister, Rev. Samuel Fuller. His salary was "20 pounds to be paid one quarter in silver and the rest in produce, corn at two shillings and wheat at four per bushel."

The original Church records from the organization to the coming of the Rev. Peter Thacher in 1708 have been lost. Mr. Noah Bosworth of Halifax, Massachusetts provided a copy of Rev. Samuel Fuller's account of the Church. This copy was supplied in 1826 by Mr. Bosworth who found it among records of his great grandfather, Ebenezer Fuller. The copy in the possession of Ebenezer Fuller was dated at Middleborough on 8 March 1734.

The list of members was given as:

Samuel Fuller and his wife
Jonathan Morse and his wife
Samuel Wood
Samuel Eaton
Jacob Tomson and his wife
Hester Tinkam
Weibrah Bumpas
John Bennet and his wife
Abiel Wood and his wife
Isaac Billington
Samuel Cutburt
John Cob, Jun.
The widow-Deborah Barden
Ebenezer Tinkham, his wife

The report further stated that Ebenezer Tinkham, Isaac Billington, Jacob Tomsen were baptized. Shortly afterwards the children of John Cob were baptized, namely: John, Martha, Patience - all in their infancy. Also, Lidia Bumpas, the daughter of Weibra Bumpas.

John Bennet, Sen. was ordained Deacon, he was formerly a resident of Beverly, Massachusetts.

On the 10th of April 1738 a confession 'that we are in suitable frames to communicate at the Lord's table together' written by the minister, the Rev. Peter Thacher, was signed by the following members:

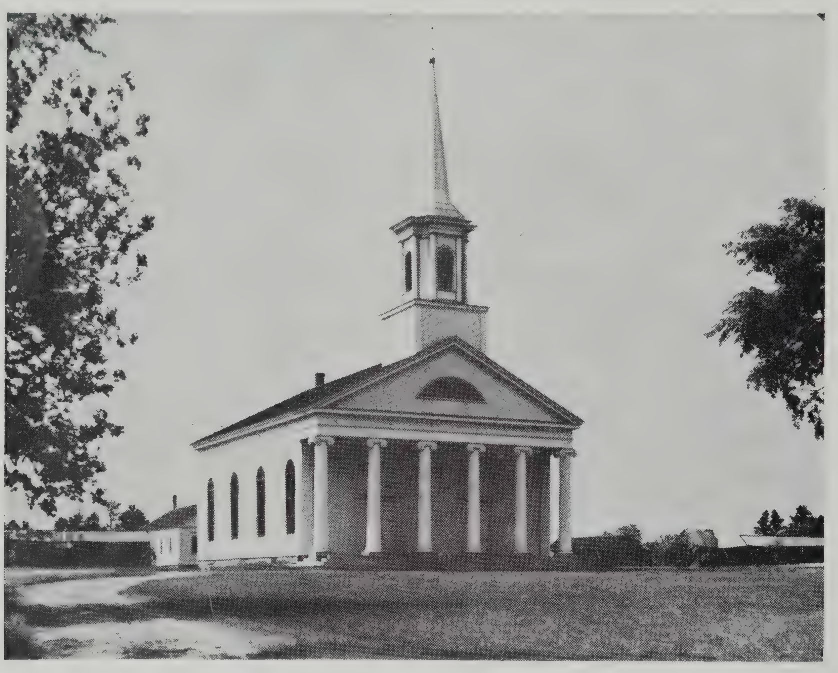
Henry Thomas
Lemuel Dunham
Samuel Barrows
Obadiah Sampson
Seth Tinkham
Ebenezer Redding
Ephraim Wood
Ichabod Paddock
Samuel Warren
Nehemiah Bennet
Thomas Tupper
Samuel Eddy, Jr.
Samuel Wood
Ebenezer Finney
Nathan Clark
Benjamin Tucker
Francis Eaton
Hezk'a Purrington
Cooms Barrows
Benjamin White
Jonathan Smith
John Cavender
James Smith
Ezra Clap
David Alden
Joseph Bates
Noah Thomas
James Raymond
Sam'l Barrows, Jr.
Edmund Weston
Barn'bas Crossman
Samuel Eddy
Thomas Wood
Samuel Sampson
John Raymond
David Delano
John Vaughan
Ichabod Tupper
Nathan Bassett
Moses Sturtevant

In 1740-42 some one hundred and fifty or more persons were admitted to the membership of the Church. This was the period in New England which is frequently referred to as "the great awakening" and it was at this time that all New England churches added appreciably to their membership. During the ministry of the Rev. Peter Thacher from 1709 to 1744 some 466 persons were said to have been admitted to the Church.

Samuel Fuller, the first minister is buried at the oldest cemetery and the inscription on his headstone reads: "Here lyes buried ye body of ye Rev. Samuel Fuller, who departed this life Aug. ye 17th, 1694, in ye 71st year of his age. He was ye 1st minister of ye Church of Christ in Middleborough."

Rev. Fuller was the son of the pilgrim Samuel Fuller. The children of the Rev. Samuel were - Samuel born 1659, Mercy, Experience, Elizabeth, Hannah, John and Isaac. Samuel lived in Rocky Nook, Kingston, Massachusetts. Mercy married Daniel Cole; Experience married James Wood; Elizabeth married Samuel Eaton and Hannah married Eleazer Lewis. The sons, John and Isaac settled in the section of Middleborough which later became the town of Halifax.

After the death of the Rev. Samuel Fuller a Mr. Cushman, afterwards a pastor at Plympton, a Mr. Clap and a Mr. Cutting were successively asked to preach at Middleborough. In August of 1696, Mr. Thomas Palmer was engaged to preach for a quarter of a year at a salary of 13 Pounds. In November 1698 the town voted "that his goods shall be brought from Plymouth at the town's charge." He was charged with misbehavior in the Church and with intemperance. After several 'councils' it was voted to depose him. Records are not complete for these early years but it would appear that he did not preach in the year 1706 but that he sued the parish for his salary. Mr. Palmer remained in town and practiced physic until his death in 1743.



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QUESTION
BOX

The "Question Box" is open to all Association members and Antiquarian subscribers. All questions are limited to fifty (50) words each - name and address to be included and counted as five (5) words. Every question MUST have a Middleborough connection prior to 1875. Non-members may submit questions at the rate of five cents (5¢) for each word. All questions will be published in order of receipt and subject to availability of space. The editor reserves the right to edit and/or reject any and all questions non conforming to rules.

QUERIES

Does anyone have birth record for family of FRANCIS WOOD and MARY WARD married 1774 North Easton, and children's marriages? Need parents of HANNAH WOOD born 1778 Middleborough or Boston area. Need father and mother's maiden name of Francis Wood.

Mrs. Albert Rohrabacher, 201 Byron Road, Howell, Michigan 48843.

Seek data on parents of REBECCA THOMAS who married MARK HASKELL II, 1709. Had son SETH HASKELL who married ABIAH, daughter of JOHN and ABIAH LEONARD NELSON.

Mrs. G. A. Rounsevell, 156 Virginia Drive, Ventura, Calif. 93003.

NATHAN SHERMAN born 8 Dec. 1765, Middleborough. Married on 8 March 1787 to Rebecca Williams, daughter of Abigail Williams. Need Rebecca's ancestors. Did Nathan die in Middleborough and buried there?

Mrs. E. E. Gallagher, 7702 E. Pinchot Avenue, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85251.

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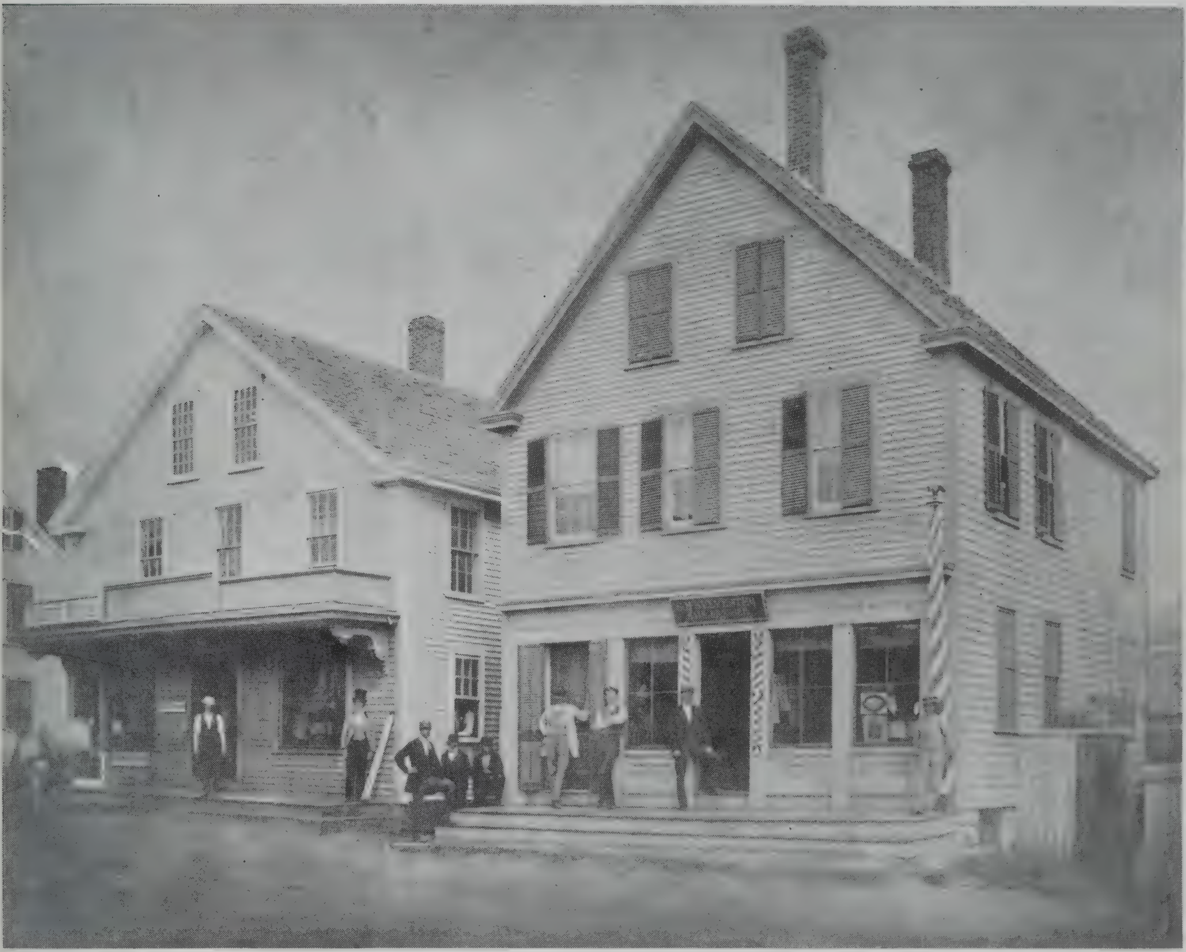

CENTRE STREET CIRCA 1875

The above picture depicts Centre Street as it looked well before the turn of the century. The sign over the left door of the left hand building reads "Gazette Office," apparently on the second floor; the one under the window is "Oysters" and the one above it, "Ice Cream." On the right hand building, the sign is "S. H. Sylvester, Hair Dresser." This building is remembered by later generations as the location of Peter Ramsay's Barbershop. The Middleborough Historical Museum has recently been given a large key (about five inches long) that was used to open and close Mr. Ramsay's barbershop.

Whoever owned the picture has pencilled in a few identifications of the persons shown. The first left hand figure is not identified; the gentleman with rolled maps beside him is indicated as "an agent for maps;" the next three figures are unidentified; the gentleman in the light coat in the doorway is Solomon H. Sylvester, proprietor of the barbershop; the next is not identified, but the last figure on the right is Henry H. Sylvester, son of Solomon H.

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CENTRE STREET CIRCA 1875

The picture is not dated, but judging from vital statistics of the persons shown, it must have been taken about 1875. Solomon H. Sylvester was born in 1834. His son Henry, shown at the extreme right, was born in 1859 when his father was twenty-five years old. Henry H. was father of Herbert S. and Harriet Sylvester. In the picture he looks to be about sixteen years of age, which would make the date of the picture about 1875.

The white house glimpsed at the extreme left was torn down in 1927 to make way for the F. W. Woolworth Block. The house was built in 1824 by Deacon James Sproat, and was later purchased by Enoch Tinkham who occupied it as long as he lived. In 1886, the dwelling was purchased by J. Augustine Sparrow who bought the property of Andrew L. Tinkham, Enoch's son, and the building became the home of Sparrow Bros., Clothiers. Some of the stores that occupied a part of the building were Oneto's Fruit Store and the meat market conducted for eighteen years by the late George A. Richards. In 1927, Mr. Sparrow sold the property to Arthur Schactman and Arthur Russell of Boston, who tore the house down and constructed the present block.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
in the
Town of Middleborough, Massachusetts
1795-1781

by Joyce M. Jenness

The Town of Middleborough was not yet fully ready for the revolution at the time of the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765. After all, the town was the home of the highly respected Judge Peter Oliver, owner of the iron works and later to become Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Judge Oliver's son, Peter, was married to Nancy Hutchinson, whose father was Lt. Governor of the colony. Another son, Andrew, was the town's representative at the General Court. With these facts in mind, and with the great respect accorded to Judge Oliver, it might have been expected that the town of Middleborough would remain loyal to the king, but this was not to be. From the very beginning of the war against the "British Oppression" of his majesty's loyal citizens of the colonies, Middleborough was ready to fight.

The first notable act of the town of Middleborough concerning the coming of the Revolution is found in the town records in December, 1765, just after the Stamp Act riots had occurred in Boston, where homes of some of the most important of the King's officials had been sacked and burned by the mobs. One of those homes belonged to Lt. Governor Hutchinson, who was well known in Middleborough through his daughter's marriage to Peter Oliver. Considering this fact, it is not surprising that the town meeting in Middleborough, taking note of the riots and damage done in Boston, gave orders to its representative at the General Court to vote "for so much money—to be paid out of the public treasury shall be paid for the suffering of their estates in previous trouble in Boston, but indemnity and pardon for those who were the cause."[1] This statement was to be the last real act showing any sympathy to the royal government in Massachusetts by the town of Middleborough.

Beginning with the year 1767 the signs of radicalism among the citizens of the town can be recognized as the members of the town meeting vote to support the Boston proposal to manufacture its own paper supplies in order to further avoid the payment of a tax on that commodity, and to boycott the buying of the item from the British.[2] In the following year the people of Middleborough vote at town meeting to send Captain Ebenezar Sproat and Captain Benjamin White as their representatives to a meeting at Fanuiel Hall in Boston in order to discuss the measures to be taken relative to King George's assignment of two more regiments of British troops to be quartered in Boston.[3] George III had of course been led to believe that Boston, after the Stamp Act riots, was determined to destroy the royal authority in the colony, but the men of Middleborough obviously felt that Boston was suffering from a grave miscarriage of justice.

In the course of the events to come, the town records make no mention of any happenings prior to the coming of the revolution through the years of 1770 to 1774 which is interesting when it is noted that Judge Oliver is the presiding justice at the trial of the British soldiers held for the Boston Massacre in 1770.[4] The next action taken by the Town of Middleborough pertaining to the coming conflict seems to be taken rather tardily, as it is remembered that Samuel Adams first calls on the towns of the colony to form Committees of Correspondence in 1771, but it is not until June 20, 1774 that the Middleborough town meeting takes action to form its Committee and appoints Ebenezar Sproat, Benjamin White, William Harlow, Nathaniel Sampson, and George Leonard to "deal with the committee in Boston and other towns."[5]

Later in that same year the momentum in Middleborough begins to gain as it pushes toward open revolt. Abner Kingman and Zachariah Eddy are duly appointed by the town to attend a session of the General Court of Massachusetts which is to take place in the town of Salem, since the city of Boston has been punished for its actions during and after the Boston Teaparty and the colonial legislature has been moved from the former capitol city to Salem on the orders from General Gage who has been appointed by the King to govern the

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Middleboro, Massachusetts

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colony. The Middleborough Committee of Correspondence who drew up the instructions for the representatives, Sproat and Eddy, were to avow to the following; "offer just allegiance to the King, assert for recovery of good affection with Great Britain, but furthermore move by these instructions with the rest of the Deputies who are or shall be appointed to form a provincial Congress and then to conduct and act these things which have the best tendency to serve and promote the benefit of the province that the courts of public justice may be open and operate fully and that we may live in peace and safety under the influence of a religious and good government. We caution you not to do anything hastily—until the Great Congress of the colonies be known."[6]

In obedience to the above instructions the delegates met at Salem, and when General Gage refused to meet them there or to sanction their meeting as legal, Middleborough elected to join other towns of the colony in a session of the General Court meeting at Cambridge and sent George Allen to represent the town at that meeting. Middleborough was to take one more step toward revolution in 1774 when the Committee of Correspondence sent a letter to Boston sympathizing with the town in its time of trouble and sending eighty bushels of grain to help the poor and needy of the city during its occupation by the British troops.[7]

By the year 1775, when the news of Lexington and Concord was first brought to Middleborough by Caleb Bryant to Thomas Ellis, many of the citizens of the town were ready to take up arms on the side of the colonies. The first group from Middleborough to actually arm themselves and march to battle were the first company of militia and the second and third companies of the minutemen to the town of Marshfield to suppress any Tory activities in that area, for it was known that General Gage had provided arms for some one hundred Tories in that town. The group of men who were commanded by Captain Nathaniel Wood returned home after two days service when it became apparent that Marshfield was going to give no trouble to the patriot cause.[9]

Back at home two companies of Militia were organized with Captain Wood in command of the first, and Captain Abiel Pierce in command of the second, which was made up of men from the region now in the town of Lakeville.[10] There were also three companies of minutemen organized at about the same time, but these were mostly made up of young men of the town who enlisted for a short term of service, and seemed to be responsible only to the Committee of Safety in Boston.[11]

Besides setting up its Militia and Minutemen companies in 1775 the town of Middleborough began to concern itself with these citizens who might possibly prove a danger to the patriot cause in the Revolution. In order to meet the menace of Tory activity in their midst the Town meeting in July of 1775 set up a Committee of Inspection.[12] The first act of the new committee was to investigate the activities of those people in town who had indicated that they had royalist sympathies. As a result of the work of the Committee of Inspection, William Trowbbridge, Silas Wood, Simeon Daggett, Thomas Paddock, Samuel Leonard, Samuel Parsons, and Joseph Bates were ordered confined to their homes and grounds leaving only to attend Sunday services at their respective churches.[13] Later in that same year William Canedy and John Montgomery were also added to the list of suspected Tories.[14] The only two men from Middleboro who were banished by an act of the General Court were Judge Oliver and his son, Peter, Jr.[15] With the exception of the actions taken in 1775 on the recommendation of the Committee of Inspection, the royalists in Middleboro did not suffer badly throughout the Revolution with one act in 1778 being the only incident of real destruction of Tory property.[16]

PETER OLIVER IRON WORKS
In process of restoration

By 1776 Middleborough had men from the two companies of Militia serving with the forces in Boston. In April, 1776 the company under Captain Wood was in Roxbury, and the company with twenty-four men under Captain Pierce who had enlisted for one year's service were with Colonel Dike outside Boston.[17]

The British Troops had left Boston and Fort Ticonderoga had fallen by the time the Second Continental Congress came into session in 1776, and the Town of Middleborough had to make the decision as to what further action it should take in the cause of the Revolution as the war continued into its second year. The question now became whether the town should continue to fight for the rights of its citizens as British subjects or whether the fight was for freedom from British rule.

The town meeting in June of 1776 apparently had already decided for independence, for the people attending that day voted to instruct Benjamin Thomas, who was their representative at the General Court of Massachusetts, to cast his vote in the legislature for a Declaration of Independence and thus to support the delegation from Massachusetts attending the Continental Congress in Philadelphia.[18] Middleborough had definitely cast its lot with the patriot cause and there was to be no looking back.

To be continued in the next issue of the Antiquarian

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TWIGS & BRANCHES
of
Olde Middleborough
in
Plymouth County
Massachusetts

by

MRS. CHARLES DELMAR TOWNSEND
Certified Genealogist

In 1873 Middleborough was considered an important town in Plymouth county in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There were 916 dwelling houses and a total of 4,687 inhabitants. Middleborough at that time was situated in the western part of Plymouth county at the junction of the Cape Cod and the Middleborough and Taunton railroads. As the roads were laid out at this date, Middleborough was considered to be 30 miles from Boston, 20 miles from New Bedford, 20 miles from Fall River and 10 miles from Taunton.

At this time there were some 445 farms and the acreage was 33,325 acres. In woodland there were some 191,928 acres furnishing lumber, shingles, staves, firewood and charcoal through the manufacturing done in the thirty mills located within the boundaries of the town.

Almost a hundred years ago the industries were varied and extensive. Farming was, of course, a major occupation; yet the Star Mills boasted 2,000 spindles and was noted for the quality of the cotton cloth it manufactured. Then, too there was the Bay State Straw Works where ladies straw bonnets were made. In fact this industry had its start about 1828 when Ebenezer Briggs, who had been in business in the Lakeville area, moved to the Four Corners. This was what is termed a home industry. The straw was braided in the homes by women of the area. The braid was sewn by the women into hats and bonnets . . . they were returned to the factory for completion, that is, properly sized, pressed and finished ready for market. As long as native straw was used, the women braided it at home. When the company started to import the already braided straw, many of the women lost their opportunity to work at home. In 1844 Mr. Briggs sold his interest and the company saw several changes of ownership but it was not until about 1862 that Albert Alden purchased the company and operated it as the Bay State Straw Works. His son, Arthur B. Alden, took over the business and managed it until his death in 1895. The business ceased to exist after the death of Arthur B. Alden. It is estimated that during the hey-dey of this business some fifteen hundred families sewed the straw braid in their homes, located within a twenty-mile radius of the factory.

It is interesting to note that other industries started about the same time as the straw works, or hat factory, also depended on workers who assisted them by working in their own homes. The early shoe factories had a great many of the operations done in the homes. This was the method of operation in the 1820's and 30's. However, by 1855 the shoe industry had taken several strides forward and much of the work was done by machinery.

Many of the families who were influential in establishing these early businesses in the town of Middleborough continued their interest through several generations. Middleborough has always covered a great deal of territory and even today is one of the largest Massachusetts towns in area. There were, of course, in the early days of Middleborough, several distinct settlements such as Four Corners, Barden's Hill, Eddyville, Fall Brook and the like. Each community was to some extent, at least, quite self-sufficient, each having its own church and frequently a saw and grist mill . . . and perhaps a factory or two. Because of this factor the records of many families prove difficult to find if there is no knowledge of the original location of the family in one of the sections of Middleborough.

It was natural for the families to go to the nearest church and at times this can make the searching difficult. Boundary lines change, families do move and yet the search goes on to find the connecting link between the families of Plymouth, those of Lakeville, Bridgewater, Halifax and Middleborough. The history of the early towns is well interwoven . . . and Middleborough history is no exception.

QUESTION BOX

JACOB SHERMAN was born in Middleborough and believed to have married ELIZABETH WILLIAMS there about 1773. Their son, Job Sherman, married Polly Fowler at Savoy, Mass. in 1814. Need information on parents of both wives.
B. A. Sherman, 179 North Sunkist Ave., West Covina, Calif. 91790.

Who were the parents of the following brothers and sisters born in Middleboro: ZIBA WOOD, PATIENCE KEITH, MILLER KEITH, MEHITABLE DUNHAM, HANNAH WOOD born 1778? Hannah married Samuel Winchester. Need date of marriage. One of these children had a cousin, Rodney K. Shaw.

Mrs. Albert Rohrabacher, 201 Byron Road, Howell, Michigan 48843.

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POEMS

by S. W. Hinds

OLD MUTTOCK

Old sleepy village dreaming away the hours,—
Home of the famous Peter Oliver
And former enterprising business center
Of ancient Middleboro — whence came this name
Outlandish, unexplainable, we find
Foisted upon thee in the place of that
Fine Indian one — Nemasket, first thy name,
Leaving a puzzling problem all unsolved
Like that which doth behaze the township's name
To tantalize us in these later days?
Can we find no solution to explain
This challenge? Boldly I make claim
The name is a corruption of "Murdock,"
And that the Old Muttock School it was that slyly
Juggled this uncouth name upon the village!
This Murdock, I opine, may have chairman been
Of the District School Committee when
Town Districts were established first by law,
Making his name in this way still survive!
And as regards the township's legal name,
Perhaps the best solution is it came
Or was suggested first by the noted port
Of Middleburg in Holland, where we know
There was a Pilgrim Church. And in the town
Of Amsterdam there was another where
The celebrated Ainsworth preached — whose hymns
Were used in Plymouth by the Pilgrim Church.
And William Bradford was a member of
That church until the Pilgrims sought
And certain others of these shores,
And so this ancient village through the days
When Peter Oliver was dwelling here
Developing his water-power which
At length eight water-wheels it turned at once,
Giving him the best mill-site in the state,
Providing military stores for use
In the "Old French and Indian War" and smelting
Forging and slitting stock for wrought iron nails
From ores dredged from the bottom of our ponds,
All through the following years throve mightily
And this in spite of its strange uncouth name.

LAKE NEVERTOUCH

In this old field, so near that with few steps
'Twas quickly reached soon as I'd left the door,
The bright five-finger carpeting the floor
Seemed like tiny stars in Heaven's depths.
They were to me the friendliest flowers of spring
And ever seemed to say — "I love thee well,"
And we should ever friendly be!"
No less the emerald club moss welcomed me—
Urging me longingly to press my face
Upon her tender, yielding gentle breast.
The pussy-willows swinging in the breeze,
Like tiny cradles holding blankets grey—
All made a charmed place, another home
And said 'twere needless further on to roam.

Mr. Sumner Hinds, author of the above verses, was born in Middleboro on February 6, 1868. He was the only son of Rachel Winslow and William Hinds, residents of Lakeville in their youth. His grandfather Hinds' homestead still stands on Highland Road, Lakeville. Sumner, his father and mother, lived on West Street in Middleboro. His father was a valued employee of the LeBaron Foundry, in the pattern department.

Sumner attended public schools in Middleboro, later receiving a diploma from Bridgewater Normal School and teaching in Bridgewater and other towns. His wife was Susan M. Lucas of New Bedford. They have one daughter, Alys, now Mrs. C. W. Farrell, who resides in North Kingstown, Rhode Island. For several years, 1909-1923, the family resided in Provincetown and Cranston, Rhode Island.

A keen lover of nature, Mr. Hinds appreciated flowers and all wild life near ponds, brooks and springs. In his years of retirement he wrote many poems and articles about his native town, his playmates during his "growing-up years," and his childhood memories. Until his death, at the age of eighty-five in 1953, his memory was keen and quite correct regarding facts and dates. It was a delight to hear him tell stories about his boyhood. As long as he was able, nearly to the end of his life, Mr. Hinds was a frequent visitor at the Middleborough Public Library where he enjoyed doing research work in Middleboro history.

Notes by Mr. Hinds' daughter, Mrs. C. W. Farrell, by courtesy of Mrs. Ernest S. Pratt.

FINANCIAL GIFTS TO THE MUSEUM

A gift of one hundred dollars has been received from the estate of the late Miss Lillian Thomas of Westboro, Massachusetts, a former member of the Middleborough Historical Association and a relative of the late Mrs. Dennis Perkins of Middleboro. Miss Thomas was long a loyal member of the Association and much interested in the Historical Museum.

Those having the welfare of the Museum at heart are most grateful for the gift of $2,700 as the result of a vote by the 300th Anniversary Committee of the town. After celebration of the town's Tercentenary, the Committee voted to divide the remainder of the Tercentenary Fund into three equal parts between St. Luke's Hospital, Oliver Mill Park, and the Middleborough Historical Museum.

A CREMATION BURIAL COMPLEX AT TITICUT

by William B. Taylor

Part 1

In April of 1969 the Seaver Farm in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, was sold to a builder, Richard J. Fruzzetti, for a housing development. The first stage of operations on this thirty-two acre tract of land involved the erection of 17 houses along Beach and Vernon Streets. However, because this land was quite low and wet, it was decided to obtain the necessary fill for it from a three acre alfalfa field on the west side of the farm. This field adjoins the Titicut Site and through the years has yielded thousands of fine artifacts.

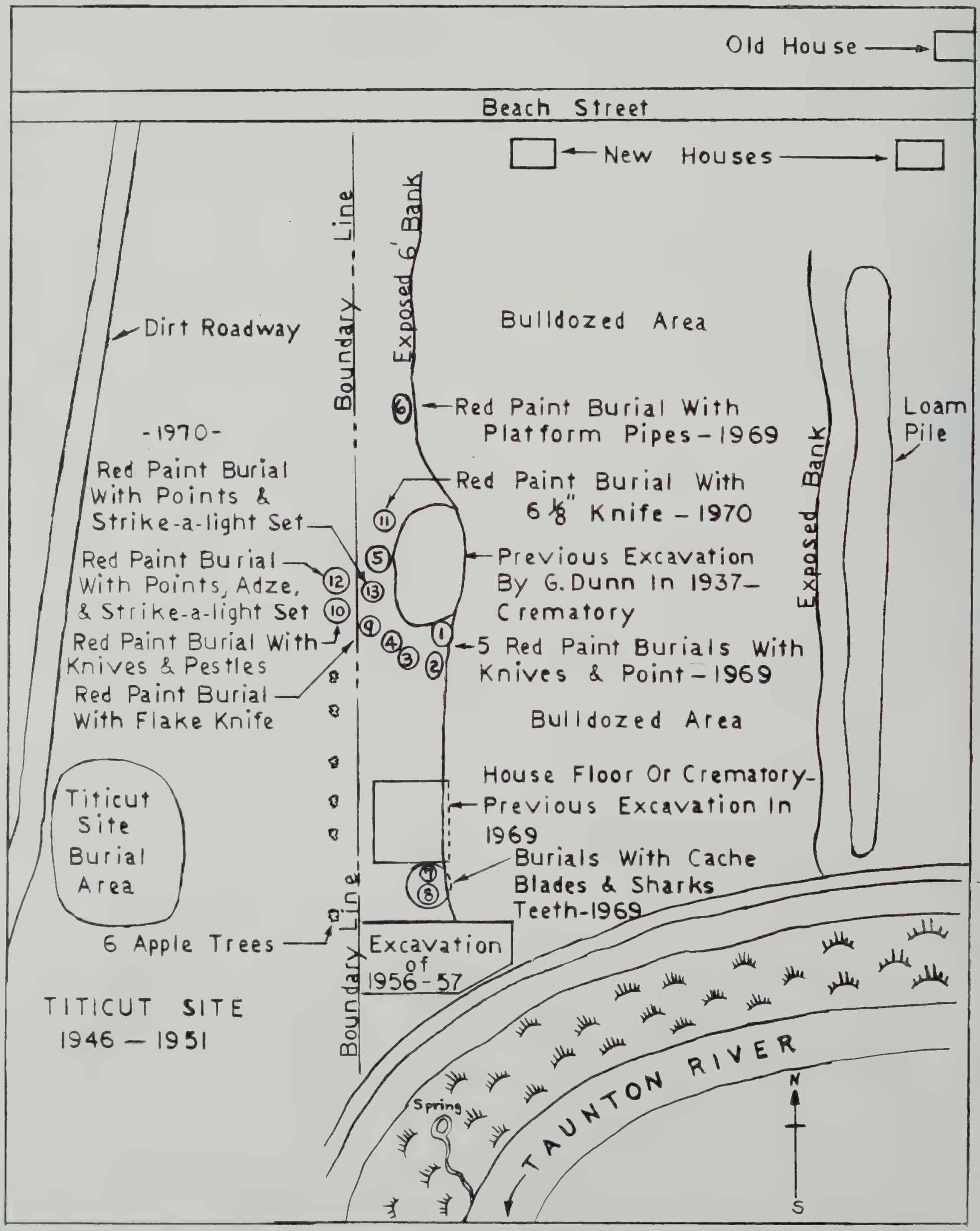

Old House
Beach Street
New Houses
Boundary Line
Exposed 6' Bank
Dirt Roadway
Bulldozed Area
-1970-
Red Paint Burial With Platform Pipes - 1969
Red Paint Burial With Points & Strike-a-light Set
Red Paint Burial With 6 1/8" Knife - 1970
Red Paint Burial With Points, Adze, & Strike-a-light Set
Previous Excavation By G. Dunn In 1937 - Crematory
Exposed Bank
Loam Pile
Red Paint Burial With Knives & Pestles
5 Red Paint Burials With Knives & Point - 1969
Red Paint Burial With Flake Knife
Bulldozed Area
House Floor Or Crematory - Previous Excavation In 1969
Titicut Site Burial Area
Burials With Cache Blades & Sharks Teeth - 1969
6 Apple Trees
Excavation of 1956-57
TITICUT SITE 1946 — 1951
Boundary Line
Spring
TAUNTON RIVER
N
S
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13

FIGURE NO. 1 – SEAVER FARM SITE SHOWING NEW RED PAINT BURIALS IN RELATION TO PREVIOUSLY EXCAVATED AREAS AND TO TAUNTON RIVER

Commencing in early May and over the next six months, excavation of this field continued periodically with the use of heavy digging equipment. The loam, with a depth of 12 to [illegible] inches, was first scraped off by bulldozer and pushed up into a long high pile on the east side of the field, extending toward the river. After this, approximately 5 feet of yellow subsoil and underlying white sand were removed and trucked away to fill in around the new house foundations, which were in the process of construction. During the first three months of operations few artifacts were recovered, due to the speed at which the heavy equipment worked and the dry, powdery condition of the soil.

On August 22, 1969, after being out of town for the week, I visited the site to see how work was progressing. The west side of the field had been excavated to a depth of 6 feet, leaving an exposed bank about 10 feet east of the Titicut Site boundary line. Upon approaching the bank, I noticed a charcoal blackened area of about 15 feet in length midway in the field. This I believed was the disturbed backfill of a large crematory, which was excavated by Gerald Dunn in 1937. From this pit were taken over 400 artifacts of the Late Archaic period, associated with deposits of red ocher. As I examined the bank at this point, I noticed traces of red ocher at the southern extremity of Dunn's disturbance. Here with the help of my two young sons, David and Billy, we immediately came upon Ceremonial Pit No. 1. At its bottom occurred 3 pockets of red ocher, each about 12 inches in diameter and 3 inches deep. In one of these deposits appeared a handfull of small pieces of calcined human bone, indicative of a secondary burial. During excavation of the pit, 3 small artifacts and several quartz chips appeared, but scattered about as though they were not intentional deposits belonging to this burial. They consist of a Small Stem point and a Steepedge scraper of quartz and a Corner-removed number 8 point of felsite. As these recoveries appear to be intrusive, probably being part of the backfill for this pit when it was closed, they are not included in the illustrations. The pit measured 30 inches by 40 inches in size and reached 24 inches below top of ground. Scattered pieces of charcoal were noted. (See Fig. No. 1)

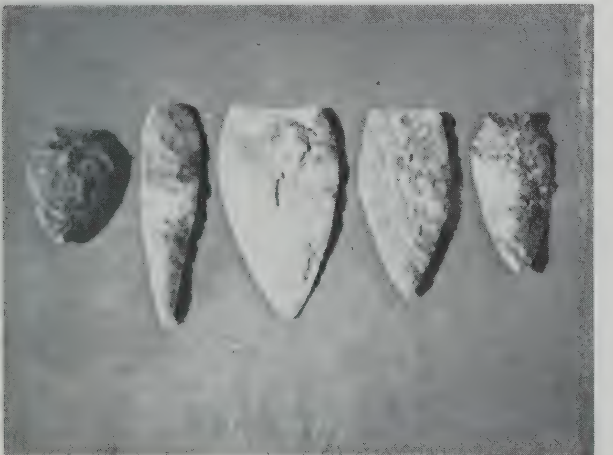


Fig. 2. Five ceremonial blades from graves 3,6,8,8,2, left to right, found on Seaver Farm in 1969. Adena spear is second from left and 6⅝ inches long.

After this our exploring continued, and only 2 feet to the south we came upon red paint Pit No. 2. At the bottom appeared a 3 inch mixed layer of yellow sand and red ocher, in which was found a 5 inch Stem Knife blade of green felsite lying in a flat position. This material appears to be Kineo felsite, as it contains sparkling phenocrysts. This pit had a size of 30 inches by 36 inches and like the first reached a depth of 24 inches. (See Fig. No. 2)

Digging from here into the bank and skirting the previously dug crematory, we discovered Pit No. 3 about 2 feet to the west of Pit No. 2. This deposit was 40 inches in diameter and 27 inches deep. Three solid pockets of red ocher appeared, each measuring 8 inches in diameter. Neither bone nor charcoal was present. An Eared number 3 point of purple felsite was lying in one of the pockets of ocher, while a broad-stemmed Cache blade of bluish felsite was found just outside of another pocket, tipped up on edge. (See Fig. No. 2)

Adjoining this pit in a westerly direction appeared Pit No. 4. It was similar in size to the others, about 36 inches by 40 inches and 27 inches in depth below grade. Although no bone or artifacts occurred, the pit contained 2 pockets of red ocher, each 12 inches in diameter. Pieces of charcoal were scattered throughout.

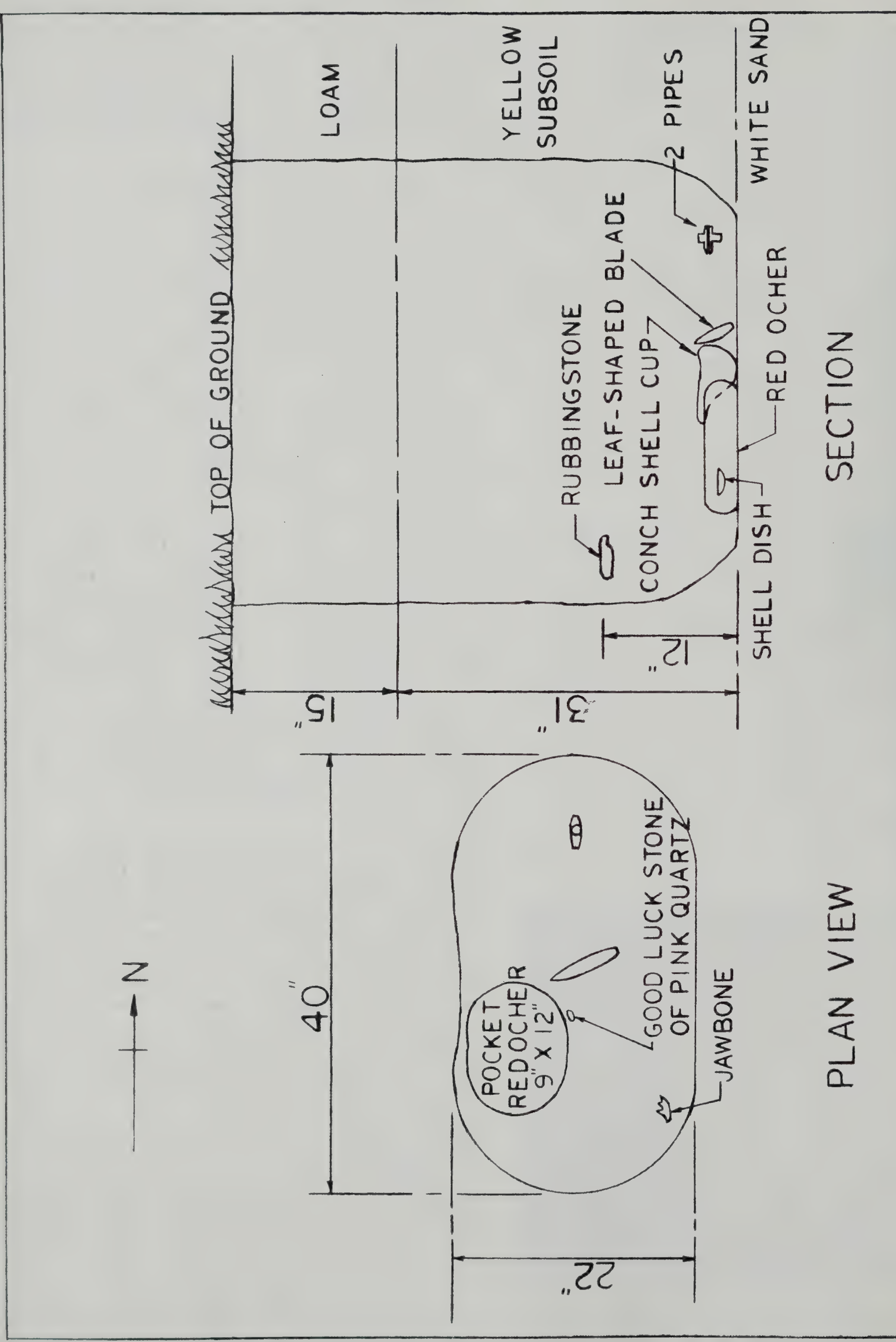
Still skirting Dunn's disturbed blackened area, we continued in a northwesterly direction, until we uncovered Pit No. 5. Its contents consisted of a mixture of sand and powdered charcoal, while at the bottom were 2 pockets of red ocher, each 8 inches in diameter. With these were 3 small pieces of calcined human cranium, but no artifacts were present. This pit had a size of 22 inches by 46 inches and a depth of 25 inches.

After removing the 5 pits I started testing all along the exposed bank in a northerly direction. On August 25, 1969, I discovered another disturbance, hidden only 3 inches inside of the bank's face. This pit No. 6, was located 62 feet away from the crematory and proved to be the most important red paint burial of all.

My sons joined me and together we exposed the grave outline, which was hardly visible in the upper part of the subsoil. Toward the bottom a faint grayish outline seemed to suggest a bark lining. No charcoal was present, but a fragment of jawbone with one tooth appeared in one corner of the grave—possibly that of a young person. Probably this too was a secondary burial of a cremation, from which incinerated bone material had been intentionally omitted, all but the jawbone, which for some unknown reason failed to become burned, and was accidentally interred along with the grave goods. (See Fig. No. 3 for approximate location of grave goods and red ocher pocket.)

At a level of 12 inches above the pit's bottom the first artifact to appear was a Rubbingstone of slate. One side has been rubbed smooth and along its edge occur 8 small incisions, which seem to be tally marks. (See Fig. No. 4)

Near the pit's bottom at the north end, a prize recovery was made of 2 perfect Platform pipes. They had been carefully placed in the grave so that their platform bases rested one on top of the other, with their bowls pointing in the opposite directions. The smaller pipe of dark greenish chlorite, had the top position with its bowl standing upright. It is highly polished with expertly worked thin walls of the bowl and a small evenly drilled hole ⅛ inch in diameter that per-


TOP OF GROUND
LOAM
YELLOW SUBSOIL
2 PIPES
WHITE SAND
RUBBINGSTONE
LEAF-SHAPED BLADE
CONCH SHELL CUP
RED OCHER
SHELL DISH
15"
31"
12"
SECTION
N
40"
22"
POCKET RED OCHER 9" X 12"
GOOD LUCK STONE OF PINK QUARTZ
JAWBONE
PLAN VIEW

BURIAL PIT NO. 6
FIGURE NO. 3

forates the stem for two inches into the bowl. Directly underneath with its bowl pointing down was the larger pipe of steatite. This pipe has a 1½ inch broad platform base and is carefully finished and polished overall. It is unique in that its perforated stem is only about ⅝ inch long with two deep notches either side of the stem ¼ inch in from its perforated end. Here there is a shallow reamed-out opening. It seems likely that a reed stem may have been fitted into this enlarged opening and then bound in place with thongs wound through the two notches and around the reed. (See Fig. No. 5)

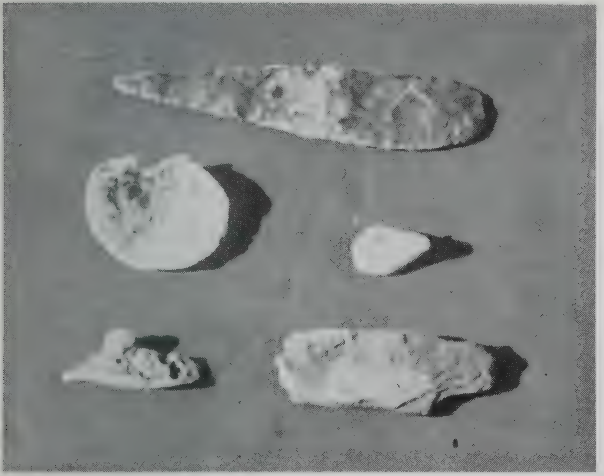


Fig. 4. Red Paint Grave Goods from Pit No. 6. At top is Adena spear. In the center is a 2½ inch Scallop Shell Dish and a rose quartz Good Luck Stone. On the bottom appears a 2 inch fragment of jawbone with tooth and a 4 inch slate Rubbingstone.

Toward the center of the pit's bottom was uncovered a 6⅝ inch long Leaf blade made of banded tan flint, a stone not indigenous to New England. This material resembles Ohio Flint Ridge flint, and the type of blade matches certain of the Adena leaf-shaped blades as illustrated, page 108, in Mounds for the Dead, by D. W. Dragoo. It appears that Pit No. 6 may have an association with Adena migrants who moved eastward and finally reached New England about A. D. 200. (See Fig. No. 2 & 4)

Another important find was made just beyond the leafblade in a solid pocket of red ocher, which measured 9 by 12 inches in size. At one end and resting upright in the ocher appeared a 7 inch long Channeled Pear Conch shell - Busycon canaliculatum. This species occurs from Cape Cod to Mexico. Part of its upper shell casing had been sheared off to open it for use as drinking cup, while its narrow twisted end had been shortened to facilitate the pouring of liquids. (See Fig. No. 6)

Only 6 inches apart from it in the deposit of red ocher was a scallop shell filled with red ocher. This shell was badly damaged due to decay, with the wings at the hinge missing and the ribs barely discernable. Both shells were cleaned and sprayed with clear plastic at the Bronson Museum to preserve them from further disintegration. (See Fig. No. 4)

One last recovery occurred beside the red ocher deposit. It is a rose quartz pebble, which may have had an important bearing upon the ceremonial rites of this burial as a good luck stone. (See Fig. No. 4)

Thinking back over the circumstances surrounding the uncovering of this impressive burial, discovery of it appears to have been just pure luck. The front end loader had stopped just 4 inches short of hitting the edge of the pit. One more scoop and the grave would have been completely destroyed with all its valuable contents lost forever. Then too, several other collectors had searched the exposed bank before I arrived and had found nothing but a few small charcoal pits of no importance. The age of this burial has been estimated as late as A.D. 800, although it could be a few hundred years earlier.

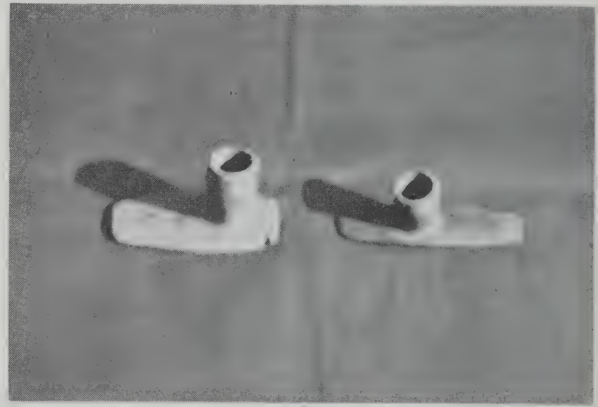


Fig. 5. Platform Pipes from Pit No. 6. At left is steatite pipe with unusual short stem and side notches for tying on a reed stem. Length is 3⅜ inches, width 1½ inches and height 1⅞ inches. At right is chlorite pipe 3¾ inches long, 1 inch wide and 1¼ inches high.

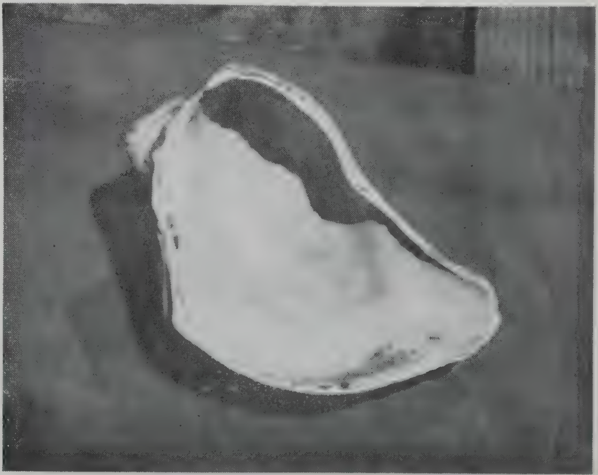


Fig. 6. Channeled Pear Conch Drinking Cup from Pit No. 6, measuring 7 inches in length and 3½ inches high. Recovery of two shells in this grave are rare finds for this locality.

To be continued in the next issue of the Antiquarian

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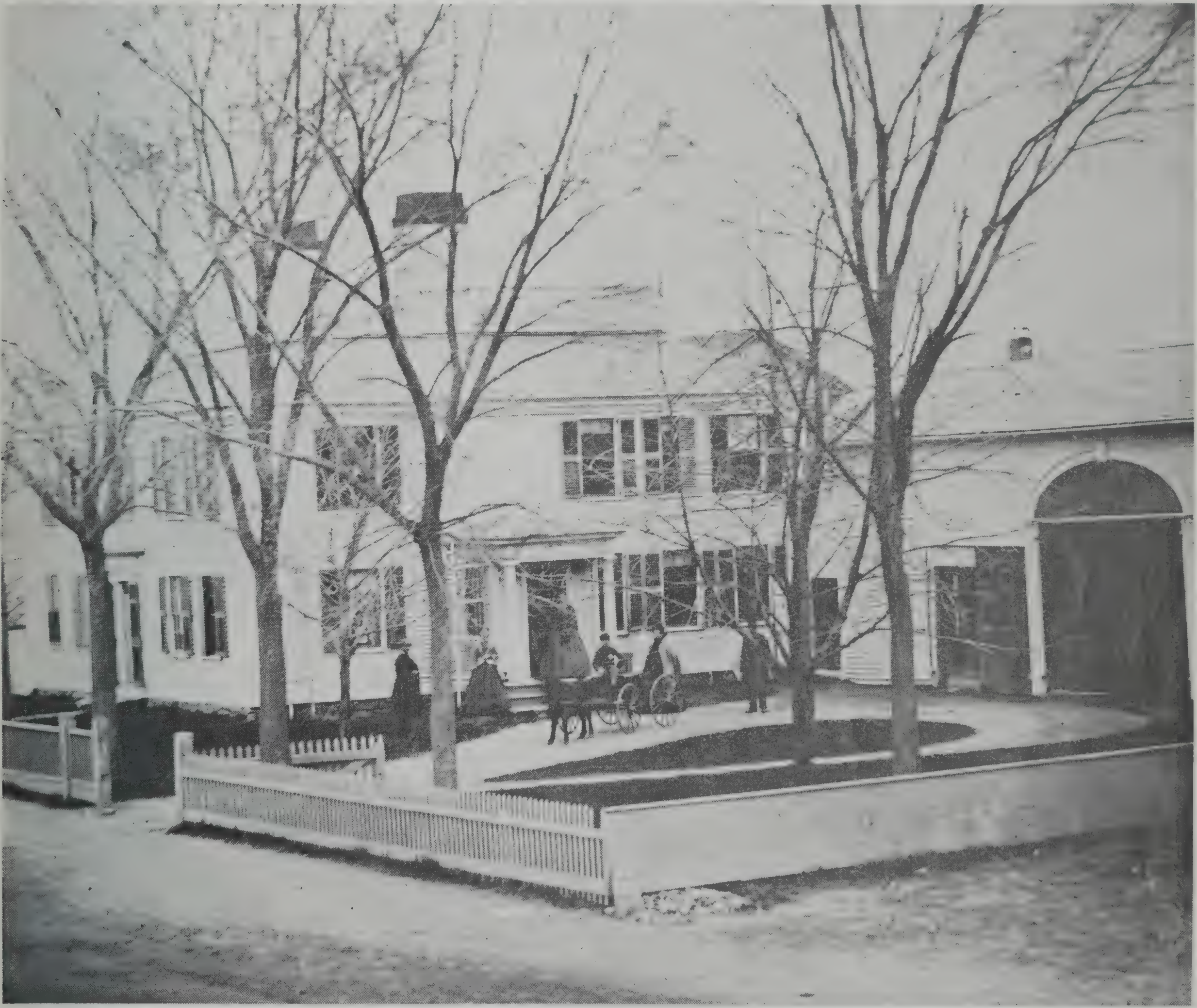

LEVI P. THATCHER HOMESTEAD
SOUTH MAIN STREET

The Thatcher homestead stood on South Main Street next to the lot on which now stands the Unitarian Church. It was built in 1831 for Allen C. Thatcher and his bride, Elizabeth, by the bride's father, Major Levi Peirce. The picture was taken about 1860, and the boy in the carriage is identified as Henry L. Thatcher, son of Levi P. Thatcher and founder of the H. L. Thatcher & Co., Inc., Printers of Middleboro.

The land on which the house stood was part of a large area owned by Major Levi Peirce that included Peirce Academy and the Baptist Church. In the rear of the Thatcher home were extensive greenhouses in which Timothy Creedon served as gardener. In the very early 1900's the greenhouses were purchased by Mr. Creedon and moved to the corner of Wareham and Benton Streets where he established a florist business. At the same time, the Thatcher home was converted into a block containing stores on the lower floor and apartments above. At the present time, among the tenants of the block are the offices of the New Bedford Standard Times and the John Callan Travel Agency.

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A THREAD OF SPARROW HISTORY

by Helen Wood Ashley

At our Middleborough Historical Museum, which is a depository for interesting antiques and records of local history, there is a lovely family album which belonged to Arabella Sparrow Southworth, my mother's oldest sister — gift of her husband, Rodney Southworth, veteran of the Civil War. My mother, Anna Miller Sparrow Wood, told of seeing Rodney marching home through town with other boys returning from that sad conflict. Tragedy, too, he had witnessed; he had been in Ford's Theatre the night of President Lincoln's assassination.

The Sparrow sisters were singers — Aunt Belle, Aunt Helen Barrows, and my mother — all in the period of Levi Thatcher of the golden voice when Gilbert & Sullivan operettas, notably "Pinafore" and such Biblical ones as "Esther" and "Ruth", drew Middleboro audiences after jolly but serious rehearsals. In one of her last evenings, when she so clearly and happily recalled old Middleboro, my mother told of the precious hours around the piano with friends at Mr. Thatcher's home here on South Main Street next to the lot on which now stands the Unitarian Church.

Middleboro was a singing, not a swinging town, home of talent and enjoyment of culture. Aunt Helen Barrows recalled with pleasure and pride singing with 20,000 choristers and a 1,000 piece orchestra at the Peace Jubilee of 1872 in Boston, doubtless with a group under Levi Thatcher's direction. She would then have been twenty years old.

Those three singing, not chirping, Sparrows were daughters of Jacob G. Sparrow and Lois (Macomber) Sparrow and the Sparrow genealogy is noteworthy. One of Governor Bradford's great-great-granddaughters, Jerusha, married an Edward Sparrow, great-grandfather of Jacob Sparrow. Another Edward Sparrow was a Colonel in the Revolutionary War.

Father back in England there was, and presumably still stands, a beautiful impressive Sparrow House, known as "Ye Ancient House," Butter Market, Ipswich, England. Following is a quotation from "Historic Sites of Suffolk:"

"The great glory at Ipswich, as regards architecture, is the house of Mr. J. Eddowes Sparrow, situated in the Old Butter Market. There is, perhaps, no house in the Kingdom, which for its size is more curiously ornamented. Or contains within its apartments more that can interest the connoisseur of painting, the student in geneaology, or the lover of antiquity."

"The architect is unknown, but it is believed to have been built for the residence of Mr. Robert Sparrow in 1567. The exterior of the house is unique. The basement front is finely carved in strings of pendant fruit. On the first story are four bay windows in the front, which is about 70 feet in length, next to the street, and on the base of each are respectively sculptured the emblematical figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America with their peculiar attributes. Above the windows is a very wide projecting cornice the whole length of the front, forming many gable ends and corresponding with those beneath them. Over these windows are figures of cupids in different attitudes, and the whole exterior of the building is profusely ornamented with animals, fruit, flowers, and wreaths of roses, and devices relating to the Sparrow family."

"On the west end of the house, facing St. Stephen's Lane, is represented an uncouth figure of Atlas with a long beard, kneeling on one knee, and supporting the globe on his shoulders. At the corner a little below this is a pastoral scene consisting of a figure sitting under a tree surrounded by sheep. We are induced to believe that the ornaments on the house are emblematical, and we may infer from this last composition that the wool trade then flourished in Ipswich and was of great importance, and the other decorations in front are intended to imply that it was carried on with all quarters of the globe."

The *Christian Science Monitor* of January 21, 1950, presented a striking article about Ipswich featuring "Ye Ancient House."

"The interior of this singular structure contains several rooms. The dining room is paneled in dark oak, carved in a manner which would do honor to the great genius of Grinling Gibbons; the fireplace, furnishing capacious corners, exhibits the finest arts of the carver's skill in wreaths of vines and pendant fruits. In the center protrudes a strong bas-relief of the arms and crest of the Sparrow family, and on each side are panels inlaid in fanciful designs with wood of a lighter color than the ground work. A door to the right of the fireplace shows some fine carving, and the beams of the room are deeply chiseled."

"Upon the first floor is an apartment of forty-six by twenty-one feet, a room more fitting for a prince than a private citizen. In the year 1801, a singular discovery was made in the upper story of the house, viz- a concealed loft, without doubt forming a roof of a chapel, the body of which existed in a room immediately beneath. The timbers of a slightly ornamented roof exist within it, and at the time of its being opened, the floor was strewn with wooden angels and such figures as usually serve to decorate a catholic oratory. There exists in the Sparrow family a tradition that through the agency of one of its members, a zealous Loyalist, Charles II lay sometime concealed within the house after the woeful defeat of Worcester, when the Scots failed him and Cromwell with his Roundheads was victor. This loft may have been Charles' hiding place."

Many fine old homes had secret hiding places, notably Boscobel in Staffordshire where Charles found sanctuary for two (or three) nights, escaping eventually to France, where followed "years of humiliating experiences" before his Restoration. Pepys' account of the King's return to his family, dictated to him by the King himself twenty years after, is preserved in Magdalen College library, Cambridge, England.

Probably at Ipswich, if there he was, Charles looked not the handsome Cavalier king with dark tangled love-locks under a broad brimmed hat and blue riband and a great sparkling jewel on his breast, but more likely with love-locks hacked off under a greasy, steeple-crowned hat, clad in a borrowed coarse linen shirt, leather doublet, old green breeches and down-at-heel shoes, his hands and face darkened with soot from the chimney for disguise, as Georgette Heyer describes him in "Royal Escape."

MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN
Middleboro, Massachusetts

VOLUME XIII 1972 Number 3

Mertie E. Romaine .... Editor

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YE ANCIENT HOUSE

The Sparrow House in Ipswich, England

Quoting further from "Historic Sites of Suffolk":

"Several portraits of Charles II are in possession of the Sparrow family, as also other members of that branch of the Stuarts. The arms of Charles stands on the exterior of the front of the house, and two portraits of the monarch and one of Mrs. Lane (who helped him to escape) are sacredly kept by a member of the family in the present day, as memorials from the hands of Charles himself. Beside the two miniatures, the present owner of the house holds a third of Charles I in a locket."

"Among the valuable paintings in the house are the following: a portrait by Gainsboroough of John Sparrowe, thirteen times bailiff of Ipswich; one of the father of the above, the great-grandfather of the present John Eddowes Sparrow. This painting was said to be by the hand of Petel Lely."

"The possessor of this interesting mansion in about 1900" (at the time J. Augustine Sparrow and his wife, Hattie, were there) "was a genealogical decendant of the family commencing in the year 1419 with the Sparrowes de Somersham in the County of Suffolk."

A long road from the Sparrow involvement with English royalty to the humble artisan in this small American town of Middleborough, expert painter of family crests on fine carriages, the Jacob Sparrow who also played the flute and chose to be known as a "free thinker."

Besides the photograph of the middle-aged Arabella in the album at the Museum, there is a quaint portrait of her painted years before by a journey-man apprentice employed by her father, Jacob Sparrow. The little old-fashioned girl with a dish of strawberries in her lap sits in an improvised outdoor setting typically New England with a white steepled meeting-house in the background. This primitive now has the distinction of hanging in the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Collection at Williamsburg, Virginia.

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"BIGGEST CONCERT OF ALL TIME"

This was the heading of a newspaper account of the celebration of the great Peace Jubilee held in Boston in 1872.

Patrick S. Gilmore, the great bandmaster, orginated the idea, and he sold Eben Jordan and other leading citizens on the plan. The sponsors built a mammoth colosseum in Copley Square with a seating capacity of 50,000 people.

A chorus of 20,000 singers was gathered, 200 soloists who were accompanied by music from an organ so large it required the services of fifty men, working in relays, to pump it. Outside the hall was a battery of one hundred cannon, and from the conductor's podium it was possible to activate an electrical device capable of setting every church bell of Boston to ringing at once.

Johann Straus, the Viennese Waltz King, was brought over from Vienna at a fee of several thousand dollars to conduct his own compositions. He composed two works for the occasion — "Boston Dreams" and "Colosseum Waltz." The Jubilee lasted from June 17th to July 4th, and Strauss conducted at almost every concert and at the vast Jubilee Ball.

Middleboro's connection with the Peace Jubilee was the chorus of local singers that took part in the singing, conducted by Levi P. Thatcher. Miss Ruth Wood, whose mother was a member of that chorus, has presented to the Middleborough Historical Museum a copy of the song book used at this occasion.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MIDDLEBOROUGH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Association is to be held at the United Church of Lakeville. The church, formerly known as Precinct Church, is one of the oldest in the area and one of the most beautiful.

In 1719, the residents of that part of Middleboro, now in the town of Lakeville, took steps to establish a church, and on October 6, 1725, the church began its Christian service. This edifice was replaced by a second meetinghouse in 1759, and this building has very recently been moved to a new location in the town center, close to the public library and the old town hall. In its new location, it stands in a beautiful setting among stately trees and has the appearance of always having been there.

It seems fitting that the Middleborough Historical Association should hold its Fiftieth Anniversary and Annual Meeting in this historic church. After the supper, which will be served by the United Church Women, there will be a speaker, Mr. Eric G. Ekholm of the Plimouth Plantation who will present an illustrated lecture entitled, "Archaeology of the Plymouth Colony. Music will be provided by the "Sweet Adelines" of Plymouth.

A BEQUEST TO THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM

A bequest of $1,000 has been received for the Museum by the will of the late Mrs. Harold M. Pratt. Mrs. Pratt served for many years as treasurer of the Historical Museum and the Middleborough Historical Association and always stood ready to assist in any of the projects of the Association. Her gift of $1,000 is very much appreciated.

A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
in the
Town of Middleborough, Massachusetts
1795-1781

by Joyce M. Jenness

Part II

As the war continued into some of its darkest hours, the defeats in New York, and the later winters at Valley Forge, the town of Middleborough and its citizens made firm efforts to make the patriot cause a winning one. In October of 1776 the town meeting voted to support a rebel government in the state of Massachusetts and to collect taxes for its support. "but wish to pursue the plan to be sure it is not offensive."[19]

During the latter part of the year of 1776 and throughout the year of 1777 the Middleboro Militia was called upon for duty in Rhode Island. In 1776 there were four companies of Middleboro Militia which took part in an attempt to drive out the British forces occupying that state.[20] The Middleboro militiamen, like others from the colonies in militia units, were not always reliable as troops as can be observed in a letter to the town of Middleborough after many of the Middleborough men had left this unit to return home before their terms of enlistments were finished. In his letter of criticism Major Fearing wrote: "I find several companies of your town officered in part, but almost entirely destitute of men . . . . . One whole company have quitted their post . . . . . We are amazingly in want of men to guard this coast—and most seriously desire you to send your whole military force from Middleboro."[21]

In 1777 Middleboro apparently did a better job in supplying men for the Rhode Island campaign as there were two companies from the town with General Spencer as he prepared to attack the British in Rhode Island with an American force gathered at Tiverton, Rhode Island. The attack was not carried out for the General suspected a British trap and sent his men home without a fight. Later General Spencer was tried before a court martial board for his inaction, but despite the intensity of the feelings of his troops, the board found for the general and agreed that the evidence had indicated that the British were waiting for the proposed attack on Rhode Island.[22]

On the whole the men from Middleboro were to fight honorably and well in the American Revolution. In a town with an estimated population of 4119 in 1776,[23] 107 men enlisted in the Continental army for three year terms.[24] The year 1777 was to prove to be a bad one for the people of Middleborough as a small pox epidemic took nine lives including two of the leaders of the patriot cause, Reverend Sylvanus Conant, and Zachariah Eddy, whose son died in the New York Campaign while on duty with the Continental forces.[25]

Still in the year 1777 the town was represented by nineteen men with Captain Joshua Eddy, who had joined the Continental Army in 1775, and who were to see service with George Washington through the New York and New Jersey campaigns. This group was part of the force that was sent into New York in time to serve at the Battle of Saratoga, and thus to be present at that important American victory.[26]

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In 1778 Captain Eddy had been assigned as a staff officer to General Washington and was with that command at the Battle of Monmouth in 1778 where it is reported that he was standing close enough to General Washington to hear Washington criticize General Charles Lee, saying, "Had you taken the position with your command as I directed, you would have captured the whole British Army."[26] Captain Eddy was to serve with the Continental army until 1781 when he went on an extended leave and was not recalled.

By 1778, Middleborough was to claim the distinction of recruiting perhaps the most interesting soldier to fight in the American Revolution. Deborah Sampson, who was a member of the South Middleboro church and had taught school for a time at the Four Corners, joined the Continental Army as Robert Shurtleff.[27] Deborah fought and was wounded in the New York Campaign, but took care of her own wound and served until she came down with a fever and was discovered by an army surgeon, who reported her deception. She was honorably discharged by General Washington with a commendation for her service in 1779.[28]

Another event in the history of Middleborough of this time which deserves mention was the one really violent act against the Tory element in the town. In 1778 a group of enlightened patriots who apparently believed fighting was much better done at home against a force of no resistance decided to take action against the unoccupied residence of Judge Peter Oliver who by that time had moved himself and most of his possessions to London. The Hall, as it was called, was burned to the ground in the early winter of 1778.[29] However the home of the Judge's son, Peter, was left standing and is still occupied by the descendants of the Oliver family today.

Middleborough was called upon repeatedly for men and supplies throughout the years of the Revolution and throughout the early years was seemingly able to answer most of the requests by the General Court of Massachusetts. By 1778 the town was having trouble recruiting twenty-six men for the Continental Army. In that same year the General Court ordered that a fine be imposed on the town for not meeting its quota of men. At a town meeting held in April of 1779 the town voted that each delinquent company be held responsible for its own quota, and pay its own fine, but in a May meeting that same year changed its vote, and decided to ask the General Court to relieve the town of paying the fine.[30]

In a town meeting in April of 1780 it becomes apparent that there had been some trouble with service in the Continental Army as the town voted to request that neighboring towns join them in requesting the General Court to refuse to allow their men to serve under Continental officers, but on a second vote taken on the petition in May, 1780, it was voted not to send the petition.[31]

Meanwhile soldiers had to be paid and the families had to live and the town recognized its obligations to these factors. In the years starting with 1778 the pay for soldiers was to be thirty pounds per year with interest paid back to nine months.[32] In 1779 the pay of thirty pounds was voted to the men of the militia who served in Rhode Island.[33] In 1780 the town voted to pay soldiers in produce, silver or iron for their service, and also to ask neighboring towns if any men were available for service.[34] If a man did not complete his service he would be paid only for those days which he did serve. In October of the same year it was voted to pay each man four hundred dollars in paper money or an equal sum in iron.[35] In 1781 the pay is again raised to fifty dollars in silver for enlistment of those who would serve three years, and then fifty more silver dollars for every six months of service thereafter. A promise to pay interest on this money was also offered to encourage the men to sign.[36]

In February of 1777 the town voted to set prices on farm products and labor as set by the General Court.[37] In October of that same year the first provision of 200 pounds was set aside to care for the families of the soldiers.[38] In January of 1778 another two hundred pounds was provided for those families,[39] and in 1780 five hundred pounds was set aside by the town on the recommendation of the committee which had been set up to care for these families. This procedure was to be followed throughout the duration of the war.[40]

Not only did soldiers have to be paid and their families cared for, but they had to have supplies in order to fight. In 1779 Middleborough, making note of this need, provided for "half of the town's powder to be made into cartridges to supply each captain and his men."[41] In May of 1778 the town established a committee to see that clothing was provided for its troops. The town meeting later voted to accept the committee recommendation of prices for various articles of clothing and to pay for the needed articles.[42]

By 1780 food was desperately needed by the Continental armies and the Massachusetts General Court asked the town of Middleborough to raise 50,000 pounds of beef, or the money to pay for it. The town answered the order by claiming that it was impossible at the time to do either since it had not long before sent an almost equal amount of beef, and that crops were bad, and money was hard to come by with so many of the men serving with the army.[43] In that same year the town voted to supply twelve horses for use with the army.[44] In 1781 the town finally voted to raise and pay for their share of the beef.[45] However they voted to pay $75,000 in paper money.

While Middleborough was supplying men and goods for the army it was not remaining inactive in other areas of importance, especially in the principal areas of political action in Massachusetts. During the years 1778 through 1780, the town concerned itself with attempts to write a constitution. In August of 1779 Middleborough had sent two delegates to the state constitutional convention, and after receiving the report given by William Shaw and John Miller in May of 1780 the town voted not to accept the proposed constitution as it was then written. The town requested that the constitution be amended so that the governor's power to call up troops would require the consent of the legislature.[46] Middleborough was not alone in its objection to the new constitution and when other towns complained of too much authority in the executive branch of government, the constitution was amended to their satisfaction. Middleborough then accepted the Constitution and gave their vote to it and to John Hancock as the first governor.[47]

Only two more actions of the town of Middleborough are of interest to those interested in its revolutionary history. In January of 1781 any man willing to enlist for three years of service is offered one hundred silver dollars per year.[48] Later in the same year any captain raising his quota of men was to be exempt from paying property taxes in that year. The same exemption was voted to anyone providing clothing or money for clothing to the troops.[49]

Thus the war was fought and won with the Town of Middleborough showing as much zeal for the cause as most, and more than many, toward the establishment of the new American Republic.

Note: The foregoing thesis was written in the spring of 1971 *in a course on the American Revolution for graduate students at Bridgewater State College.*

FOOTNOTES

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1. **Town of Middleborough Reports,** 1752-1772; P228.
2. **Ibid.** P. 244
3. **Ibid.** P. 259
4. **The Middleborough Antiquarian;** Middleborough Historical Association, Inc.; Vol IV, no. 4; P. 2; Nov. 1964.
5. **Town Reports;** 1772-1788; P. 33
6. Town of Middleborough **Reports;** 1772-1778; pp 36-37.
7. **Ibid.** p. 39.
8. Weston, Thomas: **History of the Town of Middleborough, Massachusetts;** The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1906: P. 114.
9. **Ibid** p. 122
10. **Ibid** p. 123
11. **Ibid** p. 124
12. **Town of Middleborough Reports** p. 46.
13. **Ibid.** p. 46
14. **Ibid.** p. 46.
15. **Op. Cit.** Weston; p. 145.
16. See events for year 1778
17. **Ibid.** pp. 122-123.
18. Town of Middleborough Reports, 1772-1788; p. 55.
19. **Ibid.** p. 61.
20. **Op. Cit.** Weston; p. 131.
21. Hurd, Hamilton; History of Plymouth County; J.W. Lewis & Co.; Philadelphia; 1884; p. 1003.
22. **Op. Cit.** Weston; p. 131
23. **Ibid.** P. xxiii.
24. **Ibid.** P. 139.
25. **Middleborough Antiquarian;** Middleborough Historical Association: Vol. XI; No. 1: Sept, 1969; p. 3.
26. **Op. Cit.** Weston; p. 344.
26. **Ibid.** p. 345.
27. **Op. Cit. Middleborough Antiquarian,** Vol. VL: no. 1:: Feb., 1964: Swift: p. 2.
28. **Ibid.** p. 2.
29. **Op. Cit.** Weston; p. 147.
30. **Town of Middleborough Reports;** 1772-1788; pp. 105-106.
32. **Ibid.** p. 58.
33. **Ibid.** p. 89.
34. **Ibid.** p. 131.
35. **Ibid.** p. 131.
36. **Ibid.** p. 151.
37. **Ibid.** p. 63.
38. **Ibid.** p. 82.
40. **Ibid.** p. 82.
41. **Ibid.** p. 78.
42. **Ibid.** p. 78.
43. **Ibid.** p. 78.
44. **Ibid.** p. 149.
45. **Ibid.** p. 170.
46. **Ibid.** p. 129.
47. **Ibid.** p. 170.
48. **Ibid.** p. 148.
49. **Ibid.** pp. 175 & 178.

"POPULAR RESORTS AND FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACES" SOUTHEASTERN MASSACHUSETTS

Issued by The Old Colony Railroad, 1878

Submitted by Rose Standish Pratt

MIDDLEBOROUGH, thirty-five miles from Boston on the Old Colony Railroad is largely devoted to manufacturing. There is still considerable woodland within the town. It is watered by the Taunton, Mattapoisett, and Weweantic Rivers. Within its borders is a beautiful sheet of water, of about one hundred and eighty acres, called Wood's Pond. Many of the settlements around the various manufacturies have grown into villages of considerable importance, among which are South, East and North Middleboro, Four Corners, Waterville, and Rock.

The Indian name of this town was Nemasket "a place to fish," and there is evidence that it was very numerously populated by the Red Man. It is well known that the Taunton and other rivers abounded in fish of many kinds, as well as the brooks and ponds in these locations, while the forests were the homes of bear, deer, moose, and wild fowl. It was undoubtedly a "happy hunting ground," for its original owners.

The Old Indian Burial Places bear testimony to a once teaming population. It is a junction of branches of the Old Colony Railroad — Boston, Fall River, Cape Cod, Plymouth, Taunton, and Providence.

Copied from "The Old Colony Railroad Book."

TWIGS & BRANCHES
of
Olde Middleborough
in
Plymouth County
Massachusetts

by

MRS. CHARLES DELMAR TOWNSEND
Certified Genealogist

Today when a resident of Middleborough talks about the state of Vermont, it is quite likely that he will be speaking of the climate and what great skiing country it is . . or perhaps he is discussing the beauty of the fall foliage. Yet there are many Vermont towns which owe at least a part of their heritage to the town of Middleborough. Our ancestors were an adventurous lot and a great many of them seemed to enjoy moving about and re-establishing their homes in another community.

Pomfret, Vermont was chartered on the 8th of July 1761 and the proprietors of Pomfret held their first meeting on the first Monday in September in 1761 at Pomfret, Connecticut . . . and it was from Pomfret, Connecticut that the first settlers came. However, Pomfret, Connecticut was named and incorporated in 1713 so by the year 1761 it was most likely the children of the first settlers who were interested in forming a new town in Vermont. Land speculation was a well established procedure with many of the early settlers and oftentimes their rights as original grantees passed through several hands before anyone arrived in a new community as an actual settler. Then, too, land in Vermont was of very questionable ownership since it was 'claimed' by both New York and New Hampshire.

At the time of the first census taken by the Federal Government in 1790, there were families resident in Pomfret whose roots went back to Middleborough, Massachusetts. Barnard, Vermont was a neighboring town to Pomfret and here, also, we find families who have Middleborough roots.

Due to the very close ties between the towns of Taunton, Bridgewater, and Middleborough, branches of many of the early families are to be found in all of the communities and many of these same families had members who moved on to Connecticut and then to Vermont.

Isaac Doton, as the name was spelled in Pomfret, was born in Carver, Massachusetts in 1760, the fifth son of Edward Doton of Plymouth, Massachusetts and his wife, Joanna Whitney. On the 15th of June in 1785 Isaac married in Middleborough, Massachusetts, Abigail Le Baron, the daughter of James and Mary (Raymond) LeBaron. She was born the 17th of May 1768, and had brothers William, Francis, and Isaac. Isaac Doton served in the Revolution under Captain Calvin Partridge whose company was raised in Plymouth County, Massachusetts. Isaac moved to Vermont in 1786.

Elijah Horr was born in Middleborough, Massachusetts, in 1741, a decendant of Hezekiah Horr who was of Taunton, Massachusetts, in 1638. At times the family name is also spelled Hoar. In 1763 Elijah moved to Ashford, Connecticut, and married there Anna Paddock and by 1786 they had arrived in Pomfret, Vermont, with five children. A son, Zenas, was born at Pomfret, Vermont, in 1776 and it is said that he lived in New York state.

Another Middleboro family was that of William Hutchinson who married in 1802 Deborah Bishop who was born in Middleborough, Massachusetts, in February 1784.

Both the Lazell and LeBaron families of Bridgewater and Middleborough, Massachusetts were well represented in Pomfret, Vermont, when members of the family came there from Pomfret, Connecticut.

In 1805 Judson A. Maxham left Middleborough for Vermont. He married in 1828 Elmira Hawkins and they had a family of seven children. James Raymond, who was born in Middleboro, Massachusetts, on the 6th of August 1732, was the son of Thomas and Mary (Coombs) Raymond. James married Martha Coombs and went to Pomfret about 1794. Their nine children were born in Middleboro.

Samuel Snow was born in Bridgewater, Massachusetts in 1752 and he married at Middleboro in 1775, Betty Perkins. Samuel and Betty and their first child, Bela, came to Pomfret, Vermont, in the winter of 1779.

Isaac Tinkham was born in Halifax, Massachusetts, and married Susanna Ellis of Middleboro about 1779 and only a few months later left for Pomfret, Vermont.

Lt. Jabez Vaughan was born in Middleboro. Most of this family went to Maine, but Jabez's son, Daniel, went to Pomfret, Vermont, and there married James Raymond's daughter, Martha.

The close ties of the Plymouth county towns established through the marriages of the early settlers gave a Plymouth county background to many of the families who settled the town of Pomfret, Vermont. Some of the families went directly from Middleboro or Bridgewater or Halifax to Vermont, yet others tarried for a year or two in Connecticut or perhaps western Massachusetts. Many of these families followed the trades they had learned in Middleboro or became farmers. The terrain was more hilly than in Middleboro, but the rocky land was the same and as in Middleboro, the land was cleared for the house lot and pasture. A generation or so later, it was these Vermont families . . . many of whom had a Middleboro heritage . . . who moved on to New York state where the pastures were said to be greener.

QUESTION BOX

Would like to contact descendants of EZRA CLARK who married DELIVERANCE LAWRENCE in 1746, and lived in Middleboro in the 1750's. Have large compilation of CLARK data. Correspondence invited.

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MIDDLEBORO INDUSTRY OVER THE YEARS

by

LYMAN BUTLER

During the last two generations, industry as it was known then has virtually disappeared from the scene. All the shoe shops and mills that were so busy when I was a youngster are no more, and this town that ranked among the highest in industry in the state is now practically out of the picture except for a few shops like Winthrop-Atkins, Walkers, Gershon's Plastics, Maxim Motor Company, the Curtain Factory and a few others which altogether do not hire as many people as did the George E. Keith Shoe Company in its prime.

However, that era has gone as well as the one I am going to tell you about. Our town was fortunate to have the many ponds and brooks that gave our forefathers the water power they needed to manufacture so many different necessities over the years. I don't know of any town around which has so many streams which could be utilized for water power. Many of these streams furnished water for several mills as they meandered on their way to the ocean. Of course the most famous and talked about complex is the Oliver Mills. Though these mills were the largest, they were by no means the oldest. The first mill recorded in our history was recently unearthed by the Historical Archaeologists. This was the gristmill of Samuel Barrows in operation at the time of King Philip's War in the 1600's, located upstream south of the Winthrop-Atkins plant. As the earliest settlers had to carry their grains to Plymouth to be ground into meal or flour, many who had brooks that could be dammed up to hold a reserve of water built their own grinding mills. These were scattered all over the town. On many locations more than one mill utilized the same water. Gristmills were the first mills recorded, then up-and-down sawmills. Samuel Eddy left the Pilgrim colony in 1639 to settle in what is now Eddyville, and his descendants were of the first to start iron works in town. There were many other iron furnaces and mills started about this time and nearly all made cannon balls for cannon used in the Revolutionary War, so all were of nearly the same era. Hardly a brook can be named but had a factory or mill running on power from the water. Nearly all were of the undershot type, as most supplies were not too deep and a high head of water was not available. From the lakes to Wareham Street (formerly Water Street) there was no chance for mills as the level of water was only slightly lower than the lakes. At the Water Street site there have been unnumerable water-powered mills, dating back to the earliest industry. Incidentally, a water wheel at this spot was used to generate electricity for the town until the water rights of the lakes were given to the cities of New Bedford and Taunton. Gates were then put in at the head of the river and water was cut down so that only one water wheel was used for street lighting. I can remember the water wheel running for street lighting until the early 1900's. As they were built, the larger factories inland from the river put in their own steam power plants, but water furnished the first and most economical power.

As stated above, the first mill to use water power was a gristmill on Nemasket River. The first sawmill was located on Bartlett Brook in Great Cedar Swamp in Thompsonville. Our Sites and Digging Committee has located many sites that have long been forgotten by older generations, and although we have not been able to excavate too much, we have discovered industrial sites unknown to many people. Our latest find is a so-called puddle-mill site, (malleable iron) which was brought to our attention by Fred Boucher who owns the land on which the mill and reservoir were located. There are also two charcoal pits on the property which incidentally was originally part of the Old City. Other owners of the Old City are Edwin Sabalewski, Mrs. Herbert Dodge, and Mrs. John Rebell. One spot unknown to most people in town is the gristmill site on what was the Ernest Pratt Farm. There are two separate ponds off Sachem Street; on one was a gristmill and a stone is still there, the other was probably a sawmill, although nothing tangible remains on the surface to prove it. Mr. Pratt had two ice ponds on this same little stream of water, so even the smallest brook was dammed up to give a reserve could furnish water for several areas. Many brooks which had mills on them are nameless, but to name a few there are Raven, Stony, Beaver Dam, Rocky Gutter East and West, Head of the Weweantic River, Black, Danson, Whetstone, Puddinshire, Purchade, Star Pond, Poquoy, Mill Street, Fall Brook, Rocky Meadow, Double Brook, Shorts Brook, Bennett's, Long Pond, Miller Neck, and the numerous smaller ones which, though they have no name, had mills on them. Although the Nemasket River furnished the larger mills with water power, these small streams played an important part in the industry of the olden days, even if they could not run on a year-round basis. Many a farmer would have a mill of some sort and when farm work was done, the help would work the mill.

There is much more that could be told of these old water-powered mills, but this is a brief summary. Since I started this article, I have been informed that there are the remains of a mill on a small feeder brook from Wood Street to the Pratt ice pond, just a short distance in the rear of my home. Another project for our digging committee.

* * *

To be continued

A CREMATION BURIAL COMPLEX AT TITICUT

by William B. Taylor

Part II

In late September the rest of the field at the southern end was removed for fill, leaving new exposed banks to examine. On Nov. 2, 1969 more good luck greeted me. A large darkened area, partially exposed, appeared in this newly revealed bank. With the help of my sons, we commenced a thorough excavation of it. When fully exposed this discoloration had an oval shape of 6 by 7 feet in size and proved to be an overall grave shaft containing two burials.

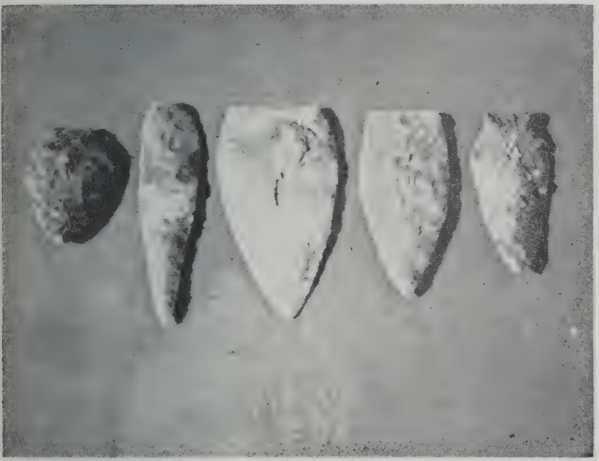

Fig. 2 Five ceremonial blades from graves 3,6,8,8,2, left to right, found on Seaver Farm in 1969. Adena spear is second from left and 6⅝ inches long.

At the northern end of this large darkened area was found Burial No. 7, which had a diameter of about 24 inches. It extended 66 inches down to the white sand and contained the fragmented remains of a body so badly disintegrated that only a few small pieces of bone matter remained. The skull had completely disappeared and only several fragmented teeth survived to prove its former existence. At the pit's bottom appeared a 10 inch layer of black powdery charcoal and from this substance was removed not only the fragmented teeth but 4 shark's teeth, presumably used as arrow points. (See Fig. No. 7) One seemed to have the darkened rotted wood outlines of an arrow shaft within its hollowed end. Also noted were 3 small flakes of dark greenish-gray, white-spotted porphyritic felsite, which appeared in the area where the skull once must have lain. One flake was retouched along two edges and has been classified as a Flake Knife. A large deposit of 18 more of these striking flakes was found near the center of the discolored area, while several smaller flakes of the same stone were scattered about the side of this burial. In the southern extremity of the large darkened area we came upon Burial No. 8, which measured about 24 by 50 inches in size and extended to the white sand. The skeletal remains of this body were fragmented nearly to the vanishing point. Disintegration had left the skull in one or two small balls of fibrous matter, while a few short pieces of porous bone were all that remained of the leg bones. The rest of the skeleton had completely disappeared. About 6 inches above where the feet would have lain occurred a Small Stem point of white quartz. Directly under the skull residue, appeared a large broad-bladed ceremonial Cashe blade of brownish-gray porphyritic felsite, imbedded in the black powdered base. Separated from it on the further side of the skull remains was a similar shaped blade, slightly smaller (See Fig. No. 2 & 7) This was made of the same dark greenish-gray, white-spotted porphyritic felsite, as that of the more than twenty flakes already mentioned. Both blades were lying flat on their faces as originally placed at the head of the skeleton.

It seems reasonable to conclude from the felsite flakes in and around Burial No. 7, that the smaller Cache blade made of this same stone material was chipped into shape at the time of interment and this became a part of the ceremony involving both burials. Estimates as to the age of these burials is about A.D. 1200. The absence of red ocher and the abandonment of cremation practice seem to indicate a date of interment a few hundred years after that of Burial No. 6.

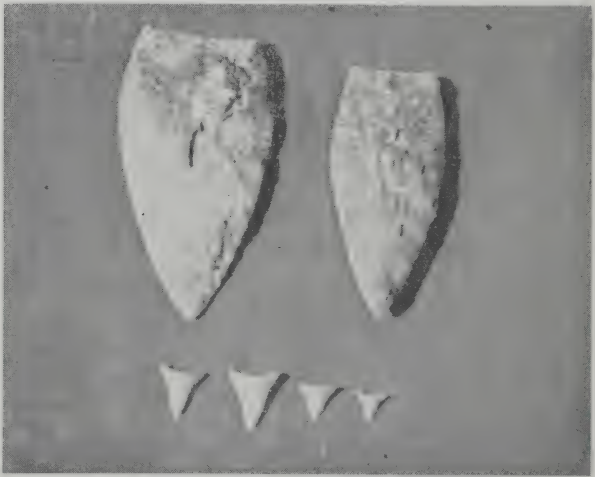

Fig. 7. Two Cache Blades from Burial No. 8 at top. Largest is 6½ inches long and 3⅛ inches wide and the smaller measures 5¾ inches by 2⅜ inches. At the bottom are four Sharks Teeth from Burial No. 7.

* * *

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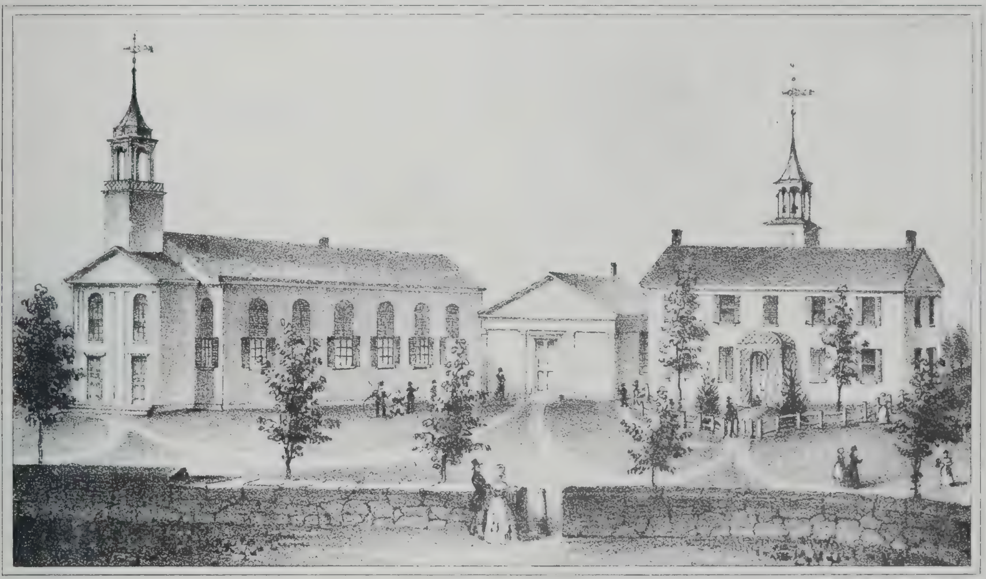

PEIRCE ACADEMY

MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS

1808 - 1932

Lithographed by Bufford & Co., Boston

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PEIRCE ACADEMY

The early lithograph found on the front cover represents the Academy soon after construction. To the left of the Academy is seen the original Central Baptist Church, founded in 1828 largely through the efforts and generosity of Major Levi Peirce for whom the Academy is named. Out of his own pocket at an expense of $4,000, Major Peirce financed the construction of the meetinghouse. The Academy, established in 1808, was attended by pupils from all parts of the United States and from abroad, some of whom gained fame and fortune.

The small building between the Church and Academy was the Baptist Church Chapel, later moved to a lot on School Street next to the Central Methodist Church and was used as a meeting place until the larger meetinghouse was erected. Eventually the little chapel was removed to the western part of the town and converted into a dwelling.

Peirce Academy was enlarged several times. It had not been used as an educational institution for many years and in 1932 the United States Government purchased the Academy and land on which to erect a Federal Post Office. Valiant efforts were made by the Old Middleborough Historical Association and interested townspeople to save the famous old Academy, but to no avail. Demolition began on March 26, 1932 and in a few short weeks wreckers reduced the building to rubble most of which was piled in the cellar hole and burned. To quote General Ebenezer W. Peirce in his "History of the Peirce Family":

Perhaps there is nothing in past years which added so much to the reputation of Middleboro and made it so widely known, as Peirce Academy.

50th ANNIVERSARY MIDDLEBOROUGH HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

At the annual meeting on June Fifth, the Middleborough Historical Association observed its Fiftieth Anniversary.

The society was organized just fifty years before, on June 14, 1922. However, the actual beginning was in the year 1921, when the Daughters of the American Revolution, Nemasket Chapter of Middleboro, sponsored a float in the parade celebrating the 300th Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The float consisted of an old-time choir in costume, accompanied by music on a violin and an ancient lap-organ. The float won first prize of $100.00 and this money was used to found the Old Middleborough Historical Association.

On that evening of June 14, 1922, a meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Ruth Cushman Holmes on South Main Street when by-laws and a constitution were adopted. The constitution read in part:

"This association is formed for the purpose of perpetuating the history of Middleboro and such portions of adjacent towns as have at any time been parts of Middleboro, so that research in the records may be encouraged, old landmarks identified, and old articles of furniture, papers, pictures, preserved and made available and in general to perpetuate the memory of the citizens of Middleboro, their manners, customs and achievements . . ."

The officers elected that night were: George W. Stetson, president; Dr. James H. Burkhead, vice-president; Hannah J. Harlow, secretary; Kenelm Winslow, treasurer; Alvin C. Howes, executive member. The following were charter members: Dr. and Mrs. James H. Burkhead; Mrs. Mary L. D. Cleveland; Elizabeth B. Cushman; Edith W. Finney; Hannah J. Harlow; Ruth H. Holmes; Alvin C. Howes; Morrill S. Ryder; George W. Stetson; Mrs. Adelaide K. Thatcher; Kenelm Winslow.

The Middleborough Historical Museum is fulfilling the precept of the constitution by "preserving the records, furniture, papers, pictures, and helping to perpetuate the memory of the citizens of Middleboro."

In 1960, the Executive Board decided there were many advantages to be gained if the organization were incorporated. On May 13, 1960, this was accomplished and the name of the society changed from "Old Middleborough Historical Association," to "Middleborough Historical Association, Inc."

The annual meeting of 1972 was held on June 5th at the United Church of Christ in Lakeville. The church building is one of the oldest in the area, having served the community since 1719 when it was known as the "Precinct Church," a time when Lakeville was a part of Middleboro. In 1970, the members voted to attempt the gigantic task of moving the church to a new location in the center of the town, near the public library and the Old Town Hall. It occupies a most sightly location, surrounded by trees, facing a junction of several main roads, presenting the appearance of always having been there.

An account of the annual meeting follows, submitted by the secretary, Miss Ruth E. Gates:

One hundred and forty-eight members of the association and guests enjoyed a turkey supper served by the ladies of the United Church of Christ. The business meeting and entertainment were held in the auditorium of the church. Members of the Lakeville Historical Association were invited guests. The business meeting was conducted by the president, Lyman Butler. Joseph F. Riley, chairman of the Nominating Committee, presented the following names for officers of the coming year, which were duly elected:

President	Charles D. Townsend
Vice-president	Thomas M. Frates
Secretary	Ruth E. Gates
Treasurer	Alda C. Boucher
Director - 3 years	A. Kingman Pratt

MIDDLEBOROUGH ANTIQUARIAN
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Twenty-one new members were welcomed into the society during the year:

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Francis Sampson, Brockton, Mass.
Walter E. Soule, Middleboro
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rullo, Middleboro
Mr. and Mrs. Dana Blandin, Middleboro
Fred Blandin, Middleboro
Mr. and Mrs. A. Kingman Pratt, Middleboro
Charles E. Bricknell, Plympton, Mass.
Bessie L. Koltermann, San Antonio, Texas
Madeline S. Gibbs, Concord, Mass.
Mrs. Irene Duguay, Tewksbury, Mass.
William I. Rudolph, Halifax, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Burrage, Middleboro
Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Van Lenton, Lakeville, Mass.
Marcella Mastrodonato, Middleboro

The following members were lost through death:

James D. Goodwin
Sue A. Pitman
Leslie M. Woodward
Frederick Lobl
Frank Buckman
Shirlie C. Clark

The Sweet Adelines, a group of twenty-five young women from Plymouth, singing in beautiful harmony, presented a concert of classical and popular music. This was followed by an excellent illustrated lecture by Eric Ekholm of Plimouth Plantation on the subject, "Archaeology in Plymouth County."

THE THOMASTOWN SECTION

As told to Lyman Butler by the late I. Bradford Thomas

Many sections of Middleboro got their names from the early settlers of the area. One such district was Thomastown. We always figured the brook below the cemetery on Purchase Street was the line between Rocky Meadow and Thomastown which took in Purchase Street to Chestnut, and Thomas as far as Mitchell Corner at Fall Brook. The first volume of the town history pictures Deborah Sampson's house as being in Thomastown, on Sachem Street, just off Thomas Street. On the foundation, or I should say around the foundation, of this place Joseph Shaw built his home and lived there until he died. His daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Collins, now live there.

There were several different families bearing the name of Thomas and oddly enough most were no kin. History mentions David Thomas and his descendants as being the family most associated with the neighborhood, but Deacon Benjamin Thomas, who was one of my forefathers, was also very prominent here. Evidently these two families were about the only ones you heard of in this section. The old family house still stands next to the Thomastown Cemetery and was occupied by my grandfather, Seneca Thomas, in the early 1800's. There used to be a saying that south of the bog brook was all Thomas's and north was all Shaws. One Thomas Shaw lived below the brook. My grandfather Lothrop married a Thomas, my father Ichabod married a Thomas, and I married a Thomas, who was Lucia, daughter of Josiah. That accounts for all of us eventually becoming one big family. There were several Thomas homes in this area during my lifetime.

My grandfather, Col. Steven Thomas, lived on Thomas Street in what is now the Harry Howes place by the cranberry bog. This was where my mother was born. At the corner of Chestnut and Purchase Streets was the farm of Josiah Thomas, whose daughter I married. Her sister married Tom Benson. She also had a brother named Joe who later lived at Mitchell Corner next to the Cromwell blacksmith shop. After Cromwell, Tom Benson owned the blacksmith shop.

Where the Fisher farm is now was my Aunt Maria's home after she married Dura Weston. My home was where Joe McAllister lived; it has since burned. My Uncle Russell lived across the street in a house made from part of the old sawmill. Then there was Midge Thomas, whose father was my Uncle Gus and his mother my Aunt Segotia, and of course there were the families of Abe and Gardner on Chestnut Street.

According to Ernest E. Thomas (no kin) who used to be the one to decorate the graves of the Civil War veterans, there were thirty-eight veterans buried in the Thomastown Cemetery, probably the largest percentage in any graveyard in town. There were two father-and-son veterans buried here: Arad Thomas and Arad, Jr., and Dura Weston and Dura, Jr. Nearly everyone buried in this cemetery is a Thomas or some kin.

Thomastown was a great sawmill center, having good water power and plenty of oak and pine timber to use for making various products.

Arad was a great hunter and trapper; everyone called him "Daniel Boone." He used a single-barrel rifle which we called a squirrel gun. It was a muzzle loader so you had to hit the game with the first shot or you didn't get it. Midge had a brother who was a captain in the Boston Fire Department. He used to like to come down hunting around Thanksgiving and Christmas. They would hitch up the horse and wagon, drive to town, change horses at one of the stables, and drive to Matfield to meet the midnight train out of Boston which at that time came only that far; then back to the stable and change back to their own horse and home in the wee small hours.

One day some of the older boys were target shooting at some tin cans in back of the barn when Arad came along with his old gun. Someone asked him if he didn't want to shoot with them. He said he didn't see anything worth shooting at, but if someone would throw their hat in the air, he would pot it. One fellow, thinking Arad could never hit it with that old gun, offered his derby hat. He threw the hat into the air, up came Arad's gun, and down came the hat nearly blown apart. No one kidded him about his old muzzle loader after that. Arad always claimed the game didn't have a chance with a double-barrel shotgun, because if you missed with the first shot, you had another, where with his single-shot rifle, if he missed, the game had a good chance to get away before he could reload.

At the present time there are no Thomas families left in this section of the town, still known as Thomastown.

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It is interesting to note that many of the very old resident families of the town of Middleborough were not the first settlers in the new world. Many of them came here as first settlers of the old Nemasket area which in 1669 became incorporated as Middleberry. As time went on the other towns in this area came into being and boundary changes were many. A bit of this town was given to that town and another bit was taken away and incorporated as a new town. In this manner the present-day towns of Plymouth County were established. Middleborough grew up and became a town with definite boundaries and within those boundaries were absorbed the various sectional areas such as Titicut, Muttock, Eddyville and so on. As time passed the Lakeville area became a separate town with its own boundaries and government. At first the North Middleboro section (old Titicut) was a community by itself. As time went on the post office was discontinued and only the name remained . . . the residents, their activities and the land itself became a part of the town of Middleborough.

Many of the early families in Middleborough were from Plymouth, Weymouth and other nearby communities of Bridgewater and Taunton. These families who are considered old settlers of Middleborough must look elsewhere for their ancestry and heritage. Plymouth was the home of the Pilgrims and many a Middleborough family has Mayflower ancestry traceable to these early first settlers who moved from Plymouth to Middleborough. Those families whose ancestry traces back to Bridgewater and Weymouth or Taunton are less likely to become related to Mayflower passengers.

However, it is always interesting and oftentimes surprising to learn how many miles some ancestor must have walked with his gun and family possessions to become a first settler of a new community and "till" what he felt was going to be richer ground. Most of the early settlers were farmers even though in England they might have been artisans. Obviously only the more practical and useful trades were followed in the "new" England.

The trades followed by the first settler families were the necessary and practical ones and those which for the most part could be followed in the homes. Every community had its cobbler or shoe maker and repairman; its locksmith; the cooper or barrel maker; the gunsmith and the candlemaker. Weaving was done in homes by the women and every girl in the family was taught to weave. The men tilled their land and became better farmers as they learned from their Indian neighbors that fish planted in the corn hill served as a fertilizer and produced better corn.

The sawmill and grist mill, the Church and the fort or garrison house were the early buildings erected soon after the settlers built their homes. It was customary to teach the 'three R's' in the homes until the settlement became established. As time went on other trades began to flourish and the era of itinerant peddlers, generally known as tinkers came into being. Stonecutters moved from place to place and the trade handed down from father to son, is very evident in our early cemeteries. In fact, those who have become interested in the art of stone-cutting and have learned the details of the art and those who plied it, can in many instances tell you very quickly who carved the stones and of other cemeteries where the particular cutter's work may be seen. The older cemeteries have the more crude stones and the inscriptions were carved by hand on a piece of stone found in the area and the carving was done by a family or neighbor whose ability as an artisan might not be of the highest quality. Up until about 1700 the more elaborate gravestones with epitaphs or personal details carved on them were imported from England. Those families having little in the way of the "world's riches" did the best they could from local stone and the hand-lettering of a helpful neighbor or relative.

It was not until after the Indian War (King Philip's War 1675-1676) that the schools were established in Plymouth Colony. Plymouth Colony was always from its earliest history very alert to the colony needs. As early as 1663 there was talk of the need for education and a schoolmaster in every community. In 1677 legislation was passed providing that every community of fifty families or upwards must provide for a grammar school and a schoolmaster. John Bennett and Ephraim Wood both served as schoolmasters about 1706-1709. About 1711 there is a record of Eleazer Lewis serving. At a town meeting in 1713-14 on March 8th the town of Middleborough made choice of Rodolphus Elm, Nathaniel Winslow and Nathaniel Southworth as school masters. At one time there were four schools operating in Middleboro in various sections of the town. Modern-day methods have what is known as split sessions in order to accommodate all the pupils. In its early history Middleborough solved the problem of too few teachers by having one Thomas Roberts teach two or three months in each school . . . the year 1716. He was paid 20£ a year and his board was found for him. In other words, it was the responsibility of the town of Middleborough to find a place for the schoolmaster to sleep and get his meals.

Not every child in Middleborough learned to read and write but it certainly was the intention of the town to afford the opportunity for each family to have a school to attend.

"The Question Box" will appear in the next issue of the Antiquarian.

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A CREMATION BURIAL COMPLEX AT TITICUT

by William B. Taylor

Part III

By June of 1970 final stages of the housing development were completed, except for an untouched exposed bank adjoining the Titicut Site boundary line. One untested area between Pits #4 and 5 offered a good possibility for more graves. It had formerly been avoided because bulldozing operations had dumped two 12" diameter trees, along with several smaller ones onto this spot, and had then partially covered them with dirt. This massive pile had discouraged excavation of this spot before, but now I was determined to investigate this area by tunneling down and under the pile wherever necessary in order to find out what lay below. As a result 5 more burial pits were located and their exposure proves that an extensive cremation burial complex existed at the Seaver Farm.

During excavation of the 5 new burial pits, I was assisted by my two sons, David and Billy as well as Roland Engstrom and Roy Piver, which made it possible to complete what otherwise would have been a difficult undertaking for one digger.

Before attempting to locate additional burial pits, we felt it important to know more about the crematory dug by G. Dunn in 1937. Dunn's notes were found and showed that an immense amount of charcoal was encountered, from which his many artifacts were recovered. Many of them showed cracks and discoloration from exposure to extreme heat. Since the work was done by shovel and screen, little was learned about the aboriginal practice of cremating the dead and so this large pit was dug and artifacts recovered without any clear understanding of this burial phenomenon.

After spending considerable time excavating this blackened area a second time, we recovered 13 whole small and large points of various types. These had been missed by Dunn as well as a Hammerstone, a well-rubbed piece of hematite, a graphite fragment and many burned and broken arrowheads, segments of Grooved Axes, Celts and Pestles. (See Fig. No. 8) Also noted were several pieces of calcined bone recognized as human. Following this, our search for more burial pits commenced.

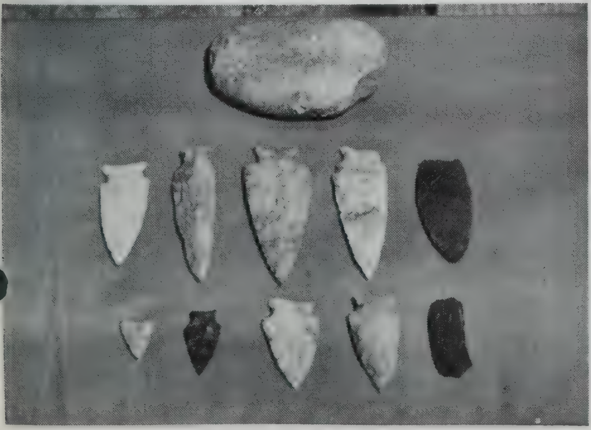


Fig. #8 Crematory recoveries including a hammerstone at top and nine points below, with piece of hematite at lower right.

About 4 to 5 feet from Pit No. 4 toward the boundary line, we uncovered Pit No. 9. This pit was 30 inches in diameter and 27 inches below grade, resting on a white sand base. At the bottom was a 2 inch thick covering of red ocher, at the edge of which lay a felsite flake, probably used as a knife. (See Fig. No. 18)

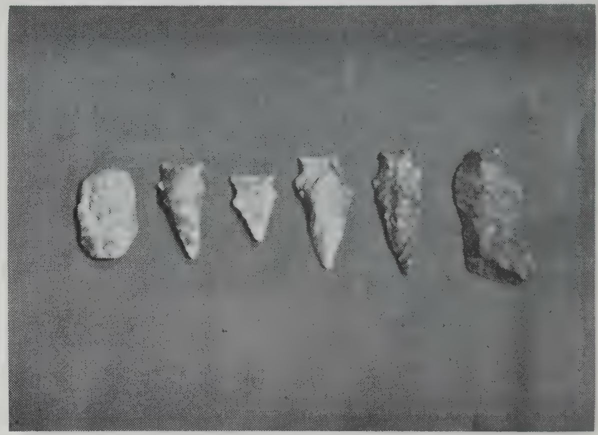


Fig. #18 Striker and four No. 3 points from Pit No. 13. At right is felsite flake from Pit No. 9.

Continuing about 2 feet further across the boundary line, we discovered Pit No. 10, which proved to be the most interesting pit of all. This was on account of its rather complex contents of 4 red ocher deposits containing numerous artifacts, of which most were apparently carefully placed. This pit was nearly round in shape with dimensions of about 54 by 60 inches, as it included one large pocket of ocher at one place on its edge. Its exact depth varied between 24 and 43 inches below ground level, extending at places below the 27 inch white sand base. These secondary deposits consisted of various sized 3 inch thick pockets of red ocher that frequently contained grave goods, of which several appeared in this burial pit and in Pit No. 12. They are known as secondary burials, but here are referred to as deposits, so that they will not be confused with the larger overall burial pits in which they occurred.

Secondary Deposit No. 1 — Pit. No. 10, was 10 inches in diameter and revealed a mixture of sand and red ocher, starting at level 24 inches deep and extending down 3 inches. Just below it appeared some charcoal and over 50 fragments of calcined human bone. Carefully placed on top of the bone was a 2½ inch long Eared No. 3 point of black porphyritic felsite. It is expertly made of a thin piece of material with a needle sharp point and tiny delicate ears at its base. (See Fig. No. 10)

Secondary Deposit No. 2 — Pit No. 10, appeared just 16 inches away from the first and was another round 10 inch diameter pocket of red ocher, in which was found a 4 inch long Stem Knife of felsite. It rested in red ocher with its point sticking up at a 45° angle. Directly under it were stacked, one over another, 3 large unworked flakes of the same purple felsite as the knife blade. All had razor-sharp edges, doubtless intended to serve as knives. Near one edge of this ocher pocket a Stem scraper of argillite was uncovered. (See Fig. No. 10)

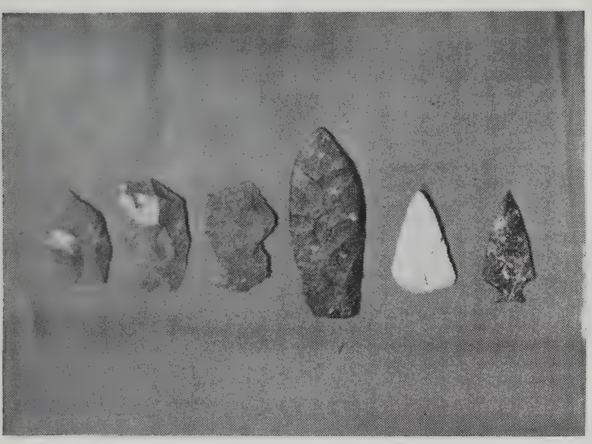


Fig. #10 Recoveries from Deposit No. 1 and No. 2 in Pit No. 10. At left is fine Eared No. 3 point. Adjacent is a Stemmed scraper, a 4" Stem knife and three felsite flakes.

Secondary Deposit No. 3 — Pit No. 10, occurred about 18 inches removed from the last. This 18 inch diameter pocket of 3 inch thick red ocher was at a depth of 43 inches from ground level and the deepest deposit in the pit. A 3 inch long Stem knife of brown quartzite first appeared in the ocher and just beyond it were uncovered 3 more Stem knives of about the same size. One was broken in two and all showed the effects of fire scorching in the crematory. It is significant to note that 2 of them were placed side by side on edge. Also, possibly the broken one was originally included in this setting before it became fractured and so disturbed. Beside the knives was a pebble Hammerstone and this with the knives were placed tightly together in close association. (See Fig. No. 11)

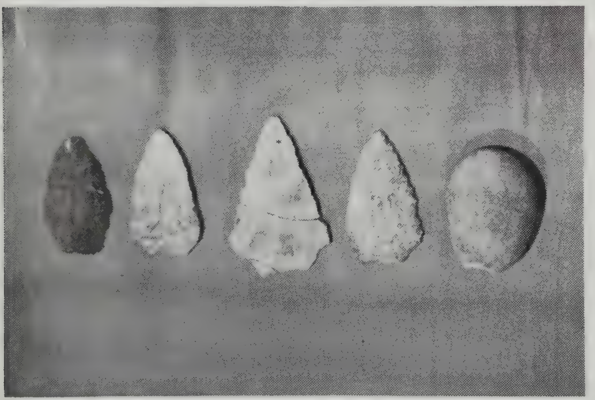


Fig. #11 Hammerstone and four Stem knives from Deposit No. 3 in Pit No. 10.

Secondary Deposit No. 4 — Pit No. 10, was uncovered nearby with a similar 18 inch diameter and contained 3 inches of red ocher at the same depth as the last. At one edge appeared a flat pebble with a slightly pecked surface on one end — probably an Anvilstone. In the center of this deposit was uncovered a cache of tools placed tightly together. They consisted of 2 Stemless knives, a large flake, 1 Flake scraper, a fractured Eared No. 3 point and a broken Stem knife; these tools also show the effects of fire scorching. (See Fig. No. 12)

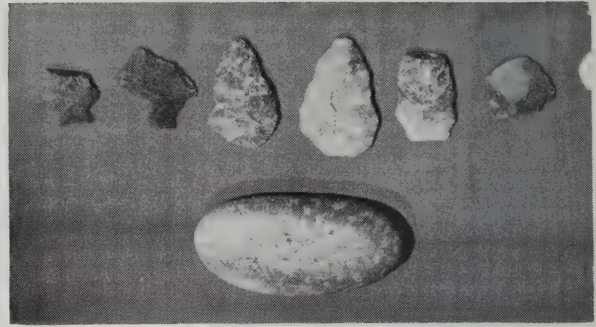


Fig. #12 Anvilstone and six tools found in Deposit No. 4, Pit No. 10.

Unlike the cache of knives in Deposit No. 3, these tool apparently were deliberately stacked on end with their blades pointing down. It seems that the various positioning of the contents of this and other deposits had some important meaning, yet to be discovered. One more find was made connected with this Deposit No. 4. At one edge of it, 33 inches below grade and some 10 inches above its other ocher contained contents, was uncovered a 15½ inch smoothly finished Pestle in two pieces, lying close together — possibly "killed" — and covered with red ocher. A second Pestle 11½ inches long was found lying nearby at the bottom of Pit No. 10 in red ocher along one edge. It apparently had no relation to any of the 4 secondary deposits. Both Pestles are of the Late-Archaic type with worn bit ends. (See Fig. No. 13)

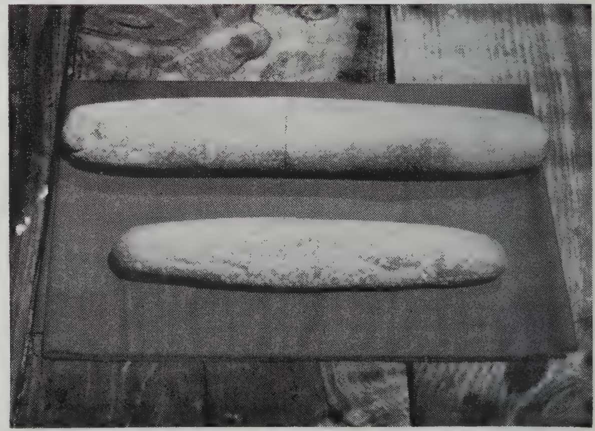
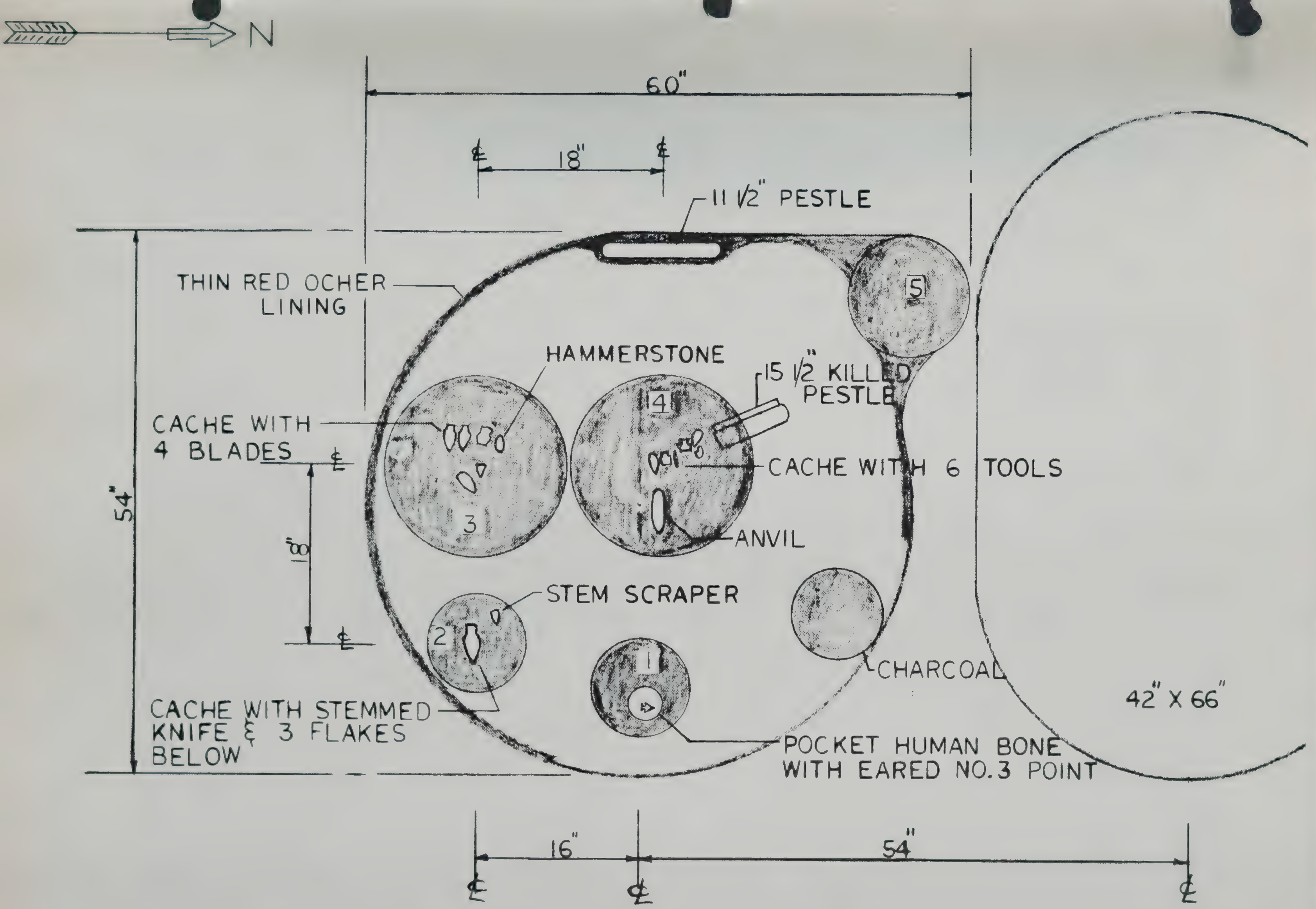


Fig. #13 Two Late Archaic pestles found in Pit No. 10. Worn bit ends show extensive usage.

Nearby this last Pestle appeared a 12 inch pocket of solid red ocher, which seemed to adjoin and so become a part of the pits ocher rimmed outline, extending more than half way around the pit. No artifacts were present in this ocher Deposit No. 5. One last feature connected with Pit No. 10 was a 10 inch diameter deposit of pulverized charcoal 3 inches thick, that occurred near the pits bottom on its edge, in the part of its outline not marked by red ocher. Other signs of charcoal throughout the pit were non-existent, except as previously mentioned in Deposit No. 1 (See Fig. No. 9) for outline of Burial Pit No. 10 showing location of the various features and artifact arrangement. Shaded areas represent the presence of red ocher.


N
60"
18"
11 1/2" PESTLE
THIN RED OCHER LINING
5
HAMMERSTONE
15 1/2" KILLED PESTLE
4
CACHE WITH 4 BLADES
CACHE WITH 6 TOOLS
54"
8"
3
ANVIL
STEM SCRAPER
2
1
CHARCOAL
42" X 66"
CACHE WITH STEMMED KNIFE & 3 FLAKES BELOW
POCKET HUMAN BONE WITH EARED NO. 3 POINT
16"
54"
PIT NO. 12

PLAN - RED PAINT PIT NO. 10

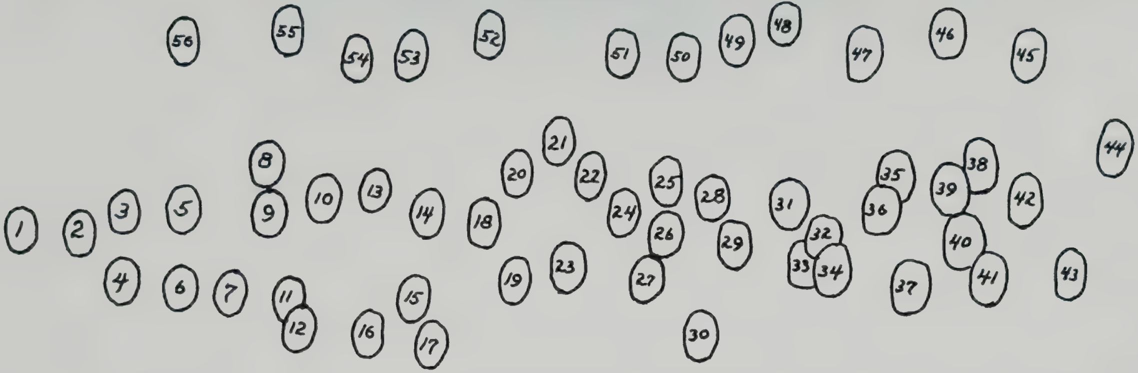
FIGURE NO. 9

FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC — 1895
First Congregational Church, Middleboro
The Rev. George Stearns, Pastor

FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF MIDDLEBOROUGH - 1895

REV. MR. GEORGE STEARNS - PASTOR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1- Miss. Carrie Soule
2- Mrs. Darius Smith
3- Libby Littlejohn
4- Lucretia Wood
5- Amanda Soule
6- Florence Weston
7- Edith Cody
8- William Fessenden
9- Mildred Cox Wheeler
10-
11- Helen Smith
12- Charles Smith
13- Lillian (Weston) Gerry
14- Laura Dean
15- Lizzie Ryder
16- Roswold Stearns
17- Harold Smith
18- Edith Jewel
19- Mrs. Carlton

20- Sabina Bryant
21- Mrs. Crowley
22- Edith (Coffin) Porter
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24- Emma MacIntosh
25- Angie Cornish
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30- Louis Littlejohn
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38- George Dean

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